PHOTOPLAY

EPTEMBER

25¢



SHIRLEY TEMPLE
By Paul Hesse

WHAT YOU WILL WEAR THIS FALL—

sive Fashion Show Starring **NORMA SHEARER, JOAN CRAWFORD and CAROLE LOMBARD**

How Clark Gable Guides Tyrone Power's Life By Adela

THE TRAGIC ROLE LORETTA YOUNG PLAYED IN THE BU

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In the land of loveliness

this new, luster-giving tooth paste gets its warmest welcome



"I've never known *anything* like Luster-Foam for making teeth bright, clean and sparkling," says Miss Elise Knox, charming Greenwich, Connecticut, society girl.



Miss Hillary Brooke, cinema actress and artists' model, says: "My work demands the sparkle of lustrous teeth. Luster-Foam keeps them always looking their best."

Energizing agent in New ListerineTooth Paste gives teeth dazzling brilliance

Look where smiles are loveliest, and what's the dentifrice you hear everybody raving about?

It's the New Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with amazing Luster-Foam detergent. The dainty, foaming, aromatic "bubble bath" that Luster-Foam creates gives super-cleansing and dazzling luster in a new, different, delightful way.

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At the first touch of brush and saliva, Luster-Foam detergent leaps into a safe, foaming "bubble bath" (20,000 cleansing bubbles to the square inch). Your only sensation is that of mouth invigoration; yet that "bubble bath" has unbelievable penetrating power and hence cleansing effect.

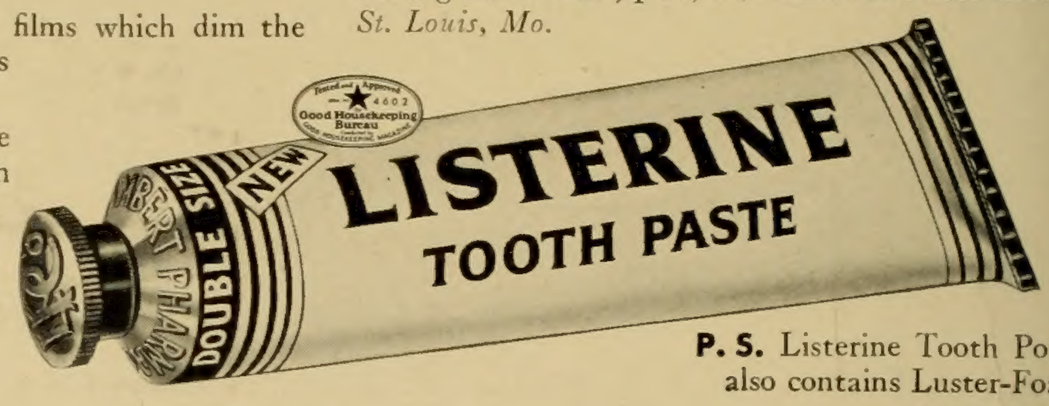
It surges over the teeth, around them, even goes to work on those remote and hard-to-reach areas where more than 75% of decay is estimated to start.

These danger zones lie between the teeth, on front and back of teeth, and on bite surfaces,—with their tiny pits, cracks, fissures, which harbor decay-fostering foods, acids, and bacteria.

Meanwhile, it attacks greasy films which dim the enamel... Its continued use brings new brilliance and luster.

No wonder the New Listerine Tooth Paste is so popular with glamour girls of business and society, stage, screen, and studio. Get a tube of the New Formula Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter now. In two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢ and big, double-size tube, containing more than ¼ lb., 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE *NEW* FORMULA WITH **LUSTER-FOAM** ($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$)



P. S. Listerine Tooth Powder also contains Luster-Foam

A HINT TO A WOMAN OF 30











To girls who don't want to stay single

NO matter how good-looking, how witty, how well dressed you are, you're only a flat tire on the highway of love if you have halitosis (bad breath). And you may have it this very moment, without realizing it.

Why not follow the rule of popular women and use Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle and mouth rinse? Its effect is so delightful, its antiseptic and deodorizing action so quick. Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable.

Use Listerine Antiseptic before all engagements at which you wish to appear at your best. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



For halitosis (bad breath) use

LISTERINE

PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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On the Cover—Shirley Temple, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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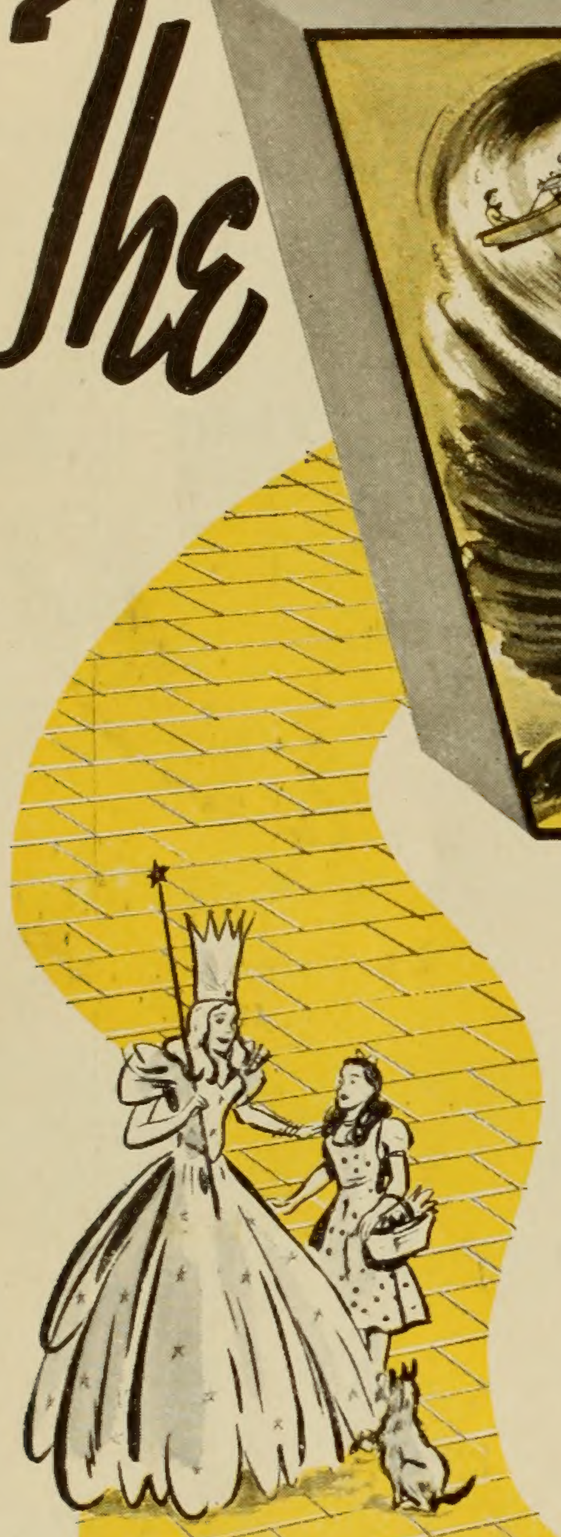
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Gaiety . . Glory . .

IT'S METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S TECHNICOLOR TRIUMPH!

The WIZ F



Don magic red slippers (presented by the beloved Good Witch), whirl from the Everyday with Dorothy and Toto, the wonder dog—first exciting stop . . . Munchkinland!





Join the harum-scarum Scarecrow —in his hunt for a brain—dodge self-picking apple trees that pelt you with their fruit—





Meet the Tin Man—oil his rusty joints—hear him creak out his sad tale—he's minus a heart —and doesn't know where to find one—

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with JUDY GARLAND (*as Dorothy*), FRANK MORGAN (*as the Wizard*), RAY BOLGER (*as the Scarecrow*), BERT LAHR (*as the Cowardly Lion*), JACK HALEY (*as the Tin Woodman*), BILLIE BURKE (*as the Good Witch*), MARGARET HAMILTON (*as the Bad Witch*), CHARLEY GRAPEWIN (*as Uncle Henry*) and the Munchkins • Screenplay by Noel Langley, Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf • From the book by L. Frank Baum • A Victor Fleming Production • Produced by Mervyn Le Roy • Directed by Victor Fleming

Glamour

Magic Music

BY HAROLD ARLEN AND E. Y. HARBURG

"Over the Rainbow"
"If I Only Had a Brain"
"We're Off to See the Wizard"
"The Merry Old Land of Oz"
"Ding Dong"
"If I Were King of the Forest"





DARING WHAT NEVER HAS BEEN DARED BEFORE!

M-G-M has brought to life the story book that has long defied filming! Spun adult motion picture fare out of pure fantasy! Made a lion out of a man—given wings to monkeys—trained trees to dance—made a tin man walk—a scarecrow live—created a jitterbug—photographed the inside of a tornado! Utilized the brain and brawn of 165 arts and crafts—built 65 separate sets—gathered together hundreds of midgets—built a city of 22,000 separate glass objects—built a haunted forest—made 40,000 poppies bloom where none were before—used 35 make-up experts, headed by the dean of plastic make-up—created 212,180 separate sound effects—introduced a symphony of 120 musicians, a chorus of 300! Employed a total of 9,200 actors—rehearsed for months—solved engineering and photographing problems never before encountered—took two years to bring you one hundred minutes of scintillating, fascinating screen entertainment!

Coax along the Cowardly Lion—so utterly lacking in courage your adventures will fairly set his tail on end—

Don't let the Winged Monkeys or the Winkies head you off—keep going—marvel at the Emerald City—hail the Wizard of Oz himself.

BRIEF REVIEWS



In "The Old Maid," Bette Davis never weds George Brent—thanks to Miriam Hopkins' screen interference. In real life, the story may end more happily!

PICTURES REVIEWED IN

SHADOW STAGE

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Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN—Paramount

Pessimistic in tone, this social message proves that a misdeed in childhood can lead to degradation, with Wallace Ford the victim of the thesis. Patricia Ellis, Aline McMahon and Stuart Erwin help when he is brought to trial for murder. (*July*)

BIG TOWN CZAR—Universal

More gangsters, more tenement kids, more proof that crime doesn't pay. Guttersnipe Barton MacLane gets ambitious and tries to reach the top of the gangster business. Tom Brown plays his younger brother and Eve Arden furnishes the romance. (*July*)

BLIND ALLEY—Columbia

A cop-and-robber drama, with murder as its motivating theme and the psychological exposé of a criminal's mind as its climactic aim. Chester Morris' work, as an escaped convict who takes refuge in the home of Psychologist Ralph Bellamy, is excellent. Ann Dvorak, Joan Perry and Melville Cooper complete the cast. (*July*)

BOY FRIEND—20th Century-Fox

Husky Jane Withers is still chasing down gangsters and helping out the police. Her brother, a rookie cop, is assigned as an undercover man, and Jane snoops, too. Arleen Whelan is lost in this run-of-the-mill piece. (*August*)

★ BRIDAL SUITE—M-G-M

Robert Young gives another delightful characterization in this madcap comedy of a playboy who is allergic to marriage—that is until he meets up with Annabella. Billie Burke, as his flighty mother, Virginia Field, the jilted fiancée, and Psychiatrist Walter Connolly add to the fun. (*July*)

★ BROADWAY SERENADE—M-G-M

Here again Jeanette MacDonald has a hit, largely due to her own beauty and voice. She is cast as the wife of pianist Lew Ayres, but when his success doesn't match hers, there's a divorce. Ian Hunter moves in at this point, but the script writers see to it that Lew scores Jeanette's new show. Ayres continues to prove that his recent comeback was a good idea. (*June*)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S SECRET POLICE—Paramount

Here's mellerdrammer beyond belief—with horror chambers and even a treasure. John Howard is still playing *Drummond*, but even he can't make such a yarn acceptable. Heather Angel, H. B. Warner and Reginald Denny struggle valiantly, too. (*July*)

CALLING DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

Lew Ayres, doing well in this popular series as young *Dr. Kildare*, must choose between operating on a man wanted for murder, or letting the fellow die because of a principle. He falls in love with the patient's sister, Lana Turner, but Lionel Barrymore, as the testy old surgeon, steps in when things look black. (*July*)

★ CAPTAIN FURY—Hal Roach-U. A.

A rip-roaring melodrama, with escaped convicts Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen playing Robin Hood in rescuing settlers from an unscrupulous land baron, George Zucco. It all adds up to a grand thriller, with June Lang adding the romantic touch and Virginia Field pairing with McLaglen. (*July*)

CAREER—RKO-Radio

Edward "A Man to Remember" Ellis plays a country storekeeper around whom the lives of the townspeople revolve. He meddles with them all, despite the fact his own affairs are in a mess. Anne Shirley makes an attractive ingenue; newcomer John Archer, a clean-cut young doctor. See it, if you enjoy the homey type of film. (*August*)

CHARLIE CHAN IN RENO—20th Century-Fox

Hollywood may go to pot, but *Charlie Chan* will just go on solving celluloid mysteries. This time Sidney Toler meets new adventure when a murder mystery pops up in Reno. The murder theme is tied up with a rich woman, a jilted lover and a wronged wife. (*August*)

★ CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY—Warners

This is propaganda—with apologies to none. It's a bold step and its purpose is to prove that Nazism is not confined to Europe, but is spreading throughout the world. G-man Eddie Robinson is billed as the star, but it's Paul Lukas, leader of the Nazi forces in this country, who's the real star. Francis Lederer, as the egocentric spy, gives a memorable performance. (*July*)

CRIME IN THE MAGINOT LINE—Tower

In this French-made film, mystery, murder, espionage stalk the underground passages of France's famous fort, the Maginot Line. Victor Francen, as a French army officer, relentlessly tracks down the enemy cause of it all. Vera Koren, as Francen's wife, adds light but not too much sweetness to her rôle. There is suspense to the plot and a compelling quality to the many authentic shots of the grim fortification along the German border.

CRISIS—Mayer-Burstyn

An arresting picture of "the rape of Czechoslovakia," from the time of the Austrian Anschluss to the so-called Peace of Munich. Herbert Kline and his camera were right on the spot when things began to happen, so the film provides a valuable contribution to the screen's history of our times. It's propaganda, yes, but definitely worthwhile.

★ DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS—Warners

A follow-up on "Four Daughters"—with the Lane sisters, Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola, and Gale Page being courageous when their long-lost father, Claude Rains, turns up and upsets their lives. John Garfield has the romantic rôle this time, when Pat jilts Jeffrey Lynn for him. Fay Bainter plays the mother and May Robson is in fine fettle as the housekeeper. (*August*)

★ DODGE CITY—Warners

As a Western to end all hoss operas, this rousing Technicolor film is a prize piece of production. Errol Flynn is the hero who has little time for love (even Olivia de Havilland's) until the last killer has bitten Kansas dust. Bruce Cabot is a dyed-in-the-wool villain and Ann Sheridan gets past the Hays' office as a cabaret girl. Entire cast deserves high praise. (*June*)

★ EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN—Universal

A cute little moppet steals this from Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell. Bing, who sings messages for a telegraph company, and Joan, who is a switchboard operator, are always on the verge of marriage. Something usually stops them and this time it's young Sandy Henville. But Bing sings his way out of trouble. Mischa Auer's melancholy Russian act is good for its usual laughs. (*June*)

(*Continued on page 94*)

CAGNEY



MEETS A

RAFT

OF TROUBLE!



For the first time—Jimmy and George crashing head-on—outblasting each other with a brand of dynamite no screen has offered before! Thrills beyond measure! Excitement beyond all precedent! . . . *It's the picture that tops 'Angels with Dirty Faces' and it's made by*

WARNER BROS.

"I'LL DIE AT DAWN"

Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Warren Duff

with **JANE BRYAN • GEORGE BANCROFT**
MAXIE ROSENBLOOM • Directed by WM. KEIGHLEY

From the Novel by Jerome Odlum
A First National Picture

PHOTOPLAY'S own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK PROP.



Bette Davis (left, in a scene from "Dark Victory," with Geraldine Fitzgerald) passes on a few tips that will improve your voice



BEAUTY IS AS BEAUTY SOUNDS—Surely, no girl today, with the horrible example of what happened to some of the greatest glamour girls when sound came into motion pictures, needs to be reminded of the importance of her speech and voice. Many of the greatest silent-era stars were forced out of the movies, when audiences learned that their voices in no way matched their loveliness of face, or their charm of personality. That one fault in their entire make-up ruined them. Don't let that happen to you.

The advertisements in every paper and magazine warn us of the loss of popularity that follows a crude make-up, or a bad figure, or the lack of personal cleanliness and daintiness. These are things we know about and can control. But, since we can't hear ourselves as others hear us, we don't know what we sound like. All of us can cite examples of people we know whose voices ruin their charm, and get on our nerves. Many a person has been unable to secure a position for which she was ideally suited, for the sole reason that her voice irritated her prospective employer.

Your voice is perhaps the most important thing about you. No one will take great interest in what you have to say, if your diction is bad, or your voice too shrill or loud. A warm, interested voice, with flexibility of tone, is your greatest asset in attracting others.

Frequently, this arresting quality in a performer's voice is as important as his facial expression in putting a dramatic or comedy scene across. If you saw Claudette Colbert in "Midnight," for instance, you will realize how much the hilarious telephone scene owed to her voice.

WHEN the advent of sound threw the studios into a panic, the first thing they did was to establish dramatic coaches to train the voices of their contract people. Malvina Dunn is the dramatic coach at Warner Brothers studio, and she gave me lots of good advice to pass on to you, to make your voice lovelier.

"Bette Davis has one of the loveliest speaking voices on the screen," says Miss Dunn. "Her voice expresses her every mood and thought. Her diction and pronunciation are superb, and her voice has the warmth and color and flexibility that makes a great actress."

Bette, currently appearing in "The Old Maid," believes that a good speaking voice, like a good carriage, is based on proper breathing. Her favorite exercise is to take a very deep breath, then exhale the air completely so that even the lowest part of her lungs is emptied. While expelling the air, she moves her head slowly from side to side, but never cuts off the air stream.

Bette says that a halting manner of speech often can be overcome by increasing the vocabulary and concentrating on what you're saying. Much reading will expand your vocabulary, as well as looking up the pronunciation of new words and using them immediately.

To hear yourself as others hear you, and to find out what your voice faults are, the best thing to do is to go down to some record store in your city and have a record made of your voice. The results will surprise you. You may

(Continued on page 81)

The arresting quality of Claudette Colbert's voice, in this scene from "Midnight," was as important as her facial expression

A drawl might have handicapped Maggie Sullavan's career, but she's a shining case of speech at its best



The young set has discovered Alaska Sealskin—its velvety sleekness, its suppleness, its allure, its modest cost. The girls who "get around", West Coast or East, on planes or cruises, in college or city, are making this quality fur their very own. Choose the flattering suede-indented full-length coat, or the runabout Swing-Swagger... in Safari Brown, favored color for next Winter, or ever-classic Black ★ *Wherever better furs are sold.* ★ FOUKE FUR COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.
Agents of the U.S. Gov't for the Preparation and Sale of Alaska Sealskins



"Youthfully Yours
ALASKA SEALSKIN

U.S. GOVT. ALASKA SEAL SKIN
FOUKE
ST. LOUIS
DRESSING & DYE

This mark guarantees genuineness and the highest achievement in processing Alaska Sealskin

Ed—with another girl and he used to be mine!



Smart girls *keep* romance!
They prevent underarm odor with MUM!

ETHEL got a shock when they passed her... Ed glancing at her almost like a stranger... Jane with that proud, satisfied smile. Ethel knew Jane wasn't as pretty—wasn't as clever...wondered why Ed picked her!

It isn't always the *pretty* girls who win! For even a pretty girl can spoil her chances, if she's careless about underarm odor... if she trusts her bath alone to keep her fresh and sweet... neglects to use Mum!

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration...Mum prevents odor *to come.* That's why more women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls like *you.*

MUM IS QUICK! Only thirty seconds for Mum, and underarms are protected for a whole day or evening.

MUM IS SAFE! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply Mum even *after* you're dressed. Mum won't irritate skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. When freshness is so important in winning romance, why take chances? Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be a girl others *like.* Use Mum!

AFTER YOUR BATH—MUM MAKES YOU *SAFE*



For Sanitary Napkins
Thousands of women choose Mum for sanitary napkins because they know Mum is gentle and safe. Let Mum guard your charm this way, too!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

BOOS



Jackie Cooper introduces a brand-new leading lady in "What A Life"—Betty Field of the original Broadway cast

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

SHE ASKED FOR IT!

TO the Power Fan from San Francisco:

Were you with Tyrone Power all the time he was at the Treasure Island première of "Alexander Graham Bell"? Why, I don't believe you were with him every moment of that day. Maybe he gave a couple of smiles to his fans while *you* weren't looking. And, what's even more logical, he may not have wanted to steal the show from his best friend, Don Ameche. After all, it was the première of Don's picture.

And, besides, Tyrone has sense. He knew that if he had smiled too often, he would really have won the day—and won Don Ameche's fans over also!

MARGUERITE B. BARROLL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SO you're a Power fan in San Francisco, and you're not wholly satisfied with the way he acted? Perhaps you are not well-acquainted with the duties and qualifications of a Power fan. In that case, let me enlighten you with a definition to serve for now and all time! A Power fan:

1. Is preferably a girl, but may be a man.
2. Never knocks, but always boosts Mr. Power, unless he has committed some major tragedy in the way of a crime.
3. Is faithful to the end!
4. Sees every Power picture at least three times, being careful to memorize momentous bits of dialogue, so that she may say to her friends, "Wasn't he wonderful when he said to Norma Shearer. . . ?"
5. Is constantly on the watch for people who pronounce Tye-rone instead of Ti-RONE, and reprimands those people with a gentle correction, saying sweetly, "Ty prefers it that way."
6. Is one who can remember going without eating on the day his marriage took place.
7. Is one whose room is completely lined with Power pictures, even though Daddy says it's going to ruin the wallpaper.
8. Never says a cruel thing about Annabella, and envies her at first, then admires her for winning out.
9. Never ridicules a Gable—or a Flynn—or a what-have-you fan—simply pities her for not knowing enough to be a Power fan.
10. Is always ready to jump to his defense, even at the risk of losing a boy friend who just can't understand what she sees in him.
11. Knows that it is her mission in life to convince all her friends that he is the man of the hour.
12. Above all, believes in everything he says and tries to make her friends believe it, too.
13. Lives with the hope that some day she will shake his hand and be able

AND *Bouquets*

to say in a reasonably calm tone of voice, "How do you do, Mr. Power? I've heard so much about you!"

That, my San Francisco friend, is a *real* Power fan. Let's hope you won't worry about him any more and will start realizing how lucky you were to see him at all.

NANCY J. GROBERG,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

HE'LL MAKE THE GRADE YET!

I HAVE read a great deal about all the talent campaigns carried on so intensively, from which they give us many new personalities. Yet it seems to me the old stars are the best.

A while back, I happened to see a revival of the old "Dancing Lady," co-starring Gable and Crawford. In it were two unknowns with bit parts. One was Fred Astaire; the other was Nelson Eddy. Today, Fred Astaire and Nelson Eddy are on top.

And Clark Gable? Oh, he's still around. Still around—in the most sought-after rôle of the season *Rhett Butler* in "Gone with the Wind"!

PEGGY CATES,
Walla Walla, Wash.

MONOCLE MADNESS

AMERICANS must think the monocle a piece of English male attire as common as braces. Every titled character in films is equipped with one, as are most of the English commoners, and in one film it was even sported in the fo'c'sle!

The film was "Slave Ship," the monocled seaman was George Sanders, and never have I seen such a travesty as was Sanders the Sailor, with his mooching walk, his la-di-da voice and his eyeglass. I prefer *Popeye*.

Both British and American films would be improved by the outlawing of this unreal and overworked prop. There should be a rule to forbid the wearing of monocles by anyone except: (a) Mr. George Arliss; (b) an actor portraying some historical personage who really did wear a single eyeglass.

BARBARA FLETCHER,
Blackpool, England.

A LOUD BOO FOR PHOTOPLAY

THE criticism of "Juarez" in PHOTOPLAY is about as useless a piece of balderdash as I have ever wasted time over. If I didn't know that time in history, I would have been led to believe that: 1. Warner Brothers went down into Mexico and started a revolution to free the peons. 2. After winning, they put Brian Aherne in as dictator. 3. Paul Muni was around somewhere, but had so little to do that it was only worth six words at the bottom of the page. 4. John Garfield, as somebody's favorite, got a big piece of patronage but didn't do much with it. 5. Bette Davis went mad so that the movie would have a big punch scene. And that is a criticism of "Juarez," one of the finer pictures of the year!

PATRICIA SLOAN,
Chicago, Ill.

MORE OF THE REAL MUNI

WHEN I heard Paul Muni was once again playing in a picture, I was thrilled. But I was sadly disappointed in "Juarez," as far as Paul Muni was concerned. One can't get enough of his dynamic acting. Yet, aside from one little dramatic scene where he walks into the bayonets and denounces the traitor, his great talents were wasted.

Brian Aherne walked away with the male acting honors. You didn't have to waste the acting of another great actor to create a name for the picture.

Wake up, producers, lest you once more ruin the career of one of our finest actors by miscasting. Give us once more the Paul Muni of "Emile Zola," "Louis Pasteur," or "Black Fury."

MRS. I. FRIEDENRICH,
Paterson, N. J.

"FROM MISSOURI"

YES, it has to be admitted that Hollywood is being pretty swell to the young, struggling actors and actresses—a few of them, at least. But there are others who are being left out in the cold, whether they deserve it or not. Some just haven't got what it takes—but look at those who *have* and aren't getting any breaks. That is what is happening to Dennis O'Keefe. He is destined to be a real actor, but it is a crime that he isn't given half a chance. He is given weak little stories on which he is allowed to waste his ability—great ability—to give brilliant performances in lean plots. Here's hoping for some Class A Dennis O'Keefe pictures for a change!

LILLIAN ACREE,
Aurora, Mo.

"DOWN UNDER" SPEAKS UP

I HAVE always been very interested in history, and I would like to know why film producers are allowed to continue making, à la Hollywood, historical dramas which are about five per cent history and ninety-five per cent fiction. No doubt their excuse would be that historical films, which adhered to the facts, would be boring. Well, if they do not want to keep to facts, why make these films?

They not only refuse to follow history, but alter the characters, too. We might have learned at school that a certain person was a scoundrel, or a weakling, yet in a film he will be glamorized and probably represented as having a very noble nature. I suppose the reason for doing this is so that the popular leading man will not lose some of his following, if he plays the rôle too convincingly.

Anyway, I reckon there ought to be a law against it! Who agrees?

KATHLEEN KIRKWOOD,
Sydney, Australia.

THE "NEIGHBORHOOD" THEATER

I WAS frying bacon and onions in the pan at the open fire in the Australian bush, when I heard the clank of horses' hoofs making their way up the track through the dense tropical jungle. My partner, Bill, jumped from the leading horse with a sigh of relief.

After exchanging greetings about his journey, he proceeded to unstrap the stores from the pack horse.

"Did you go to the movies while you were in town?" I asked.

"I did not have the time, Larry," he replied, "and I missed a good picture which is starting tomorrow night."

"What is the name of it?" I inquired.

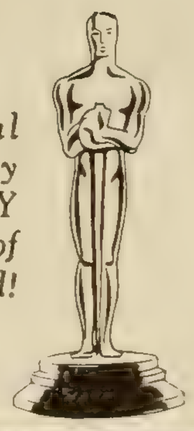
"Clark Gable in 'San Francisco,'" he returned. *(Continued on page 85)*







Another masterful performance by SPENCER TRACY *. . . twice winner of the Academy Award!*



starring

SPENCER TRACY • NANCY KELLY • RICHARD GREENE

Walter Brennan • Charles Coburn • Sir Cedric Hardwicke • Henry Hull • Henry Travers

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson • Historical Research and Story Outline by Hal Long and Sam Hellman

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE KNOWN TO MAN!

GOING, GOING---

DRAWING BY VINCENTINI

Tyrone LEARNS FROM Clark

A story of hero worship in Hollywood—of Gable, "the greatest guy in movies," and Power, who found a way to happiness

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THIS, as Mr. Kipling would have said, is a plain tale. I don't know exactly why I tell it at all. Except that it gives me a lump in my throat, and a warm feeling way down inside me whenever I think of it. Maybe that's reason enough for telling any story, even if not very much happens.

You hear a lot of mean things about Hollywood sometimes. How jealousy and envy are rampant, and every star has a tomahawk out for every other star. Not so much about the fine things that you can hold as a shield around the candle of your own hero worship, when some figure from the silver sheet stirs your dreams or your desires, or seems to befriend you in your loneliness.

So it gave me a terrific kick to find out about Tyrone Power and Clark Gable.

Sitting here in my workroom, with the big Pacific just outside my window, I say to myself —Tyrone Power's got a hero, too. Somebody he'd give anything to be like, somebody who sort of personifies all he'd like to be himself. Funny, how much alike we all are way down underneath. Me, thinking how I'd like to write the way Edna Ferber does, and be as gracious and big as Eleanor Roosevelt, and look like Alice Faye. You, wanting to shoot like Cagney, or dress like Myrna Loy, or skate like Sonja Henie. And all the time, an idol like Tyrone Power wanting to be, in person, just like Clark Gable.

Tyrone Power and I met for the first time with considerable doubt and a lot of embarrassment.

It had been my ill-luck to comment harshly in print upon Mr. Power's radio career, which I thought was slovenly and careless. I have a phobia about careless work, because it seems to me you can, at least, always do your best. Since this passing critique brought down upon me the wrath of all the feminine members of my family—my daughter trumped my ace the very next night, in spite of being my partner, and my daughter-in-law didn't bring my grandson to call for two days—I heartily wished I had, for once, skipped doing my duty as I seen it. I wished it even more when Mr. Power magnanimously asked me to lunch. (I thought it was magnanimity, but you'll see pretty soon that it wasn't.)

You cannot imagine how hot and pink around the ears you feel when you first meet, face to face, a pleasant young gent whom you have roasted roundly, in the blissful conviction that you'll never see the guy in this world.

JUST what I had expected Mr. Power to be like, if he was like anything, I don't know. On the screen he seemed to me to be an able young actor, good-looking in a fine masculine way, and with a sure instinct for drama. Also, he had an aura of sincerity. So far, that description, like a police circular, would fit most of the young leading men of the cinema.

No sooner had we managed our nervous greetings, and sat us down to scrambled eggs and coffee, than I saw why Mr. Power had so far outstripped his field.

Here, said my weather eye and my reporter's instinct, here is a favorite of the gods. Once in a while it happens. What a big time Fate has had spilling most of the treasures of the world at his feet. How gaily Fortune has picked him for her own. Fame, wealth, friends, work he adores, the affection of all those who surround him—for from the gatekeeper's little white house, up to Darryl Zanuck's office, everyone on the 20th Century-Fox lot says, "He's our boy. Tyrone Power's our boy."

I think I had the impression that such a golden youth might be a little irritating, somewhat self-satisfied, and, even though kindly, a little condescending to the rest of us poor mortals.

He wasn't. My first cup of coffee wasn't drunk before I had yielded to what I can only call his niceness. Or before I had discovered that Mr. Power, that favorite of the gods, was very young, very unsure of himself and pretty much confused about it all.

And that was because he had ideals, he had a supersensitive imagination and a lot more brains than his Prince Charming exterior suggested. After all this time, I should have learned the fallacy of trying to match people's insides and outsides, but somehow you never do.

Plainly, this boy was a bit dizzy walking under the spotlight of movie fame, and he wondered What Was Going To Come of It All. You could see, almost at once, why he had bought an island off the coast of Mexico. It was, he told me, rather like playing the game of what I'd do if somebody left me a million dollars—and then having it actually happen. Lots of fun, but a sock in the solar plexus just the same.

"When," said Mr. Power, "everybody knows everything you do, and you're just an ordinary guy like everybody else, and want the same kind of things, and then there's the press and radio and people you meet and the parts —whether you should play them or not—like *Jesse James*—"

He stopped and looked at me to see if I knew what he meant. As it happened, I did. I've seen a good many cases of it in Hollywood. You might call it Star Fever. It lingers in the swamps between the pinnacles of fame—the possibility of being misunderstood, the magnifying of simple, normal actions, the fear of mistakes which all the world will see, the fear of being thought high-hat on one side, or of exposing yourself to a lot of bother and trials on the other.

"How," Mr. Power wanted to know, "can you be sure what's the right thing to do? How can

(Continued on page 78)

An embarrassing meeting, this between Adela Rogers St. Johns and Tyrone Power, but the author soon discovered why this youth has so far outstripped his field





Miss St. Johns (above left, with Clark Gable) knows Hollywood actors as few writers do. She has seen "Star Fever" work havoc with many of them, but Clark is one star who has escaped. And the quality which gives him the title of "The Greatest Guy in Hollywood" proves a worthy incentive for the lad Gable labels "a good guy in a pinch"

THE TRAGIC RÔLE

LORETTA YOUNG

PLAYED IN THE

BUCKNER CASE

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON



Few women ever find the courage

LORETTA YOUNG seems always to love under the influence of a dark star. There have been times in her life when it simply wasn't in her power to escape the unhappiness her love brought her, when no woman whose love reached in the same direction would have been able to save herself despair and defeat.

But during the last few months many a woman in Loretta's place would have managed to spare herself the humiliation which was Loretta's lot and to have protected a career better than Loretta did.

For Loretta is incapable of being true to a man in her heart only. She must be true to anyone she loves before the whole world. She will not compromise with romance.

Of course, there is a reason for this. And it brings us to one of the bravest and most touching stories ever minted in Hollywood. This story, which is a drama within itself, reached its poignant climax with the Federal trial which so recently was publicized in screaming headlines everywhere in this country—the trial of William P. Buckner, for fraud.

Through all the court proceedings in this trial, and through all the flamboyant newspaper publicity which attended those proceedings, there was the constant linking of the man on trial and Loretta, for these two had months before met and apparently fallen in love.

He was charged with mail fraud and conspiracy in the manipulation of a $8,500,000 Philippine Railway Company bond issue. And she, by intimation, was charged with loving a man who had sought her because she was a rich young woman who might be persuaded to invest money in his scheme.



Loretta needed when she stood beside the man the world accused of fraud

Whatever Buckner's original purpose in Loretta's direction, there can be no doubt regarding the emotion he came to feel for her. When he testified in the United States District Court, facing thirty-seven years in prison, he had to refer to the influence she had exerted in his life.

"After I had been in Hollywood a while," he said, "I wasn't interested in Philippine bonds any more."

"And why not?" asked his attorney.

"Well . . ." And his face grew red as he avoided bringing Loretta's name into his testimony. " . . . just because something else had taken away my interest, and I was definitely not interested in bonds."

So the trial proceeded and Loretta played her tragic rôle of innocent bystander.

They met under the most proper and auspicious circumstances, these two. A mutual friend brought him to her home. And if Loretta soon thought, "Where have you been all my life, William P. Buckner?" it wasn't surprising.

For he was charming and stimulating. He had gone to prep school in New York and later to Georgetown and Fordham Universities. Out of college, he had entered the law department of the New York Life Insurance Company of which his uncle, Thomas S. Buckner, is board chairman. He long had enjoyed those advantages which family money and position afford. He long had associated with those people whose funds and leisure permit them to live graciously and concern themselves with artistic and intellectual and sporting pursuits. He was a man at home in the capitols of the world.

Eligible men in Hollywood are rare. Eligible men like William P. Buckner might almost be said not to exist at all. And Loretta, through associations she has made during her holidays in New York, London, Paris, and Rome—where she frequently is seen with people like Jock Whitney and Mrs. Harrison Williams—no longer can be expected to be especially attracted by nice enough but average young men, or by actors whose entire horizon is apt to be bounded by shop talk and the rôle they are playing.

IT also was understandable that Buckner should go completely overboard about Loretta. She is, and we say this in the line of straight reporting, enough to make any man's heart quicken. This is especially true in the evening when she wears a simple white chiffon gown, when her hair is brushed until it gleams, and when her only ornament, likely enough, is a simple and exquisite pearl cross.

She looks like the Age of Innocence. But when she talks the great growth she has experienced in the last few years becomes apparent, makes her complex and completely fascinating.

Between June and September Loretta and Buckner were together. And it was about the first of December that he was arrested. He was in New York at the time and he telephoned Loretta immediately. She wasn't at home. But she called him back. She didn't find it convenient to leave his call unanswered. And she was told "not to worry."

Some weeks later, as the holidays approached, Buckner, awaiting trial, posted a five thousand dollar bond to secure the court's permission to visit California. On Christmas Eve he flew west. And on Christmas Day he and Loretta went together to High Mass at the Paulist Fathers' Church in Westwood. As they entered the church they were photographed. Loretta must have known they would be. And she could have seen him secretly. She could have met him at some friend's house or in her own home. Only that doesn't happen to be her way.

It was some weeks later that Loretta found herself actively involved in the case. With twelve other film stars Buckner was believed to have solicited as investors, she was subpoenaed by agents of the Securities and Exchange Commission. And at the Los Angeles Federal Building she testified that she knew nothing of Buckner's financial dealings. Which, undoubtedly, was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. For no evidence to the contrary ever was produced.

Reporters were waiting for her when she had finished giving her evidence that day, of course. And it would have been easy enough, at this time, for her to have dismissed the notion that any romance existed between her and Buckner. But she didn't do this. She didn't make even one feeble attempt in this discreet direction.

Calmly and gravely, she told the reporters: "Mr. Buckner and I are good friends. Our friendship has not been affected by the charges against him."

She didn't wear her heart on her sleeve. But she showed she had heart, plenty of it. She refused to deny or to minimize her relationship with a man who was in serious trouble.

It is not our purpose to pass judgment on William Buckner one way or another. He has been found guilty of the charges preferred against him and he now is waiting to appeal his case.

(Continued on page 96)

ROVER BOY WITH

BY SARA HAMILTON

Just once in a blue moon, it happens—Hollywood finds a new young man whose exploits amours and good looks turn the whole town's attention to him. That, then, is Niven of Scotland, Malta and—now—Hollywood!

THERE was the darndest rumor going the rounds of Hollywood for a time. People claimed producer Sam Goldwyn had read so many fictional tales of romance with devil-may-care heroes that he began to believe a lad named David Niven actually existed.

And then people began coming forward, one by one, with tales of the Scotchman who could raise more commotion without a bagpipe than any ten men with them. Gradually the town awakened to the fact that in its midst there actually existed this Hop-Scotchman of charm, this Rover Boy with sex appeal, this little Lulu without the corkscrew curls.

Yes, even the skeptics began believing in David, after the day he tore through the streets of Hollywood, the last half of a monstrous fish hanging from the back of his car, its tail waving nonchalantly at the dumfounded natives who stood open-mouthed on the sidewalks. It developed that for the first time David had outsmarted his friend, Merle Oberon, at fishing and couldn't wait to prove his prowess. He must rush forthwith to the studio, through the studio gates and onto the set, lugging the sea monster in his arms. But Merle wasn't there. So, back in the car, he sped up La Brea Avenue to the home of Merle's masseuse and insisted that Merle, wrapped in sheets, be brought forth to behold his fish.

THERE are several versions of Davey's entrance into the film colony. One group claims Davey was dropped from a British battleship while at sea, onto the good ship used for "Mutiny on the Bounty," scaring Charles Laughton into such a frenzy he refused to re-enter the United States for four whole years. Another group claims he was found stone-dead on Merle Oberon's living-room floor.

And fantastic as it seems, both factions are almost correct.

As Merle tells it, she walked into her Santa Monica home one afternoon and there, stretched out on the floor, apparently deader than three extinct gophers, lay a complete and utter stranger. On either side of the stranger lay the two other gophers, Fred Astaire and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, both equally dead.

Of course, the middle one was Davey, who had merely wanted to meet Merle, and this was his and his friends' method of introduction. It intrigued Merle no end, and today, several years later, they are still warm and sincere friends.

David himself felt called upon to confide in Mr. Sam Goldwyn, whom he had met at a dinner party (he moved in the best social circles while starv-

He wanted the truth, so help him! But with dire results, Davey tracked down a rumor that his history prof had been shot, while in retreat

PORTRAIT OF THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE



The man Hollywood almost forgot
. . . sings in the shower, never whistles
. . . likes hot music, hates night clubs

A vivid pen profile of Lew Ayres —a Hollywood paradox who quotes Epictetus, likes tweeds, studies philosophy and hates neckties

HE has brooding eyes, and the look of a man who has done a great deal of struggling with himself.

His mother's nationality is Russian; his father's, Irish.

He votes only at national elections and, when a boy, his ambition was to be a hobo.

His hobby is meteorology, which resulted in a complete weather bureau equipment at home.

He never eats garlic.

He was baptized Frederick Lewis Ayer.

He has no desire to amass a lot of money, and he is very fond of Hamburgers made with cheese. He was born in a frame house on a hill and today lives in a frame house on a hill. He has never had corns.

He has never been interested in the World's Series, and, at school, he was most absorbed in history. He is not a radio fan.

He was unforgettable in "All Quiet on the Western Front," and he rates "Scandal Street" his worst picture. He feels quite sure that, had he life to live over again, he would do nothing differently.

He is not given to snap judgments, and, at the age of ten, his idol was Valentino. He would like to have children.

He likes foreign restaurants, particularly Hungarian, because of the music. He invariably sings in his shower.

He is not affected by high altitudes, and he thinks the average American has not the art of gracious living.

HE has never eaten in the dining room of his home, preferring the living room. He is not a ready wit, and rarely reads the daily papers.

He had barely passing grades in mathematics at school.

His eyes are so blue they give the impression of brownness.

He hates wearing neckties, prefers sport clothes, and thinks Edinburgh, Scotland, the most beautiful city he has ever seen.

He never gambles.

He has never had a clipping service, and has an unshakeable confidence in himself. He has often suffered severe stage fright.

He eats a very light breakfast, and b[elieves] that sincerity is a common virtue among[st] He dislikes writing letters. He is not g[iven to] hunches or premonitions.

He still wears an old tan sweater wh[ich he] bought eight years ago on Los Angeles' [Santa Monica] Street. He never goes to any mineral [water] springs. His forehead is high and broad and it wrinkles deeply during discussion.

He never goes out between the acts of a stage performance for a cigarette. He is right-handed, and his ears ache at long telephonic conversations.

Lew Ayres adopted his surname because his friends insisted on mispronouncing his true name. He believes in adhering to accepted custom, and has no ambition to be a gentleman farmer.

He is a good listener, makes an earnest effort

(Continued on page 77)

MIRACLE

If you can't be pretty, be smart! Don't be self-conscious about your bad points! Pick up your clothes and walk with them! From Hollywood's wizards of the scissors come these words of wisdom that are guaranteed to make you stagger the stag line

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Yes, you can be dynamite to the stag line

Let Fussy Flora be a foil for you—don't wear too many bangles, too many ruffles, and too many curls

u may catch the mas-
ine eye with your
ht colors and ex-
e clothes, but—

"FINE feathers make fine birds!"

An adage which has survived as long as that one has probably shouldn't be questioned. We would like to supplement it a little, though, so it would read, instead, "The *right* fine feathers make fine birds!" For that's the truth of it, as anyone who has seen women decked in the wrong fine feathers will testify. And who hasn't?

The Hollywood dress designers—and miracle workers *is* the name for them—know precisely which fine feathers you should wear to emerge a fine bird. This month we present their heretofore unpublished findings. They offer simple rules for color and line which, applied to your little numbers, will transform you into a beauty or, quite as good, the most interestingly chic lady in town—dynamite to the stag line in either event.

First, a word about these experts we present so proudly:

"Gowns by Adrian." How often have you seen that title on the screen, then begun to make notes on the gown or negligee that Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald or some other Metro star wore . . . not only because of its umph, but because of what it did for the star?

Vera West once had the fashionable "400" sitting in line on little damask chairs in a Fifth Avenue salon, willing to order well in advance, stand like lambs for fittings, and pay and pay and pay. Now the stars at Universal City have reason to hold her in the same esteem.

"Greer and Banton" read dashing script letters on the window of a Sunset Boulevard atelier. At a recent fashion show there, Barbara Stanwyck and Joan Crawford had to wait in the hall until attendants could fetch more chairs. And Claudette Colbert and Sylvia Ashley Fairbanks, arriving later, had to sit on the steps of the stage. To the stars, Greer and Banton are, respectively and fondly, Howard and Travis.

Edith Head served her apprenticeship as designer at the Paramount studios under the just mentioned Greer, and, then, Banton. And the autographed portraits on her office wall bear silent testimony to the things she has done on her own since these gentlemen, in turn, went off to their fine shop. Among



Dangling straps throw men into panics

MEN AT WORK

to make you Lovelier



Don't go around looking as though you were "about to pop"

others, Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard and Joan Bennett say to Miss Head, in effect, "Thank you so much!"

Royer of Twentieth Century-Fox studied in France and England and Italy. Then, for hard experience, he worked with New York's foremost shops and dress manufacturers. Upon his arrival in Hollywood, he knew whereof he spoke. Today, he's a wizard about line. Ask Loretta Young or Sonja Henie or Alice Faye.

Edward Stevenson, the high priest of the RKO-Radio designing department, used to demonstrate his accurate knowledge in creating for Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore, and Corinne Griffith. Today Ginger Rogers, Joan Fontaine, and Anne Shirley sing his praises.

Irene is a designer the stars swear by. Again and again, they say, "It's a beautiful gown, By Irene!" She had a shop of her own—and very grand, too—until Bullock's-Wilshire signed her to a star-like contract, gave her a salon in their store, and entered hundreds of thousands of dollars in motion-picture business on their books. It was Irene whom the astute Walter Wanger sought to dress Hedy Lamarr for "Algiers."

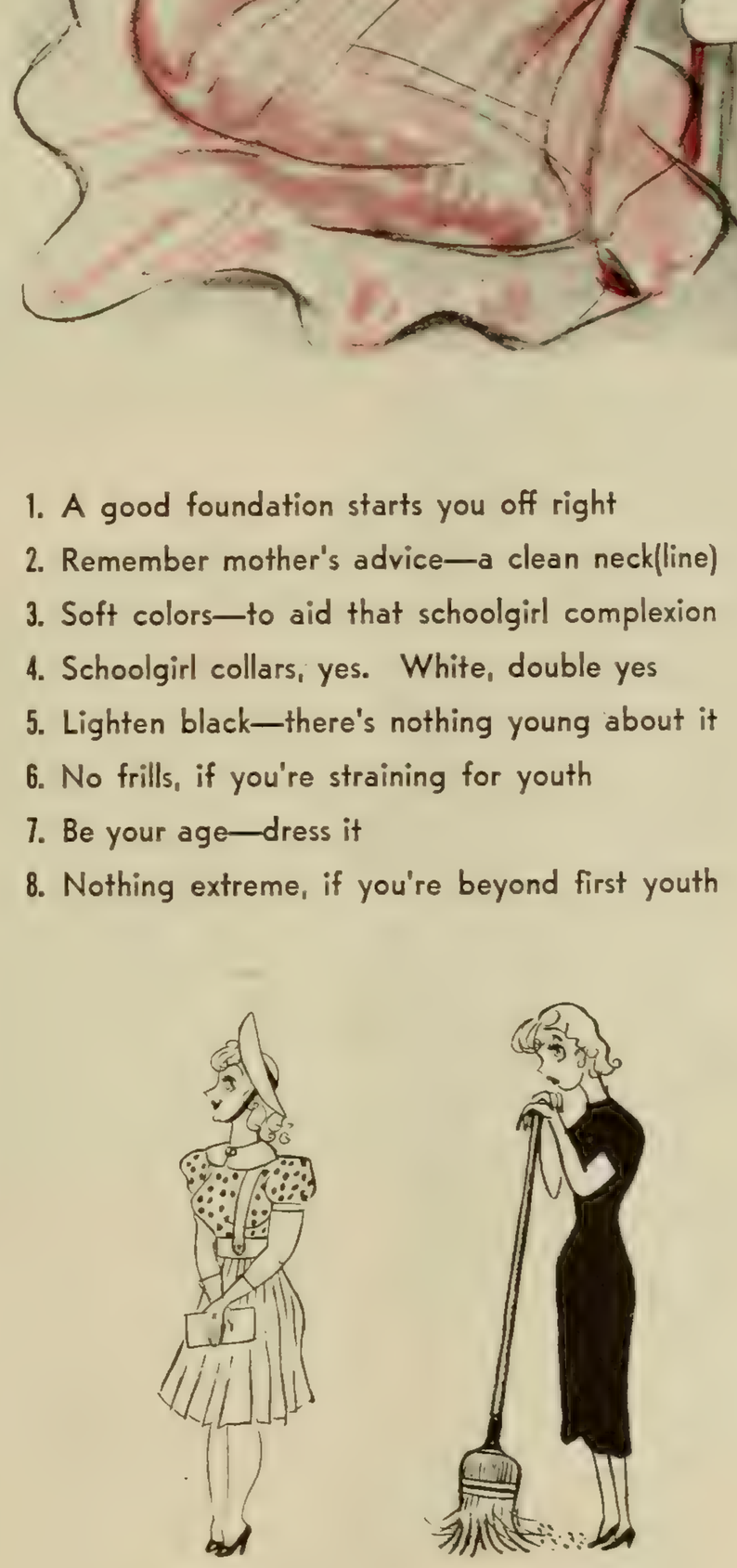
Orry-Kelly, in other days, was responsible for the regal beauty of Ethel Barrymore's gowns. Now, in charge at Warner Brothers, he designs screen clothes for Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland. And he so enchants these girls that they plead with him to design their personal wardrobes, too.

Walter Plunkett, at the moment, like everyone else at the Selznick Studios, is absorbed with the details of "Gone with the Wind." But, working with hoop skirts, bonnets, and shawls, he insists that once you learn the rules of chic you can look after yourself nobly, irrespective of any somersaults the mode may turn.

Ten Commandments for Chic

1. If you aren't pretty, make no attempt to be pretty. Be ever so smart, instead. France remains the fashion center of the world because her women, unable to depend upon their looks, use their brains to do interesting things with their appearance. (Adrian)
2. Above everything else concentrate on those clothes for which you loathe to shop. For they are the clothes you aren't sure about. They are the clothes about which you haven't resolved yourself regarding line and color. (Adrian)
3. Don't think of yourself as forty years old and twenty pounds overweight, and go on from there to dress in the same old things until you look as if you wore a uniform. Don't say, "I can't wear a circular skirt!" Employ a little time and energy, and see if there isn't a circular skirt, a little differently cut, which you can wear. And very well, too. Wake up! Realize that the personality you dress is as important a factor in your selection of clothes as your figure. (Head)
4. If your figure is bad and your face is good, keep

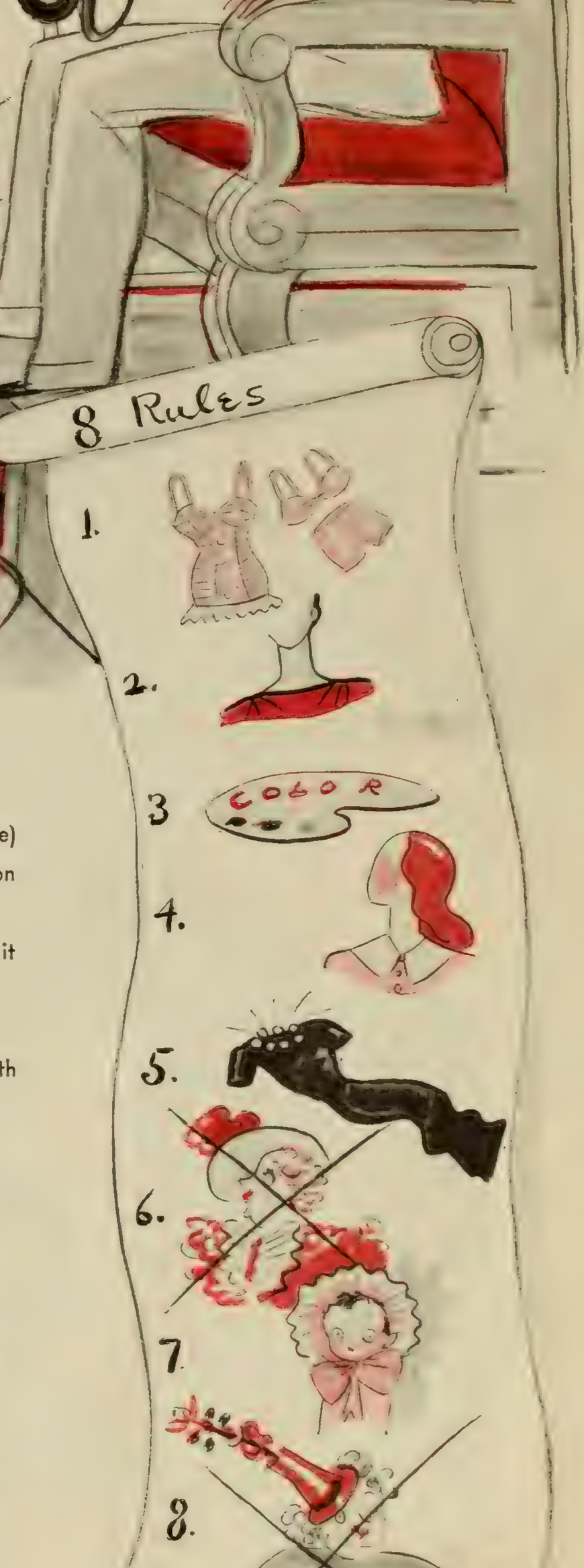
(Continued on page 82)



1. A good foundation starts you off right
2. Remember mother's advice—a clean neck(line)
3. Soft colors—to aid that schoolgirl complexion
4. Schoolgirl collars, yes. White, double yes
5. Lighten black—there's nothing young about it
6. No frills, if you're straining for youth
7. Be your age—dress it
8. Nothing extreme, if you're beyond first youth

Don't try to look like a little girl

Don't imitate Orphan Annie. It's forlorn



ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SHERMUND

HOW'S YOUR SENSE OF DIRECTION?

Set Party: Irene Dunne and Producer Pan Berman hosted by Garnett, director of "The Joy of Living"

BY TAY GARNETT

"Directed by—" is the only credit you see on the screen. But, how did he get to be a director? What are his problems? Tay Garnett gives you a revealing picture of the trials he has faced—and perhaps will face again in "Eternally Yours," which he is now directing for Walter Wanger

WE are frequently asked: "How does it feel to be a Movie Director?"

I can best answer that with a brief anecdote:

A number of years ago, in the early days of the "Our Gang" comedies, I was working at the Hal Roach Studios in Culver City.

It was a set rule that each noon the "Our Gang" kids should have two hours off—one for lunch, and one for recreation. On this particular day, they were on the lawn just inside the front office building, playing at making movies. Freckle-faced Mickey Daniels was the leading man, little Mary Kornman was the leading lady, fat Joe Cobb was the cameraman, and dusky Sunshine Sammy was the director. Joe had a real camera (without films), and Sammy had a real director's chair, and a mega-



Seasickness: yes, it happens even in studio tank scenes, as it did in "Slave Ship" and Mickey Rooney (above with Warner Baxter) didn't help much



The stars of a little Drama in Direction—Kay Francis and Bill Powell in "One Way Passage," one of Tay's memorable films

Vanishing actor: Offender Leslie Howard, star of "Stand-In" (in a scene with Marla Shelton)

Have you the patience of Job? The tact of a diplomat? The nerves of a lion tamer? You'll need all these qualifications and more, this famous director proves, for Hollywood's toughest work

phone that was as long as he was. This was before pictures learned to talk.

I paused, on my way out to lunch, to watch them. I tousled Sammy's kinky head. "Going to be a director when you grow up, Sammy?"

He rolled his big eyes up at me. "Gee, no, Mr. Garnett, it's tough enough being colored."

ANOTHER question that's often asked: "How do you go about getting to be a director?"

There is no set rule—no blue-plate special. The choice ranges from ham to custard pie.

A large group of fine directors of today is composed of men who started out as actors. C. B. DeMille, Frank Lloyd, Irving Cummings, Robert Leonard and Henry King have come through the haze of hickory smoke that surrounds all well-cured hams.

Many of us are graduates of the old two-reel silent comedy schools—Mack Sennett's and Hal Roach's. Frank Capra, Norman McLeod, Leo McCarey, Richard Wallace and many others received their diplomas after majoring in Keystone Kops and flying pies.

Unfortunately, there is no prescribed course of preliminary preparation for directing, and no direct approach to the picture business.

If you happen to be a flyer at the U. S. Naval Air Station at San Diego, as I was in 1920; if a director like the late Alan Holubar comes to make some stunt flying shots; if you are chosen to do the flying; and if, while doing it, you suggest a couple of ideas the director likes—then, maybe, you'll get a job as a gag man when you get out of the service.

Years ago there was a garage mechanic in Los Angeles. He bought a taxicab. He carried some of the early day movie tycoons in his cab and made friends among them. He got a job in a studio. This man was Victor ("Gone with the Wind") Fleming.

Sam ("Goodbye, Mr. Chips") Wood was a real-estate operator in Denver. He followed the boom to California. He prospered, and invested money in pictures. Then, to protect his investment, he went to work with the company. He lost the money, but learned the job.

John ("Young Mr. Lincoln") Ford had a brother who was a serial picture star. John started as a property man and assistant director for his brother.

Archie ("They Shall Have Music") Mayo was a shirt salesman in 1922. He sold made-to-measure shirts to the inmates at the various studios. While lurking about trying to ambush a shirt order at the old First National studio, he suggested several gags—bits of comedy business. The gags were good and an average shirt salesman became an excellent gag man and later a top-flight director.

The moral of this story, if you are willing to concede a moral to a story about Archie Mayo, is that you've got to be at the right place at the right time.

LET'S take a look at the director's problems.

The director is responsible for the cost of a picture, and the shooting time affects cost directly. A picture is budgeted at a fixed figure, based on a definite number of actual photographing days. During shooting, the daily overhead is enormous. If a picture goes over, even a day beyond schedule, the director is in trouble. And sometimes things happen.

In my picture, "Stand-In," Leslie Howard was the star. Leslie is a vanishing actor. You finish a rehearsal. There is a moment of delay while the cameraman makes a last adjustment of the lights. Then, you are ready to shoot. You look around for Leslie. He isn't there. It doesn't seem possible, because you remember distinctly having him in that very spot only a minute ago. But Leslie has vanished completely—and without the use of mirrors. Usually when you corner him a half hour later, he is high in the upper catwalks of the huge sound stage. Armed with a candid camera, he is getting candids of the various members of the posse who are trying to round him up.

Director William K. Howard was once doing a picture with a dog in it. He selected a trained dog—one that could do anything. He was well into the picture before he learned that the trained dog had died and he was working with an untrained substitute. There came a day

(Continued on page 89)



Paulette and Charlie—an eternal enigma which has thrown its shadow over one of Hollywood's most promising careers—with Doug, Jr.

THE PERILS OF Paulette



There's no doubt what the two Chaplin boys (pictured with Shirley Temple) think of her —but what about the public?

Miss Goddard—or is it Mrs. Chaplin?—faces them gallantly, for a reason incredible but inspiring

BY MARY CAMPBELL

THE shadow of a new personality is falling across stardom's horizon, the shadow of the most courageous woman I know in Hollywood.

For her, stardom, surely; and now, perhaps, happiness, too, though it was more than anyone could expect, knowing her story. She didn't tell me this as I am writing it. She couldn't, if she had wanted to. But I was told by a friend whom I believe. I think you will believe it. If it *is* true, certainly it is the story of a woman whose courage in facing the world transcends in drama the most vivid of those wonderful old cinema thrillers, "The Perils of Pauline," the story of a woman who included in her marriage vows an oath no other husband ever asked his bride.

She is Paulette Goddard, whom many call Mrs. Chaplin, whom some call inordinately ambitious, a few call scandalous, and all call beautiful. She has just scaled the third rung on the ladder to stardom and, again, she finds herself facing the insistent and cutting tongue of rumor. As I know her story, she will always have these rumors to face and she will never be able to answer them.

She is news again, because she has the lead in Paramount's "The Cat and the Canary," and because the studio is so excited over her talents as an actress and her potentialities at the box office that everyone, from publicity department to Producer Arthur Hornblow, has taken infinite pains that the public will receive her with open arms.

Actually, Paulette has been news since the summer of 1932 when she got herself a job as

(Continued on page 80)

the Camera SPEAKS

ON THIS AND THE
FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT
ITS PICTORIAL BEST

Russian rhapsody in smoke! Mischa Auer philosophically considers "Unexpected Father"—in which his one-year-old co-star, Sandy Henville, plays his uncle!

Jones



Walling

The two lovely ladies at left have lots more in common than classic white features against a shadowy background. Both British, but born in exotic, faraway places—Wendy Barrie (top) in Hong Kong, Merle Oberon in Tasmania. Both discovered at luncheon in London—separately—by Alexander Korda, making their first big hits as rival wives in his "Private Life of Henry VIII." There the similarity ends, for Wendy's now doing "The Saint's Vacation" in Hollywood, while Merle's honeymooning in the south of France, having married the aforesaid Mr. Korda! Susan Paley, the seductive newcomer at right, is one of the many unknowns in the cast of "Dr. Cyclops," the mysterious film Paramount's whipping up on closed sets, without — believe it or not — any publicity!

Walling

LIGHT AND SHADE

CAROLE, CARY AND.

Matrimonial-minded Carole Lombard and Cary Grant should be perfectly cast in "The Kind Men Marry" (formerly "Memory of Love"), with the new Mrs. Clark Gable looking forward to her belated honeymoon —and Cary now definitely contemplating wedlock with Phyllis Brooks

Bachrach



ANN

Alas, Queen Ann! No sooner was Miss Sheridan of Texas made Oomph Queen than they put her on ice—but only to give her her first starring rôle in "Winter Carnival"!

Keyes



Ah, to be a girl again, back in the days of washbowls and long flannel nighties!



Ship ahoy! Four contemporary belles tri

MOVIES

35 YEARS AGO

Yet another Photoplay scoop—ultra-candid stills from flickers so long forgotten no one knows the players!

"A kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt" (Will didn't say it, but the Spaniards did)

"All his successors gone before him have done 't—all his ancestors that come after him may." A bit muddled, Bard, but we get it

light fantastic on the bounding blue main

"Those friends thou hast, grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel"
—Big Sis trusts the proffered ring, but Rollo's read his Shakespeare!

Shakespeare never saw anything like these classics from those "salad days" when films were "green in judgment." Perhaps some of you can remember them?

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM CULVER SERVICE

Is nothing sacred in these lawless days? Will not even those prophetic stripes dismay the brutal jailbirds? Fie—and on a bank holiday, too!

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form"—with no Will Hays to guide her



Little girls, you've had a busy life! Mere kids—yet Priscilla and Rosemary Lane of "Daughters Courageous" have enviable records of two brilliant careers

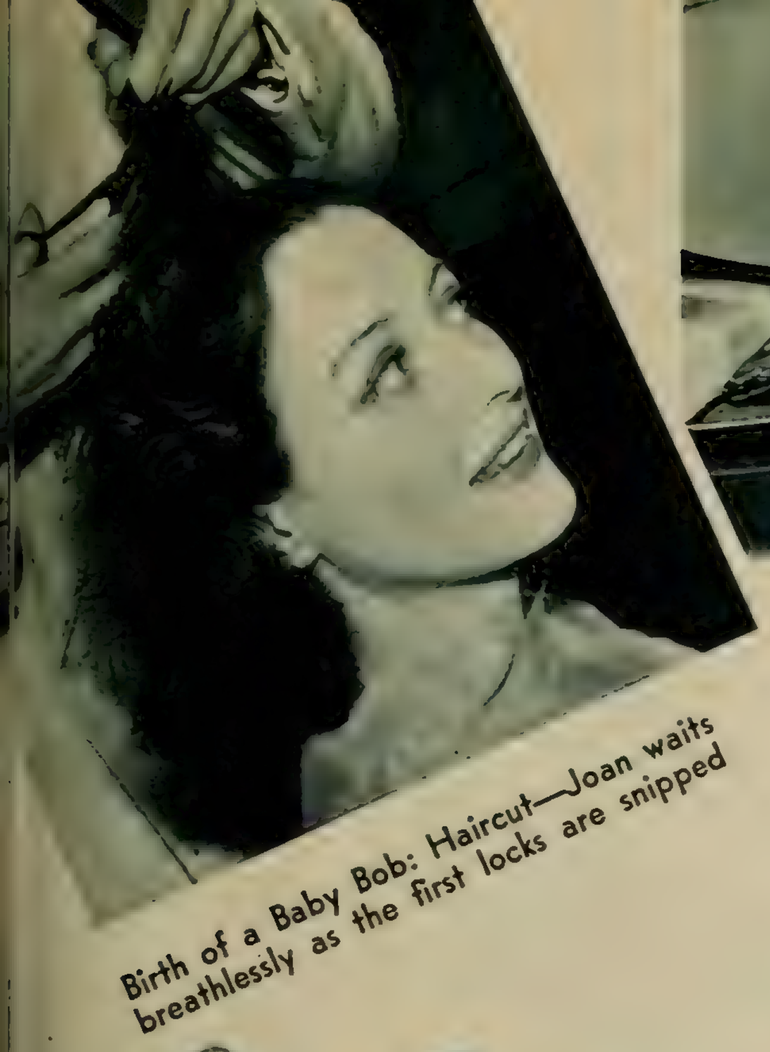
Crail

nat FORGOTTEN

"The Forgotten Woman" is Sigrid Gurie's first venture since "Algiers," when she was more or less lost in the general excitement over Hedy Lamarr. Still, it hardly seems a fitting title for a young lady who's even now getting a five-year starring contract with Universal—and a marriage license with Dr. Laurence Spangard!

Historic moments caught by Hyman Fink's camera: Joan gets a hair-fashion hunch from a young visitor—and follows it through (opposite page)

Lana Turner wears a longish cherub bob, but clinches it with a real baby bonnet, while Janet Gaynor's version is the briefest of them all



Birth of a Baby Bob: Haircut—Joan waits breathlessly as the first locks are snipped



Shampoo—YOU know that blessed ease, when your tired scalp relaxes, and you'd purr like a cat if you could!



Set—NOT such blessed ease, as each curl's manicured into place and anchored with pins

that's my Baby BOB

Good old Hollywood! You can always rely on its girls — and their hairdressers — to furnish you with new tricks in landscape gardening for well-turned-out topknots! Here are glimpses of the stars who have taken their hair in their hands and are cutting it short to make it snappy—with Joan Crawford showing you how it's done



Joan's Baby Bob—as youthful as puppy love!

Cast to type for the new coiffure: Marie Wilson's naïve air and Sonja Henie's youthful vivacity





A week's vacation in New York, after "Disputed Passage," gives Dotty time for a whirlwind trip to the Fair for those exhibits on every Fair-goer's "must" list. In white dress and turquoise turban, she stops first (top, right) at the beautiful Charm Center, number one attraction for feminine visitors—where she has to shush a reporter asking about romance. Another thrill was the 250-foot parachute jump that had Photoplay grounded while Dorothy dared all

DOROTHY

IN WONDERLAND

Photo-diary of a star's day off: Dot Lamour takes in the World's Fair—and vice versa—while Photoplay goes along for the ride (and a hot dog)!
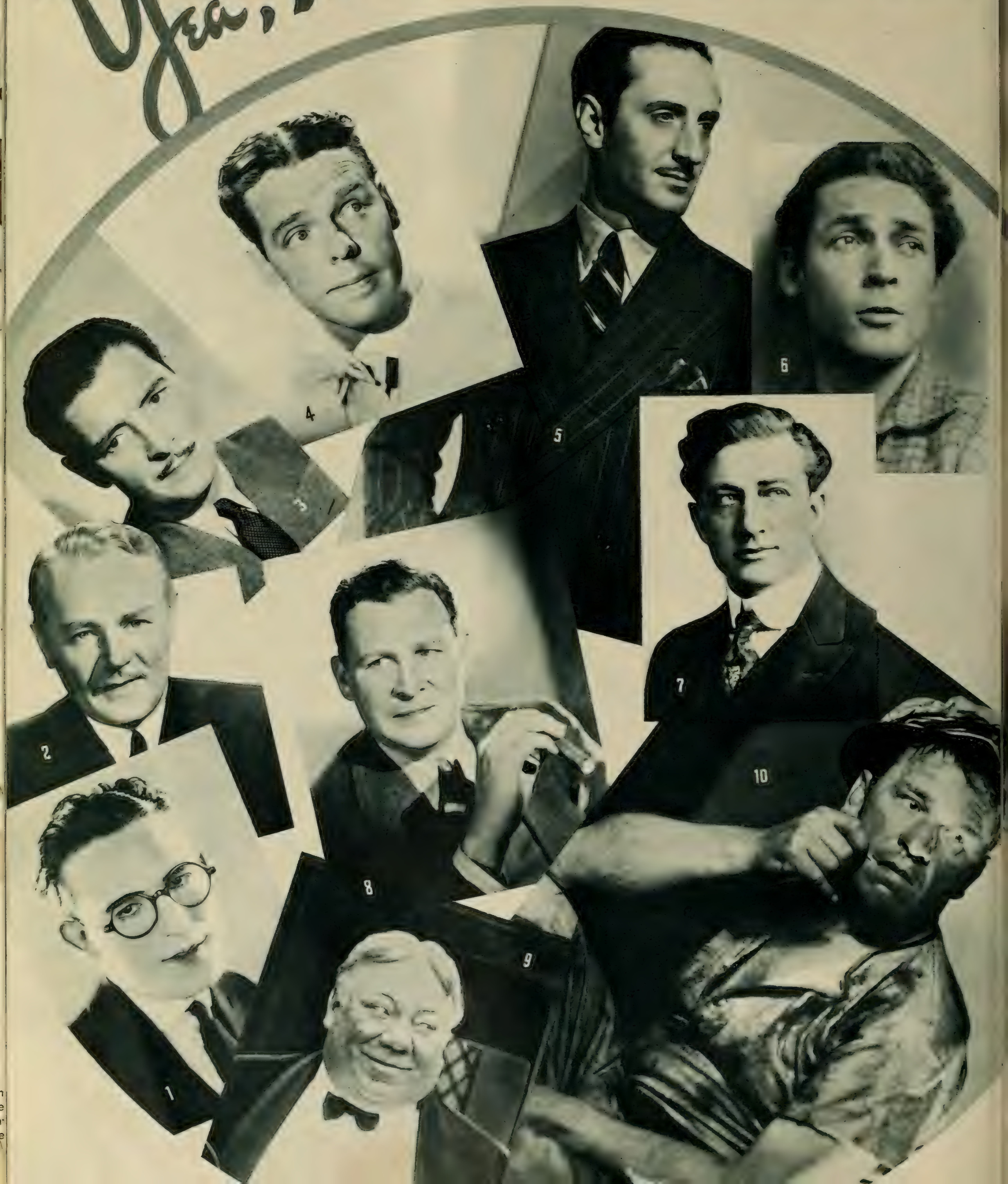






More fun for out-of-towners—the telephone exhibit, where a lucky number wins you a free call to any part of America. Dot roars with laughter as she listens in and hears a young man describe her to his mother as a "handsome colored girl"—that jungle tan! When her chance came, she called Charlie McCarthy in Hollywood—and the dummy wouldn't answer! Far left, below—in a moving chair, at the Futurama, she sees the awe-inspiring World of Tomorrow unfold before her eyes. Left—"World's Fair feet," Dotty? She pauses to eat one hot dog—and rest two tired ones. Below, taking her place for the parachute jump, with Commander Strong, U.S.N., along for protection



Yea, Team!

Presenting another Photoplay game to test your movie I. Q.! The problem: to pair the stars below with those at the right to form some famous screen teams who've proved that two heads are better than one




11


12


13


14


15


16


17


18


19


20

When you've finished pairing off the stars, check your "team work" with answers on page 83

No. 10 . Wallace Beery . . teamed with No. 13 . Marie Dressler . .

No. 1 teamed with No.

No. 2 teamed with No.

No. 3 teamed with No.

No. 4 teamed with No.

No. 5 teamed with No.

No. 6 teamed with No.

No. 7 teamed with No.

No. 8 teamed with No.

No. 9 teamed with No.

TRACKING DOWN Shirley



Finding a vacation spot where our Miss Temple can really relax and have fun is no easy task, but Hawaii—land of peace and pineapples—fills the bill! These exclusive shots tell a graphic story of Shirley's happy holiday at Lanikai in Eastern Oahu, after finishing "Susannah of the Mounties." Below, Shirley serves up a dish of poi for Tilly Wong, after a spirited ball game



PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS



News About Suits

"Suits will have a dressmaker appearance this fall and will feature short, peplum jackets with the bustle influence, high and novel revers, and squared shoulders—the skirts will be short and flaring," says Adrian, M-G-M designer, who created all the clothes for M-G-M's fashionable farce, "The Women," in which Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Rosalind Russell play the leading rôles. Adrian chooses bright blue woolen for Norma Shearer's suit. It has a short, cutaway jacket that is collarless with small rolled revers—the youthful collar of the white piqué waistcoat blouse finishes the neckline. The bias skirt has four flared gores. Miss Shearer's hat is of matching felt with jewel inset in the high crown. A snail lapel clip is added as an amusing accessory note

Willinger

ABOUT Embroidery

"Embroidery will continue to be the style luxury during the coming season. It will be noted on every type of garment from dawn through dusk, and will be worked in every medium—yarn, beads, metallic thread, silk thread and braid," Adrian forecasts. The heavy white silk embroidery on the red felt bolero of Joan Crawford's white silk jersey dinner gown carries out this prediction. A silk jersey cummerbund, also in brilliant red, girdles the waistline of the gown which has a flattering high neckline, short sleeves and a long, full, gathered skirt.

Wilinger



"Color will predominate in fall clothes," presages Adrian. Every color in the artist's pallette is reproduced in the clothes for "The Women." Adrian combines fuchsia, purple and lavender in Rosalind Russell's costume. The jacket, with pleated front edging and silver filigree button trim, is of lavender woolen; the skirt of the frock beneath is of purple woolen, the girdle of lavender crepe, and the blouse of fuchsia crepe. Gay winter flowers top the fuchsia fabric braid hat. Adrian's studio designed clothes shown on these pages are not available in the shops

Carpenter

fur FINDS







Silver fox

No fur coat style can edge from its place as a favorite this straight-line mink coat worn by Anita Louise, leading lady of Universal's "Hero for a Day." It is man-tailored with squared shoulders, notched collar and wide revers. Beneath it Anita wears a sheer brown wool frock individualized by a drawstring shoulder yoke and waistline which release and hold the fullness of the gathered blouse. Vera West designed the frock—Willard George, Los Angeles, the coat. Silver fox glamorizes this grey beige Rodier woolen dress coat, designed by Miss West for Anita to wear in "Hero for a Day." The front fullness of the princess coat is obtained by unpressed pleats that are stitched in, to neatly define the waistline. The large silver fox muff and the rippling revers are dramatic accent. The grey beige crepe frock, also of Miss West's design, features long sleeves, and a draped, knotted neckline that releases fluid fullness to the hemline—the belt is self-fabric. Matching silk net fashions the draped pillbox with back wimple
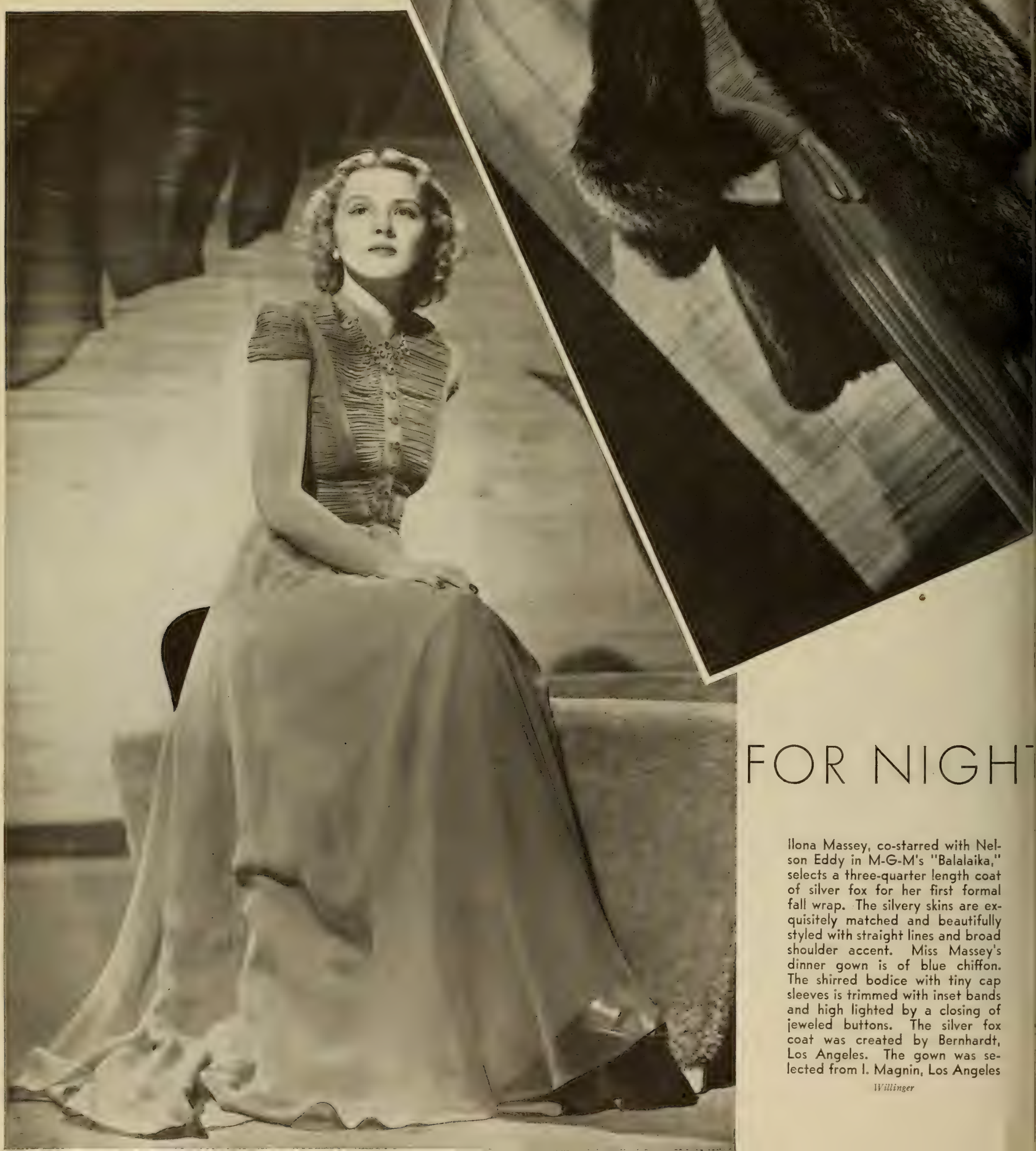








Photography-Jones

Large mink revers are rich contrast to the beige basketweave wool of Anita's street coat (above), which she also wears in "Hero for a Day." Miss West designed the coat with princess lines, broad shoulders and a two-button, single-breasted closing, and as companion to it, styled a two-piece contrast frock—the four gore skirt is of beige sheer wool, the peplum blouse of brown crepe. A novel yoke releases the fullness of the blouse. All the elegance of Safari brown Alaska sealskin is thrown into sharp relief by the cut and design of Anita's beautiful fur and dark green woolen coat (right), also from her Universal picture wardrobe. The fur bodice stops just short of the waistline to give a bolero effect—the skirt has been set on to the fabric waistline inset in a scallop motif. For wear beneath it, Miss West created a one-piece frock of sheer wool in dark green to match the coat fabric. The shoulder yoke continues into front panels that are finished with wee pockets—tiny studs close the front of the blouse. Anita is filming "These Glamour Girls" for M-G-M. Her studio-designed coats and frocks shown on these pages are not available in the shops

Silver Fox FOR NIGHT



Ilona Massey, co-starred with Nelson Eddy in M-G-M's "Balalaika," selects a three-quarter length coat of silver fox for her first formal fall wrap. The silvery skins are exquisitely matched and beautifully styled with straight lines and broad shoulder accent. Miss Massey's dinner gown is of blue chiffon. The shirred bodice with tiny cap sleeves is trimmed with inset bands and high lighted by a closing of jeweled buttons. The silver fox coat was created by Bernhardt, Los Angeles. The gown was selected from I. Magnin, Los Angeles

Willinger

AND DAY

A silver fox stole for wear with fall frocks is Hollywood news. Bernard Newman of Beverly Hills designed Ann Sothern's luxurious fur piece that is casually tied on one shoulder with a flatteringly large black velvet bow—the end of the stole beneath the bow loops under to form an arm muff. Newman also designed the black crepe frock. The snug-fitting bodice buttons up to a band collar—the draped skirt has a separate front cascade. Miss Sothern, whose next screen appearance will be in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women," has just signed a long-term contract with M-G-M. If you wish information about Miss Sothern's silver fox stole or black frock, please write direct to Bernard Newman, Beverly Hills, California

Kornman

BAA, BAA





Glenda Farrell, last seen in Warner's "Torchy Runs for Mayor," selected four wool Jeanne Barrie frocks for her fall wardrobe. Her forest green woolen frock (far left) features rhythmic fullness in the skirt, blouse and sleeves—a golden cleff and little grace note shoulder trim, mounted on a staff fashioned of cartridge pleats to contrast the bar inset of the belt. There's a bit of Dutch Boy in the flaring pockets, and in the high-crowned hat. Frock also available in Purple Dawn, Military Blue and Burgundy. Glenda's black woolen (left) features a corselet waist and back fullness—a row of golden buttons from neck to hem. She adds a derby, wreathed in felt flowers and wrapped in a veil. Her bag —black antelope-suède pouch with a golden clasp. Frock also available in Forest Green, Purple Dawn, Military Blue and Burgundy. Miss Farrell's cyclamen and grey plaid woolen ensemble (below) has an all-grey sheer wool top and flaring plaid skirt. Over that goes a plaid mess jacket that buttons high to grey revers. With it, she wears a tweed-felt hat. Her crocodile pouch swings from a soft, wide bracelet-handle. Frock also available in blue and grey, and green and grey. Checks for the country (below left)—the colors are blue and muted grey, and the dress has the new back fullness. It buttons from neck to hem and is piped in Queen's blue velvet. Glenda's hat is a grey felt beret with a blue braided grosgrain snood for a crown! Her blue crocodile pouch has a zipper bracelet-handle. Frock also available in coral and grey, and wine and blue

Photography—Lazarnick

Original PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FASHION

This tag identifies an original PHOTOPLAY Hollywood fashion. Look for it





Dresses—Jeanne Barrie

Hats—Alfreda, Inc.

Bags—David Jacobson

WHERE TO BUY THEM

If you would like to know the name of the shop in your community that carries these PHOTOPLAY fashions write to Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Be sure to enclose clipping or description of the merchandise desired.

BLACK SHEEP HAVE YOU ANY WOOL?





Anne Shirley, star of RKO's "Career," also goes on the woolen standard for fall and chooses a youthful bolero-jacketed street suit of black wool. A white crepe, lace-edged blouse tucks into the wide basque belt of the flared bias skirt. Anne combines her suit with black suède, side-button, walled-toe, Paris Fashion oxfords, a black felt Buster Brown hat that ties under the chin, and a suède bag tufted with black velvet polka dots. The popular priced Patricia Perkins suit is available at the May Company, Los Angeles, Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago, Macy's, New York. Miss Shirley's shoes are available at Namm's, Brooklyn, Hub Clothing Company, Chicago, Vanity Slipper Shop, Hollywood



Photography - Hendrickson

Carole Lombard poses in a three-piece woolen contrast suit designed by Irene for her to wear in RKO's "The Kind Men Marry." The flaring topcoat of golden beige is cut on the bias, also the burnt caramel brown skirt. The single-breasted jacket, matching the topcoat, is cut on the straight. Bias figure eights are appliquéd on the coat and jacket to accent the slit pockets. A caramel and beige polka dot crepe vestee, a caramel felt hat, and brown alligator shoes and bag complete Carole's grand utility sport suit. If you wish further information about the ensemble, write direct to Irene, Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles

Cal Yorke's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Lousy Lovers?

REMEMBER when the article came out about Latins being "lousy lovers," and all the furor it caused? Well, of course, we wouldn't really cast aspersions on Ty Power, Clark Gable and Bob Taylor, for instance. But, it has occurred to us—how come the great preponderance of British screen lovers in American films, today? Are Americans "lousy lovers," compared to the smooth-voiced gentlemen from across the water?

Well, we wouldn't know exactly. Certainly *our* favorite screen Romeo is Clark Gable. But, just the same, the situation makes you stop and think. Here, for instance, is a list of dashing Britons who are making love on the American screen today, that we've just thought up, offhand (probably there are more): Errol Flynn, George Brent, Brian Aherne, David Niven, George Sanders, Leslie Howard, Cary Grant, Laurence Olivier, Ray Milland, Dick Greene, Ronald Colman, Basil Rathbone—to say nothing of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who appears more British than American.

We don't believe you can match that list with one comprised of equally outstanding American screen lovers. Which must be significant of something or other, although we don't know just what.



omanoff" does things
s party, Bob Bench-
nt ... all the guests
hei... wn refreshments

reparing for his rôle in
n," read just about every-
on Honest Abe, who had an
h as a wit in his day.
Fonda delights in repeating
of the Black Hawk Indian
was captain of a company.
itary tactics, the young law-
unders. One day when he
npany across a field, march-
of more than twenty men,
fence with a gate leading to

e life of me remember the
mand for getting my com-
coln was quoted as saying.
me near, I shouted: 'This
ed for two minutes, when it
the other side of the gate.'"

favors the story about the
plaining to her class the dif-
ose and poetry. Poetry has
harm pointed out, prose has

said the teacher, "take this

an old lady
on a hill,
n't died,
living there still.

Still' rhymes with 'hill.' To
change one word and say,
ady who lived on a hill. If
e'd be living there yet.' No

they did, so the teacher
give an example. Johnny

man, who fell in the well.
ed him out, he'd have gone
, what do you want: prose

What the well-dressed glamour girl wears when she goes bowling. Recognize her? Well, it's Betty "Million Dollar Legs" Grable, sans shoes, trying her skill at opening of the Sunset Bowling Alleys

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



our

the beauteous starlet at
in "Thunder Afloat," has a
nception of glamour—or at
ive it from the Hollywood
e says glamour is made up of
oming (those little things like
your hair, good manicure,



Billie Burke leaves the church with Dr. Maurice Kahn after the wedding—not her own, but daughter Patricia Ziegfeld's!

clean-cut eyebrows, hairless legs and arms), and preparedness for all emergencies. By the last, she means keeping posted on current events, for instance, so you can talk intelligently; reading the latest best seller, for the same reason; keeping your wardrobe up-to-date, so you always have the proper clothes for the proper occasion. She says glamour doesn't "just happen"—that it is a studied thing. She says, moreover, she

(Continued on page 74)



★ THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC—Goldwyn-United Artists

THE singing violin of Jascha Heifetz carries this extravagantly produced picture through its dull stages. Good Lord, such music! Walter Brennan's creditors threaten to close his music school for underprivileged but talented children. Young Gene Reynolds, through a fluke, hears a Jascha Heifetz concert. Reasoning that if Heifetz were interested in the school, it would be on its feet again, Gene turns the trick. The story, though well-written and well-portrayed, is not extraordinary. Reynolds is swell. He's assisted by Terry Kilburn, Chuck Stubbs and Tommy Kelly. Porter Hall is the money-minded creditor. The romance between Andrea Leeds and Joel McCrea is lost in the shuffle. The many familiar classics will delight your ears.



BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S BRIDE—Paramount

WELL (sigh), they've finally married *Drummond* off. Oh yes, there's a mystery in this one. It's not too terribly mysterious because the thief hides the stuff in *Drummond's* radio. He's not a very bright crook; he keeps walking right into *Bulldog's* hands, and only through the quick closing of the sleuth's eyes, is the picture allowed to last long enough to give you your money's worth. Heather Angel is the long-awaited, and awaiting, bride, and you will see Reginald Denny, H. B. Warner, Elizabeth Patterson and quite a few others traipsing about. Of course, John Howard still plays *Drummond.* It is in a little French village that climax comes and the film goes slapstick. There are some laughs, and a good chase at the end.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE



★ ON BORROWED TIME—M-G-M

THE strange and gentle tale of an old man in a little American town, who got Death up a tree and kept him there, is brought to the screen with masterly finesse and understanding. It's really a very old story—in this version, however, it is a grandfather's love for a little boy which carries the story; and the idea of death is not made horrific, except to those with an excess of vitality. Lionel Barrymore is the old man, *Gramps,* who keeps a bottle of gin in his pocket and swears a lot; *Pud,* the child, is played by an amazing boy named Bobs Watson. *Pud's* parents are killed in an auto accident and *Gramps,* with *Granny* on the side lines, decides to raise the boy. But a scheming aunt, Eily Malyon, wants to adopt *Pud* because he has been left a small fortune by his parents. Meanwhile Death, in the form of a personable man known as *Mr. Brink,* Sir Cedric Hardwicke, comes for *Granny;* and then he approaches *Gramps.* The oldster, determined not to allow that Aunt to get his beloved *Pud,* tricks *Mr. Brink* into an enchanted apple tree, and makes him stay there. Everyone tries to prove *Gramps* is crazy, but, of course, they fail, since while Death is up a tree no one can die. There's a moral about keeping people alive when dying would release them from pain, a thought brought forcibly home to *Gramps* when *Mr. Brink* lures *Pud* into an accident which cripples him. It's a preposterous story, of course, and somehow very depressing. But all the performances are superlative, including that of Beulah Bondi as *Granny.*



SECOND FIDDLE—20th Century-Fox

IT is astonishing to this department that a studio should take its two greatest star properties and put them into a picture of second rate quality, such as this. The film's assets: Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power; adequate music; two or three laughs. On the debit side: a story about Hollywood so localized that most of the double entendres will make no sense whatever; phony dialogue and situations; not a trace of suspense. The idea is a burlesque on the famous "Gone with the Wind" build-up. The book is called "Girl of the North," and it is Press Agent Ty Power's job to keep the public interested in the search for a suitable "Girl," and then, when she is found in the person of Schoolteacher Sonja Henie, to keep the public interested in her. This he does by cooking up a romance between her and Rudy Vallee, a star who needs publicizing. Vallee's personal yen is for a show girl, but Sonja doesn't know that. She falls in love with him. But guess what—Ty has decided to be in love with the woman himself. When Miss Henie discovers the deception, the little schoolmarm rushes furiously back to her classroom. Not, of course, until her picture has been finished and is a magnificent success. Now Sonja has a hick boyfriend, Lyle Talbot, and she is eloping with him when Tyrone tracks her down. *You* figure out who wins. Edna May Oliver plays Sonja's sharp-voiced aunt without missing a trick. Mary Healy is the show girl. Sonja is allowed only a couple of skating numbers, but they are enchanting.



★ THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK—Small-United Artists

FOR some reason—and this does not hold true of other writers necessarily—you cannot hurt Alexander Dumas when you make a picture out of one of his books. "The Man in the Iron Mask," like his other stories, was edited so that only color, romance, and suspenseful adventure were left. Edward Small has produced this with particular grandeur, and you will, undoubtedly, have a good time watching it. Yet, there is something old-fashioned about the entire film. The direction is ragged and the characterization throughout is of the posturing, gesticulating, light-operatic school. Louis Hayward is cast in the dual rôle of the twin Dauphins of France, and although he occasionally forgets and mingles the two personalities, he does, on the whole, a pretty superior job. You probably remember the plot: one of the twins is given into the care of the *Three Musketeers,* while the other becomes *Louis XIV,* a neurotic weakling. Circumstances bring *Philippe,* the brother, into contact with the king, who devises a plan to keep his dangerous twin a prisoner in the Bastille. Further, an iron mask is put over the wretch's head so his beard will strangle him. There are moments of absolute horror at this point. Of course, *D'Artagnan,* played by Warren William, comes to the rescue and there is much chasing about and sword play, with Joan Bennett (as *Maria Theresa*) helping the right side. Joseph Schildkraut, Alan Hale, Miles Mander, Montagu Love and some thousand or so others complete the cast.



ISLAND OF LOST MEN—Paramount

IN any island of lost men there must be at least one lost woman; but gosh, what a pity it had to be the exquisite China Lily, Anna May Wong! For no apparent reason, J. Carrol Naish establishes himself as king of an island, which lies up the river from Singapore, and cracks the whip over a few escaped criminals, who in turn bulldoze the natives. Anna May arrives as Naish's house guest. She improves the appearance of the island, but doesn't warm up much, because her brand of allure is on the reserved side. The law comes to the aid of those who are innocent, and the natives revert to type in time to make a feast out of those who are guilty. Naish outdoes himself in the menace rôle and Eric Blore is amusing. It's all a little dank and steamy.



THEY ALL COME OUT—M-G-M

THE history of "They All Come Out" may help you to understand its unlikely structure. It started as a four-reel short in the "Crime Does Not Pay" series, and turned out to be good. So the studio began padding. Fortunately for them, the documentary material about Federal Prisons which comprised the original short was stuff so good, so dramatic, that formation of the feature could not hurt it. It's simply the story of two kids, Rita Johnson and Tom Neal, who belong to a gang, are captured early by the police, and given corrective management in institutions, until, finally, they accept the regenerative influence. You will be amazed; you'll walk out of the theater with a lift over the way this government is handling the problem of youthful crime.



THE MAGNIFICENT FRAUD—Paramount

AND you may well feel it is a fraud, this picture—because not even a well-told story is greater than its theme. The performances of Akim Tamiroff, Lloyd Nolan, Patricia Morison and others are effective, but the characters they portray are not. This film is about a mythical Latin-American empire; the emperor is murdered and Tamiroff, an actor who is an escaped murderer, impersonates him, so that Lloyd Nolan can promote a $10,000,000 loan from the visiting Americans. Lovely Patricia Morison must make romantic choice between devoted Ralph Forbes and the exciting, but guilty, Mr. Nolan. It's good entertainment, at least, because of the sustained suspense and the good cast, which also includes Mary Boland and Steffi Duna.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Man About Town

On Borrowed Time

The Man in the Iron Mask

Bachelor Mother

Four Feathers

Land of Liberty

Clouds Over Europe

They Shall Have Music

Good Girls Go to Paris

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Jack Benny in "Man About Town"

Bobs Watson in "On Borrowed Time"

Lionel Barrymore in "On Borrowed Time"

Ginger Rogers in "Bachelor Mother"

David Niven in "Bachelor Mother"

Akim Tamiroff in "The Magnificent Fraud"

Ralph Richardson in "Clouds Over Europe"

Joan Blondell in "Good Girls Go To Paris"

Melvyn Douglas in "Good Girls Go To Paris"

Shirley Temple in "Susannah of the Mounties"

Jascha Heifetz in "They Shall Have Music"

Gene Reynolds in "They Shall Have Music"



★ BACHELOR MOTHER—RKO-Radio

Everybody loves a baby, that's why I'm in love with you—pretty baby! "What a surprise I've got for you!" Ginger Rogers whispers in David Niven's unsuspecting ear, and the public responds with a hearty, "And how!" Because Garson Kanin, Hollywood's youngest director, has turned out a gem here—the kind that really sparkles. "Bachelor Mother" is smart, subtle, sophisticated. There's a laugh a line, and a line a second. The idea's new, too. Ginger probably is the first shopgirl in picture history to have an unwanted baby thrust upon her by the boss' son, with Junior Member David Niven insisting that she keep the infant and do right by it. Ginger isn't exactly crazy about the idea but, after all, a girl gets just as hungry after the holiday rush as ever before; and with her, it's a case of no baby, no job. Besides, Niven is interesting and helpful in more ways than one. He even arouses the interest of an ambitious clerk, who thinks Niven's papa might also be interested. He is. In fact, he's so interested that he shouts "Parentage be hanged. I'm the grandpa." No one wants to disillusion the grand old man, so Ginger and David do the next best thing. They fall in love. Niven romps right through this part like a colt in a green pasture, and Ginger has to step lively to keep up with his racy pace. Often she passes him on the run. Charles Coburn is the old fellow who wants to be granddad and Frank Albertson's ambitious floorwalker characterization is an admirable one. Dialogue is clever and fast, not risqué, and never forced.



★ FOUR FEATHERS—Korda-United Artists

FOR sheer spectacle, this British picture is unmatched—hundreds of Kipling's famous Fuzzy-Wuzzies on camel back charging the equally famous British "square," the wild beauty of desert and Nile (actually filmed in Egypt)—all in magnificent Technicolor. On the other hand, it's also unmatched for sheer brutality and an impressive somberness no brilliance of color can dispel.

As in the American silent version a decade ago, *Harry* (John Clements), resigns from the army on the eve of sailing for Kitchener's great campaign in the Sudan. Three brother officers each send him the white feather of cowardice, his disillusioned fiancée (June Duprez) adds a fourth. Shame turns to strong resolve. *Harry* sets out for Egypt alone, determined to perform such deeds of heroism that he can return the four feathers. How he does it, masquerading as an outcast Sangali mute—how he rescues not only the sun-blind, deserted *Durrance* (Ralph Richardson) in the wastelands, but the others from the bloodiest native prison—not to mention helping Kitchener himself—makes an unforgettable drama of courage and endurance. (P.S. The British Army is allowed to help, too, in several extremely effective battle sequences.)

Every member of the cast turns in fine performances, but each is overshadowed by the tremendous sweep of the theme itself. Hardly gay entertainment, but a "must" for every filmgoer who can both take his pictures seriously and enjoy them.

(Continued on page 86)

WE COVER THE STUDIOS



"Ninotchka," Garbo's first picture in two years, gives her a change of rôle—and keeps her busy studying her typing!

Summer or no, Hollywood's busy cooking up a savory cinema dish for every taste—a full-course film feast from history to hysteria!

BY JACK WADE



Bette Davis and Errol Flynn, as "The Lady and the Knight," were almost stymied by love-in-the-ruff!

NEWS ITEM: Her Britannic Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, is making a great hit on her visit to Hollywood.

We admit the above may sound a little behind the times and just a spot fantastic, seeing as how good Queen Elizabeth and King George are safely back in England, after giving Hollywood the go-by on their recent American tour.

But that's the nice part about Hollywood. If it wants a little pomp and circumstance, it just ups and dips into the pages of history, as Warners have done for "The Lady and the Knight." The Queen Elizabeth we meet, the day we pay court, is Good Queen Bess, Elizabeth the Virgin Queen. And her boy friend's name isn't George, it's Essex, alias Errol Flynn.

As you know, the real Queen Bess was no Goldwyn Girl. In fact, she was definitely on the plain side, and since Bette is not at all distressing to the eyes, she has had to bang up her natural beauty in order to play the rôle of her dreams. The result:

All her eyebrows are gone, plucked out by Bette's own brave hand. (Elizabeth had no eyebrows.)

Her natural hairline is shaved back two full inches and she wears a red wig. (Elizabeth had a cropped cranium and a carroty hairpiece.)

Her complexion is covered by chalky-white make-up.

Errol Flynn, on the other hand, escapes all such movie mayhem, remaining his same sweet self, with the exception of a wisp of chin spinach and a slight wave in his golden locks, which only make him all the more romantic.

"The Lady and the Knight" is from Maxwell Anderson's "Elizabeth the Queen." It's really



No pains too great to take for British Anna Neagle's thirteenth film — and first Hollywood venture — "Nurse Edith Cavell." At left, a pause for make-up repairs, as she discusses the next scene with ZaSu Pitts and Herbert Wilcox, director

Mickey Rooney got a charm tip from a Pekingese on the "Babes in Arms" set—which should make June Preisser and Judy Garland grateful

just a modern and tragic love story set against the pageantry of the Elizabethan era. Technicolor is taking care of the color, from Bette's heavy, glittering jewels to the slashed satin sleeves of the courtiers, the proud banners, and the scarlet tapestries. But it's no saga of Empire, though Raleigh (Vincent Price), Bacon (Donald Crisp), Lady Penelope Gray (Olivia de Havilland) and other historic figures move in and out of Elizabeth's personal problems.

When we arrive, Bette and Errol are pitching a little Elizabethan woo, and we would say that Errol is earning his check with Bette in that bizarre make-up. They have a tough time embracing. In the first place, Bette sports a ruff as big as a buggy wheel, and Errol's idea of the collar ad man is only slightly less in diameter. Bette's horse collar is so wide she's using a cigarette holder a foot and a half long, so she won't burn it up. You can imagine what chance romance has in that rig!

This is even more disconcerting to Director Mike Curtiz, who would like to give Elizabethan drama the modern touch. He thinks Bette and Errol are being too stately about their snuggling.

After a take or two, he steps in. "Look," says Curtiz, "forget the clothes, forget the setting. Love is love. And Sixteenth Century love is just Twentieth Century love without highballs, rah-rah, floy-floy and swing!"

"Just a hey-nonny-nonny and a hot-cha-cha," chants Good Queen Bess. "I get it. Come on Essex, get hot!" She trucks across the set into Errol's arms, while we do the Shakespearean shuffle to M-G-M where another queen is holding court again—Her Majesty Greta Garbo, Queen of the Screen.

"NINOTCHKA" puts the divine Swede back to work after two years of artful dodging in various countries, including the Scandinavian. It's a sophisticated comedy, with Garbo playing a sort of feminine trouble shooter for the Russian Soviet and trying to attend to business in spite of Melvyn Douglas' manly attractions.

The plot hops between Moscow, Paris and Constantinople, Greta blossoming, meanwhile, from a drab Soviet sleuth into a glamour girl with Adrian creations. Meanwhile, j thieves, philandering Russian commissars French counts liven the proceedings.

Garbo hasn't changed much, except th smiles a lot and kids with Director Ern bitsch. Melvyn, too. Today, she's dre a blue tailored dress and a small felt ha still wears that long bob. Later in the gets fancier for the Adrian creations. Sh down at a desk and starts banging awa

(Continued on p.

Don Ameche and Alice F star in "Hollywood Cav —in which Photoplay



PATRICIA MORISON



RICHARD GREENE



GREER GARSON

THEY'RE TALKING

Brunette with a blonde personality

THEY call her "the brunette with the blonde personality" . . . They call her "Paramount's white hope for 1939" . . . They call her "a cameraman's dream." In fact, on the Paramount lot everybody is lyrical over a luscious-looking newcomer by the name of Patricia Morison, who made a hit in "Persons in Hiding" and promises to top this success in "The Magnificent Fraud."

Patricia came to Hollywood from Broadway's "The Two Bouquets." Her father is William R. Morison, British writer and artist; her mother, Selena Carson, who was in the British intelligence service during the World War. Pat was born in New York, however.

...chool that she
...owed

Modest young man with a line

WHEN Richard Greene was a struggling young actor, possessing a certain amount of prestige but no regular income, he got a part in Gracie Field's picture, "Sing As You Go." His lines were—or, rather, his line was—"Not yet."

To say that he rehearsed his line thoroughly is an understatement. He rehearsed it with every inflection in the book of acting. When the picture was released, Dick had been cut out of it entirely.

But instead of admitting he had failed as a movie star, he told himself, merely, that he had *not yet* succeeded, and resolved to try again!

Dick was born at Plymouth, Devonshire, England, the son of the late Richard Greene, Sr., well-known British actor, and Kathleen Gerrard, still a favorite character actress in London. Graduated from the Cardinal Vaughn School at Kensington, London, he determined upon a ...tage career, but since he would not allow his ...nfluential mother to help him, there were long, ...iscouraging waits between minor rôles.

He kept at it, though, and finally won the ap...lause of London theatergoers in "Journey's ...nd"; ultimately, he played *Kit Neilan* in the ...nash hit, "French Without Tears."

Whereupon, Hollywood talent scouts spotted ...n and battled over him. Twentieth Century- ...signed him; rushed him across an ocean and ...ntinent in nothing flat and plopped him into ... Men and a Prayer."

... was an immediate hit, and has since gone ...ne successful rôle to another.

...ite all this, Dick still has no illusions ... himself. He admits he is making seven ...s much money as his top salary before ...ood. He admits he has a car for the first ... his life. . . That he owns seven suits, ... of $35 custom-made riding boots and a ...gure bank account, also for the first time. ...at the future looks "top hole."

... when asked if he is satisfied with his ...lishments, he says, merely, "Not yet."

... the chosen inflection is becomingly mod-

Red-haired beauty with a rosy dream

THE histrionic career of Greer Garson—she of the flame red hair and green eyes, she of the overnight success in "Mr. Chips"—didn't just happen. She planned it from the age of four.

Born in the north of Ireland, of a family of Presbyterian parsons, she displayed a marked gift for "elocution." But a career on the stage? Her family raised its hands in horror and carefully directed her education along very different lines. She was to be a schoolteacher.

But all the while, Greer brooded over her thwarted dream of the stage until, finally, her mother withdrew her objections.

Armed with an introduction to the manager of Sir Barrie Jackson's Birmingham Repertory Theater, Greer talked herself into the rôle of *Shirley Kaplan* in "Street Scene." Subsequently, she made a name for herself touring in George Bernard Shaw's "Too True to Be Good." But, stricken with a bad case of tonsillitis, she had to leave the show, and her luck changed. Finally, however, Sylvia Thompson gave her the lead in "The Golden Arrow." Followed a series of other rôles, some television work, and ultimately her big rôle in "Old Music," which prompted Louis B. Mayer to give her a Metro contract.

Even then, Lady Luck wasn't too benign. Greer was in Hollywood a year, part of the time seriously ill with a spinal affliction, before the chance turned up to be in "Mr. Chips."

She's a vivid, vital, unusual person, this Greer Garson. She speaks in a lovely, throaty voice, quickly and frankly. She admits she once looked down her nose at movies, but is crazy about them now. She has never been married. She doesn't think she will be any time soon. She's too busy. Fully recovered from her long illness, she is to go to work immediately in Metro's "Susan and God."

The night of the "Mr. Chips" première she wore a scarlet ensemble, no redder, though, than her flaming hair. Well, that's like her—to defy the convention which says no red-haired woman should wear red.



NOAH BEERY, JR.



EDDIE ANDERSON



ROBERT PRESTON

ABOUT—

BY MARIAN RHEA

He follows a famous tradition

NOAH BEERY, JR. is better-looking than his famous father, and his still more famous Uncle Wally, and perhaps a little softer spoken, but, otherwise, he is a true Beery—a robust guy, possessed of a deep bass voice and an overwhelming love of the virile sports. Nor does he seem less a Beery in the promise he has lately given as an up-and-coming screen actor.

Noah, Jr., was born in New York something more than twenty years ago, the Noah Beerys' only offspring. Brought to Hollywood when pictures lured his father, he attended the San Fernando Valley High, where he made the All-Valley teams in football and swimming.

Out of school, and determined to be a movie actor, he warmed casting office benches until, at last, he obtained a part with Florence Oakley in "Kindling," at the Hollywood Theater Mart. This play served as a springboard into the movies. He was signed to do some serials, and from those went gaily into such pictures as "Forbidden Valley," "Trouble at Midnight," "The Road Back," "Girls' School," "Not for Glory," and ultimately into the rôle which made him a star—the aviator who gets killed in "Only Angels Have Wings," but not before he makes himself an outstanding hit.

I first met Noah, Jr., three summers ago. He was with a certain young actress with whom he was obviously head over heels in love. But others could do more for her—and pretty soon you didn't see the two of them together any more. I've often wondered just how badly Noah got hurt. It seemed to me that he was the sincere, one-woman kind of a chap who would take things like that pretty hard.

He's all right, now, though. I saw him a few days after the "Angels" preview and he was walking on air.

Still unmarried, he lives with his mother on a ranch in the Valley, very much the head of the household, and also of the ranch "hands," Mexicans whom he bosses in fluent Spanish.

Well, *Salud, mi amigo, el Señor Beery, Jr.!* I wish you luck in every language!

Rochester—man about town

WHEN you rave about the big hit that Eddie Anderson made in Jack Benny's new picture, "Man About Town," people usually look blank. "Eddie Anderson? We don't remember him," they say, "but wasn't *Rochester* wonderful?"

The truth is, however, you are lauding one and the same individual—because Eddie Anderson IS Rochester!

Furthermore, the engaging negro comic had made a name for himself even before he tied up with the Benny radio show. He was well-known in vaudeville, and turned in outstanding performances as *Noah* in "The Green Pastures," and *Donald* in "You Can't Take It with You." Incidentally, you'll also be seeing him, in what is rumored to be a great performance, as *Uncle Peter* in "Gone with the Wind."

Eddie—or I guess I might as well call him Rochester—was born in Oakland, California, and attended school in San Francisco. He had, even then, that inimitable gift for comedy which made everything he said or did seem funny. And in school entertainments he was always the leading comic and the hit of the show.

Today, those who know him best say that off the screen and away from the mike, he is exactly the same Rochester he is when doing his stuff according to the script. Continually the butt for jokes, no one has ever seen him get mad.

Rochester is married. He was married secretly about three months ago, although no one could get it out of him why he thought it necessary to keep the nuptials a secret. On the Benny excursion to Waukegan, for the première of "Man About Town," he took along his bride, which made the trip a honeymoon.

At home, the Andersons live in fashion commensurate with his status as one of radio and filmdom's outstanding figures, possessing two cars, chauffeured on occasion, wardrobes fit for a king and queen, fine jewelry and all the other trappings of fame and fortune. Rochester even owns a string of race horses which he runs at several California tracks. . .

Which is SOMETHING.

Shakespearean veteran—who hasn't voted yet

ONE of the most interesting things about Robert Preston is that, though he looks and acts considerably older, he is barely twenty-one.

A friendly, forthright, energetic chap, Bob is the first to tell you he is still in a daze about all this sudden limelight. "Heck," he says, "it wasn't so long ago that I was hamming all over the stage at Lincoln High."

Bob was born in Newton Highlands, Mass., the son of Frank Meservey, a clothier, and his wife. When he was only two, however, the family moved to Los Angeles, and it wasn't until a few months ago that Bob ever traveled farther east than Arizona.

At Lincoln High School, in Los Angeles, the dramatic teacher, Edward J. Wenig, frequently staged Shakespearean dramas, so Bob, with his noticeable talent for histrionics, got plenty of training.

After graduation he joined the Shakesperean repertory company managed by Mrs. Patia Power, Tyrone's mother, and for six months toured California towns, playing everything from *Macbeth* to *Shylock*. Then Gilmor Brown, director of the Pasadena Playhouse, gave him a fellowship in his training school.

More Shakespeare followed, and after it Gilbert and Sullivan. Two years later, in "Idiot's Delight," a Paramount lawyer saw him and persuaded his studio to give him a test. Two or three "B" pictures "broke him in" on the screen, then his big break in "Union Pacific" came along, followed shortly by an important rôle in "Beau Geste."

He's good-looking. He has a good smile. But it really is his voice, I think, that puts him over. He is not married, but lives at home with his father and mother and younger brother.

When you congratulate him on his success, he blushes and thanks you and then tries to change the subject. And when fans ask for his autograph, he seems still more embarrassed.

"Why should anyone care about my signature?" he demands. "I flunked out in penmanship in school."



A characteristic pose of Jim, sketched by another Stewart who is on the road to fame — "Doddie" (pictured right, with her mother)



It took Jim's father to tell a Broadway producer what was wrong with "Yellow Jack," in which (left to right) Myron McCormick, Jim, Sam Levine and Eddie Acuff served as "guinea pigs"



Jackadaisical LOTHARIO

THE LIFE AND GOOD TIMES OF JAMES STEWART

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

"MRS. BELLE IRVING is going to be sore as hell!"

The tall, gangling, awkward young man in the chauffeur's uniform turned, and with a flippant smile, walked out the door.

Two hundred summer residents of Cape Cod roared, and a Broadway producer, sitting in the audience of the University Players Theater at Falmouth, noted the name of the bit actor on his program of "Goodbye Again."

In exactly ten words, Jim Stewart, who had left Princeton a month before with a diploma, an accordion, and an ambition to be an architect, had talked himself into a career. A career he had never dreamed of as a bespectacled little boy in the country town of Indiana, Pa., where his big, rangy, soft-spoken father ran the hardware store and brought home tools to the house on Vinegar Hill for his son to use in his hobby of building model airplanes.

At twelve, Jim Stewart's ambition was to be an aviator, or at least a radio operator. At eighteen, James Maitland Stewart, captain of

the third football team at swank Mercersburg Academy, would have admitted he thought actors were sort of "sissies." Building bridges, or maybe selling bonds to build them with, that was a man's work.

Even at Princeton, membership in the Triangle Club, undergraduate musical-comedy troupe, which each Christmas time parades its talent and social eligibility through the debutante sectors, had only slightly modified Jim's views of the stage. The theater was something for a vacation junket, not a permanent job.

Now architecture, there was a real profession! But, with the depression at its lowest ebb in 1932, there were no opportunities for fledgling college draftsmen, and Jim had accepted an invitation from Joshua Logan, former Triangle Club president, to come to Falmouth and play his accordion in the tearoom run in connection with the University Players Theater, and help out the acting company with an occasional bit.

And then Arthur Beckhard, the Broadway producer, came to the Cape and proposed to the company of collegiate Thespians that they try out one of the plays he planned to present the next season, "Goodbye Again."

Jim's rôle—as a chauffeur with only about three lines in the third act—was such a vivid characterization of a fresh, impudent, droll sort of fellow, that Beckhard offered him the part in the Broadway production.

Jim debated the offer. Down in the city, right now, half a hundred of his classmates, with whom he had been graduated from Princeton in June, were probably still pounding hot pavements searching for an opening, any sort of job. Here was a chance for a pleasant interlude, an opportunity to live in New York and keep an eye out for the first door that swung open to an architect's office.

That night Jim wrote his family, announcing his decision to "have a try at being an actor."

Now that he was thinking of the stage in more personal terms, Jim gave closer attention to his walk-on bits at Falmouth.

Julie Dorr, the personable young lady who used to act as business manager of the University Players, remembers the first sign of Jim's new interest.

"We were doing a play called 'Whistling in the Dark,' in which Jim and three other boys in the company had minor rôles as gangsters. Jim learned that the others planned to build up their own parts at his expense. One was to develop a racking cough, another would read his lines as if he had a speech defect. The third acquired an arresting limp.

"Jim said nothing, and in rehearsal they all played their rôles straight. But opening night it was only Jim you noticed. Even the leading characters received little attention, for Jim had affected an eye twitch that just about drove you nuts. You'd try to look away, and then you'd find yourself watching him again, fascinated by that grotesque contortion.

"If he was going to be an actor in earnest, Jim wasn't going to miss a trick!"



It's hard to picture Jim as the lonely bachelor of Brentwood—the theme of his laments to his family—after spying him lunching with lovely Loretta Young



Margaret Sullavan's insistence on Jim as her lead in "Next Time We Love" lifted him from the ranks of character actors. It's said Jim would have liked a permanent pairing

Jim and Jean Arthur, the lovers of "You Can't Take It with You," form a quorum for romance in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," next on the Stewart hit parade

WHEN the University Players closed their season, Jim returned to New York and went to live with John Morris, who had been stage manager at Falmouth, and Myron McCormick, another Falmouth player, with whom he was to be cast in several subsequent shows. Their apartment, a rather shabby, dismal little retreat on West Sixty-third Street, was designed for three, but usually there were anywhere from four to six boys bunking there; one of the Falmouth company temporarily out of work, or a friend in from Boston or Philadelphia.

"The Falmouth crowd stuck together very closely in New York," recalls Morris, now a deputy police commissioner in Manhattan. "There was Hank Fonda and Margaret Sullavan, who had been at the Cape the summer before Jim was there, and were married now and living in Greenwich Village; Ross Alexander and his wife, Aleta Freel; Barbara O'Neil, Josh Logan, Bretaigne Windust, Mildred Natwick, Kent Smith, Myron McCormick, Julie Dorr and Jose Ferrer, all of whom were just beginning to make their way in the theater.

"Every Thursday night the gang would get together after the theater for a beefsteak dinner, which we cooked ourselves in the basement of a little bar on West Fortieth Street, where there was a rickety old piano.

"Jim and his accordion, and Hank with his monologues, were the chief entertainment, though Benny Goodman used to drop in quite often with some of his musician friends, and hold forth in what have come to be known as jam sessions. Funny thing, though, the crowd liked Jim's accordion music better than that of the professional musicians!"

It was at these Thursday night beer parties that the close friendship between Jim and Hank Fonda was cemented, and when Fonda and Margaret Sullavan separated, Hank joined Jim and John Morris in their apartment.

"They were a lot alike, those two," says John Morris. "Neither of them was the typical Broadway actor, rather the reserved young college boy making a business of the theater. Offstage, their interests were similar, too. I remember how Jim got Hank enthused over

(Continued on page 92)

FASHION LETTER

BY GWENN WALTERS



What you will wear this fall... Adrian-designed costumes from "The Women," described and illustrated here and in Photoplay's Fashion Section

Adrian designs a black Lyons velvet suit with short flaring jacket and starched mousseline frou-frou blouse (top) for Joan Crawford to wear in M-G-M's "The Women." The high hat is of black velours

For Norma Shearer, he creates a white jersey dinner gown (center) girdled and draped with Roman striped jersey

Sketches by Adrian

And for Rosalind Russell, a breath-taking suit of red wool with flaring skirt and brief peplum jacket that closes in a twinkle with star buttons

WITH three such fashion-conscious stars as Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Rosalind Russell all at work in one picture, "The Women," and with Adrian designing their production wardrobes, as well as forty other costumes for an eye-filling show of "Fashions of the Future," I decided that nowhere better than at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer could I glean the coming trends for fall.

Adrian promptly fulfilled expectations.

"For evening," he said, "look forward to great, enormous, full skirts. Watch for a continuation of the bustle. Short daytime suits will have bustles, too. Other suits will have very expensive embroideries. Hats will have height, but with a forward movement. Both the slim and flared silhouette will be popular in daytime suit and frock skirts. The detail and use of pockets will be an important note in trims. Capes like those worn by Arabs will glamorize evening costumes. The pretty feminine frilly touches of the summer season will give way to simple, sophisticated accents, frocks will rely on rich fabrics and ingenious cuts, and will become classic backgrounds for jewels and furs.

"Stripes will be extremely popular for evening, particularly in metallics; taffeta of the stiffest kind will be a featured fabric. Moiré will be in again for street wear. Wool and silk jerseys will be continued favorites.

"Colors will be very bright—much more gay for winter than ever before! Evening colors, especially, will be very bold. Beige will be a high-style color, particularly for wear under mink, sable and Alaska sealskin furs."

SO saying, Adrian waved my attention to a model, and I was startled by three great, violet eyes staring at me and from, guess where—a fuchsia bodice atop a purple skirt of a dress to be worn by Rosalind Russell in the picture—Miss Russell poses in this colorful frock on page 51. I commented on these flirtatious eyes, and asked about their fashion significance, but Adrian side-stepped significance, and punned he was "trying only to keep an eye on fashion," as he brought out another costume—an evening ensemble—likewise accented by his "Fashion Eye" motif. This time jealous, green eyes flashed at me—one eye, embroidered in sequins, peered from the shoulder of the pencil-slim white crepe gown, two others peeked out from the lining of the matching full-length cape.

For Norma Shearer, Adrian showed me a cloth-of-gold evening coat, which falls from the shoulders, like a great 15th Century cloak, and forms a slight train at the back. It has a short look at the front, and is held in at the waist with a belt which binds sides and front only.

Stunning was a suit of black galyak, designed for Joan Crawford. The flaring, box jacket of galyak is fingertip-length, and has full sleeves. The galyak skirt is slightly flared, and has a wide belt of the same material, into which tucks a high-necked blouse of black silk crepe. A toque of black velvet that is almost completely hidden by Bird of Paradise feathers completes the costume.

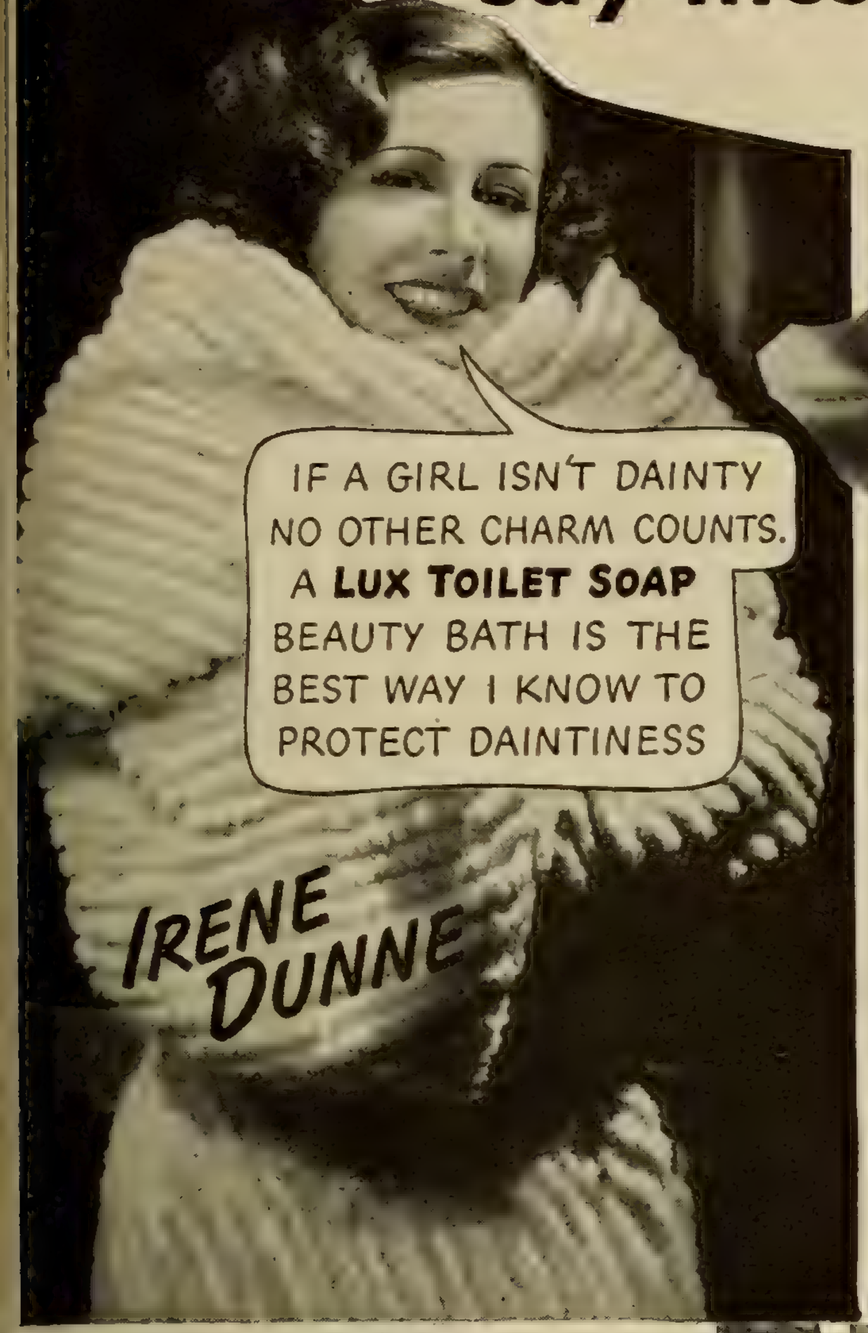
Then, swiftly before my eyes paraded all of the "Fashions of the Future" models, appearing for a final okay on the costumes Adrian designed for the great fashion show that is a high light of "The Women" production.

Louis XV trousers peeked startlingly from under a great romantic coat for evening wear, that will return fashion to the brilliant aura of the court of that French king.

(Continued on page 79)

"Dainty Girls Win Out"

say these Famous Screen Stars—





LOVELY Hollywood screen stars use their complexion soap, gentle Lux Toilet Soap, as a daily *bath* soap, too. This fine white soap has ACTIVE lather that leaves skin really fresh—with a delicate, clinging fragrance—makes you *sure* of daintiness. A luxurious soap, but inexpensive enough for *any* girl to use!









The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use



WE EXPOSE DIETRICH'S GREAT WEAKNESS

IT'S HATS . . HATS . . HATS *says* FRANCES HUGHES • NEW YORK FASHION EDITOR

ASSISTING GWENN WALTERS • FASHION EDITOR

Leave it to the glamorous Dietrich to do something different—though sailing for Paris, that mecca of all fashion-conscious women, she shopped for hats at home





WHAT was Marlene Dietrich's last act before she set foot aboard the liner on which she sailed for France to make a motion picture? She flew to her favorite New York milliner's to buy a hat! Very characteristic. Characteristic, too, was what happened at the Lilly Daché salon when she got there. "I want three hats," she said, "no more!" But she left with thirty hats! Each of these hats presents a new and important trend, and though all were designed especially for the lovely Marlene, she consented to let Daché reproduce them for the rest of the waiting world. This is the way the smartest heads will look this coming season. Will *yours* be among them?

1. Teatime—and breast feathers rim the crown and coque feathers grace the brim of a coquettish little hat of raspberry velvet. This stems from the elegant '80's.
2. The rippling, off-the-face silhouette, proving again that headsize-hats can be smart without being deep and clumsy. Dietrich chose hers in red and black striped angora tweed.
3. A Little Dutch Boy's visor topped by a blousy, beret-crown. Marlene chose hers in beige suède. The milliners call it a "visor-beret."
4. Sleek-as-a-seal black ciré turban. The Oriental influence—with a devil's peak in back.
5. Turbans are so important, we'll have them in fur, too. Dietrich chose black fox, with a sentimental cluster of roses smack in front, and grosgrain ribbons to anchor the back.
6. Dietrich sailed away in this one! Black and white striped angora tweed postilion with pointed bandeau-back and copper anchor.
7. Another postilion (coachman to you)—in beige felt with green leather band. Marlene chose it for suits.

BARBARA STANWYCK

in Columbia's

"GOLDEN BOY"



This Powder Really Makes My Skin Look Lovely



YOUR skin will look lovelier, too, the very first time you make up with face powder created by Max Factor, Hollywood. *First,* you'll note how your color harmony shade enlivens the beauty of your skin. *Second,* how the super-fine texture creates a satin-smooth make-up. *Third,* how well it clings and really stays on longer.

Blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a color harmony shade of Max Factor's Face Powder for you that will really accent the appeal of your type...$1



TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK...
The new, sensational creation by Max Factor, Hollywood. Note these four amazing features... (1)*...lifelike red of your lips* (2)*...non-drying, but indelible* (3)*...safe for sensitive lips* (4)*...eliminates lipstick line.* Color harmony shades for every type. $1



ROUGE... The delicate, lifelike color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge add a touch of glamour to your complexion. Creamy-smooth, it's easy to blend...50¢

Max Factor

★HOLLYWOOD



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF

Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*..... FREE. 1-9-54

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	If Hair is Gray check color above and here ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	
Freckled ☐	LASHES Light ☐ Dark ☐	
Olive ☐		
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 61)



Gary Cooper's a familiar sight about the studios—not so Judge and Mrs. Cooper, visiting the "Real Glory" set

thinks any girl can contrive at least a measure of glamour, if she wants it; that, with attention to the points she has mentioned, the rest of glamour is just a state of mind.

Happy Though Married

A VISIT to Jeanette MacDonald's and Gene Raymond's hilltop home reveals an answer to all those in-pouring questions of "Why Can't Hollywood People Stay Happily Married?"

Jeanette and Gene both feel a successful marriage requires as much thought and planning as a career. Even more. Accordingly, they have arranged their lives together to insure success. Gene heads the household. It is where he wants to go and what he wants to do that gets the final vote. Bonds are built like bridges. Because Jeanette speaks French fluently, Gene is studying daily to learn the language. The musical talent they hold in common, Gene as a composer, and Jeanette as a singer, is strengthened in their musical work together. Because he likes homemade ice cream, Jeanette daily sees to the mixing and freezing. Because she sincerely believes marriage needs time for both husband and wife to live as a husband and wife, she is asking for less time at the studio.

Gene, off the screen for a year in his determination to capture more suitable rôles, finds Jeanette standing by his side loyally in the battle.

So here's to them. A Cal salute to Jeanette and Gene. Long may they be happy—*together.*

Young Fry—Young Love Department

JACKIE COOPER at Ruby Foo's, smiling at Pat Stewart, over a dish of chow mein. "Sure I have to be in by twelve o'clock," Jackie tells one and all. "And mom's right, too. Nothing will tag a kid as a smarty more than being seen around too late at night" . . . Billy Halop smiling at "Sugar" Kane over a soda doesn't even know what time it is. Billy has it bad . . . Frankie Thomas has Phyllis Howell in the front seat of his car more than any other girl these days. They make a "cutie twosome," all right . . . Marcia Mae Jones is showing off the very first beau she's allowed to have. His name is Don Barry. The local soda fountains work overtime for Marcia Mae and Don . . . Judy Garland wears the broadest grin of all Young Fryers. "I'm sixteen now," Judy says, "and I can go dancing with any boy mother approves of". . . .

Carole's Little Girl

PART of the job of any studio's casting director is to find children who resemble various stars, to play either the star, himself, in childhood, or to play the children of stars.

Such a situation arose in "The Kind Men Marry," RKO's new picture starring Carole Lombard, Kay Francis and Cary Grant. The plot called for a little girl of six, to be Carole's daughter. Well, you'd think it would be easy to find a yellow-haired tot with round, blue eyes and a heart-shaped face. But casting directors are particular, and they actually tested three hundred children before they found Miss Peggy Ann Garner of Washington, D. C.

Strangely enough, Peggy, who was visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Shields Craig of Hollywood, was seen by Douglas Corrigan, one day, when she was visiting "The Flying Irishman" set (Corrigan's picture, you will remember). Corrigan was struck by her remarkable resemblance to his own sister. and she was tested for the part. However, they considered her hair too light and nothing came of the test, until—the day before she was to return home to Washington, someone on the RKO lot remembered it and she was signed to play Carole's daughter.

Well, it was a happy choice. It gave us a start to see her and Carole together. You'd think they were mother and daughter for fair! However, their tastes in men are different, as witness this conversation we overheard between small Peggy and her grandmother.

"Is Mr. Grant really married to Miss Francis?" Peggy inquired. (They're supposed to be married in the picture.)

"No, that's just in the picture," Mrs. Craig told her.

"Well, is he in love with Miss Lombard, like he told her just now?"

"No, that, too, is just in the picture. Miss Lombard just recently married Mr. Gable. Why?"

"Well," confided the precocious Peggy, "to tell the truth, Mr. Grant is just the sorta man I could fall for!"

Telling on Raft

IT'S been printed that George Raft has a grown son, who recently moved to Hollywood. But there's still more to the story. George's grown son also has a young son—which makes George the youngest and the most sexy grandfather on and off the screen. George has never denied his grandparentage. No one happened to ask him, and he's never taken the trouble to volunteer the information.

Dearest Friend and Severest Critic

LUPE VELEZ did a splendid piece of work in "The Girl from Mexico." A well-known critic stopped her in the Brown Derby for the sole purpose of telling her just how splendid she was in the rôle. Lupe listened politely until the critic had used up all his adjectives, then she said, "Yes, I think so, too, but I liked best the part where I sing and I stink."

T for Two

WHEN the cameras quit grinding on "The Rains Came," director Clarence Brown invited the entire cast to a weekend party at his Valley Ranch, some forty miles from Hollywood.

Most of the guests had arrived, and were having a gay time when a plane droned overhead. Clarence is a pilot, and something told him that the pilot in the droning plane was in trouble. He hurried out into the yard, then called back to his guests:

"It's Ty Power, and he's looking for a place to land. Down everybody, down full-length on the ground."

Guests and directors lay prone upon the ground in the form of a letter T to guide Tyrone Power to a landing spot in a wheat field near by. When the plane landed, the "markers" leaped to their feet and ran forth to greet an amused and grateful Ty and Annabella.

Traveler's Aid?

LEW AYRES, wandering around Warsaw during his recent trip to Europe and wishing he could get hold of a Baedeker, tried to put over what he wanted in a Polish travel bureau. By sign language, he managed to designate that it was a book, and by his appearance, he says he guesses the clerk figured out that he was an American and, therefore, desired a book in English. But the book the man proffered him, finally, with a pleased smile at his understanding of Lew's requirements, was not a Baedeker. It was a copy of "Robinson Crusoe."

Yes, Lew says he bought it because he didn't want to hurt the clerk's feelings.

Occupation

BARBARA STANWYCK has a new name for herself. Since working with Robert Preston, who is twenty, and William Holden, who is twenty-one, advising them, and sharing her knowledge of acting before the camera—Barbara calls herself "The Children's friend." Director Rouben Mamoulian wasn't any too considerate of Holden on the "Golden Boy" set. So Barbara was constantly soothing his ruffled feelings. One day Holden came to Barbara, and said he had decided that nothing was worth so much heartache. He was going back to selling baloney.

"Well, what do you think you are doing *now,*" Barbara cracked. So Holden decided to stick.

Feet First

THIS is what makes 'em great. When Madame Maria Ouspenskaya arrived back in Hollywood to play the Maharanee in "The Rains Came," the studio had slippers made to go with her costume. Madame went to bat and said a real Maharanee always walked in her bare jeweled feet. The studio argued they were afraid she might step on a nail and hold up production. But they forgot they were arguing with a Rus-



Tops in a comedy trio: Leo Carrillo entertains Fred Stone and author Irvin S. Cobb at lunch in RKO-Radio studio café

sian who takes her art seriously. Very quietly Madame said she would patter around in bare feet, or she wouldn't patter at all. P. S. She got the part.

Room for a Groom

IT can happen here—in Hollywood! When Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor announced their engagement, they planned to have a brand new Beverly Hills home all bought and furnished, before the wedding bells rang out. But you know how love is! Once the engagement was confirmed, they leaped into marriage on their first free week end. So what happened? So there wasn't any place for Bob to sleep! Movie stars always have separate bedrooms, you know. Barbara's room was too feminine, and there wasn't enough closet space for Bob. Young Dion Stanwyck and the servants occupy the other available bedrooms. There are no bridal suites in Bob's tiny ranch house. So all of Bob's things are still home and a temporary bedroom has been set up in Barbara's library.

Garbo Through a Rear-Vision Mirror

WE have been talking to one of the studio drivers at Metro, who has been chauffeuring Greta Garbo hither and yon since "Ninotchka" went into production. He says she always wears a hat so big she can hardly get it through the car door—for the purposes of concealment—and that, usually, all he can see through his rear-vision mirror is that hat, blocking the back window.

They go along, and if he gets up to even a little bit over forty miles an hour, there is a tap on his shoulder. "Not so fast, please," says that famous, throaty voice—that is, unless traffic is pretty heavy. If it is heavy, after the tap comes a "Please drive faster," which means she may not like speed, but she likes still less the possibility that nearby motorists may look in and see who's there!

Two or three times, he says, he has glanced back to see her practically lying down on the seat, with the hat pulled over her face, to hide her from prying eyes. And once, having gotten stuck in a traffic jam, he thought she had vanished entirely, only to discover her scrooched down on the floor of the tonneau, with a car robe over her.

No, sir! Moviedom's Mystery Woman isn't going to lose that mystery, if she can help it!

Who's a Rat!

SOMEWHERE in San Fernando Valley there is a "trade rat" that should have been a critic. This happened on Bob Young's new "Sleepy Hollow Ranch," and you have Bob's word for it that it is a true story. As you may or may not know, a trade rat is a special kind of rodent. It steals anything it can cart away, but it never takes anything without bringing something back in return. One day, Bob missed the script of a new picture he had left on a bench in the garden. Several hours later he returned to the same spot. There on the bench sat a small sack of fertilizer. Bob rushed to the studio and asked to be excused from playing the part.

"They Should Take Up Music"

THEY waited, breathlessly, outside the studio projection room, where Jascha Heifetz was viewing his first movie, "They Shall Have Music."

"We should have given him more footage in the first reel," an assistant producer moaned. "He won't like that first scene, I know. No actor would. Why didn't we use our heads?"

The moaning went on until presently Heifetz emerged.

"You know I think in that first sequence," he began while an undercurrent of groans filled the air, "I think you gave me too much footage. Wouldn't it have been better to cut into the actual drama a lot sooner?"

For one long minute there was a strange silence. Blank faces stared into blank faces.

Suddenly Goldwyn shouted, "Go out and get me a lot more musicians. From now on we make pictures with fiddle players. Or no, wait, make every actor on this lot take up the mouth organ or something and maybe at last we get some sense into people's heads around here."

Eddy-Cation

MARRIED life has made a new man of Nelson Eddy. It's no secret that the singing star used to get pretty irritable at times, especially when defective sound recording would necessitate another "take." Now Nelson does as many as twelve takes—which is a lot of singing. But he couldn't be pleasanter about it. What's more, he's taken up tap dancing for reducing purposes. Whenever he isn't needed in front of the camera, he can be found in a deserted corner doing an Eleanor Powell.

Flynn-Formation, Please!

"IF that handsome face is marred, I'm killing myself."

This message, and a score of others equally as frantic, from Flynn fans everywhere, reached Warner Brothers Studio the day after Errol Flynn's automobile accident in which he and his wife, Lili Damita were both cut and bruised.

On their fourth wedding anniversary, the pair ran into a wall to avoid several jaywalkers. So, with stitches over his brow and lip, the handsome Irish lad greeted his father, a Professor in a Dublin University, and his mother and sister who had come to visit him.

And by the way, Errol's lovely sister is the object of much interest in Hollywood these days, not only because she's Errol's sister, but because she isn't remotely interested in becoming a movie actress.

"My small sister," as Errol calls the eighteen-year-old Miss Flynn, "is studying medicine, if you please."

Ultimatum

WHEN Edna Best, estranged wife of Herbert Marshall, arrived in Hollywood to make "Intermezzo," the old question arose of whether Miss Best would or would not divorce her husband. Several years ago, Miss Best left Hollywood, a brokenhearted woman, when her husband told her his heart belonged elsewhere.

But time, of course, heals all, and now she's back again.

"There will be no divorce." is her ultimatum.

Odd that the wife of Leslie Howard, who plays opposite Miss Best in "Intermezzo," should give the same vehement denial when asked the same question.

"There will be no divorce," states Mrs. Howard.

So it appears Mr. Marshall and Mr. Howard remain benedicts for the present, at least.

Putting It Mildly

IF you've ever visited a studio set, you probably will remember, among the rest of the confusion, those stentorian tones in which the director, or his assistant



An easy way to get "A" in Posture

Any one of these selected junior-figure Carter's gives conviction to the new American credo—"stand tall, walk tall, sit tall." They're great posture aids . . . Carter Foundations . . . and you'll be hearing a lot of "tall" talk about them. Bantam weights though they are, they'll gently master the tummies, derrieres and diaphragms that have been straying all over the place this summer. They're made with "Lastex" and other fine yarn—and tub without a fuss. At better stores everywhere. Other Carter's $2—$12.50.



P192 MOULDETTE PANTIE. Smooth, light "Lastex" jersey. Run-resist rayon crotch. Detachable garters. Even sizes 24-30. Peach. $2.50.

G115 BLOSSOM LACE GIRDLE. Light and airy yet controlling. A very smart lace style. Even sizes 24-30. Peach $3.50.



P207 SWEETHEART PANTIE. Controlling fine, light web fabric. Gleaming heart front panel. Vertical stretch back panel. Sleek "Lastex" and rayon satin crotch. Detachable garters. Inch sizes 24-30. Nude. $4.00.

Carter's

FOUNDATIONS

The William Carter Company
Home Executive Offices: Needham Heights, Massachusetts

bawls out "QUIET!" when they're ready to shoot a scene. You can hear it in every nook and cranny of any sound stage.

But over on the "Nurse Edith Cavell" set the other day, those present witnessed a different method of achieving silence. The scene was one of the most important of Anna Neagle's (she is playing the title rôle), and her director, Herbert Wilcox, British (but definitely), had worked himself and everybody up to a fine tension. *This* would make movie history!

Then, with everything set, Wilcox turned and addressed the confusion about him.

"Shhhh!" he admonished . . . and was subsequently a little piqued because everyone thought his shushing was a gag and laughed heartily. Seems it wasn't a gag. Seems a mild "shhhh!" does the trick in "Merrie England." Oh, for the quiet English countryside!

Papa Mayer

IF you were looking for one adjective with which to describe the personality of Louis B. Mayer (yes, THE Louis B. Mayer, vice-president in charge of production of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios), we think *energetic* would be the one.

We visited him in his office recently; sat in one of his soft, tan leather chairs while he faced us across his huge, circular desk. In that deep, arresting voice of his he answered most politely the questions we put to him. He has a direct way of looking at one from behind his gold-rimmed eyeglasses. He is not one to vouchsafe information, but still, we learned quite a few things about him that day, and it's a true American success story well worth repeating.

He was born in St. John's, New Brunswick, July 4, 1885. At the age of twelve, he persuaded his father that he was old enough to be a Business Man, and so joined the elder Mayer in pursuit of the latter's small merchandising establishment.

When he was seventeen, he visited Boston, which proved a most important event, because he met there Miss Margaret Shenberg, whom he married a year later, and also because he liked Boston and decided to go into business there, sometime. He did a few years later and, from owner of a very humble theater called the "Gem" (more familiarly known in the neighborhood as "the germ"), he became proprietor of a chain of profitable entertainment houses and, during succeeding years, one of the best-known theater men in New England.

Realizing, as time went on, the need for good pictures to fulfill the demand of the increasingly cinema-minded American public, he decided to go into the film producing business and promptly sold his theaters and moved, bag and baggage, to Hollywood, bringing with him Anita Stewart under contract.

Once arrived in this neck of the woods, he got together with the boy genius, Irving Thalberg, and together they thought up a good many screen innovations, ninety-nine per cent of them successful, including the Hollywood "star system."

From then on, the career of Louis B. Mayer soared to fabulous heights. According to the published income tax returns for 1937, he made $1,161,753 in salary alone, which as the saying goes, "ain't hay . . ." While Irving Thalberg's death was a great blow, he still ranks as Hollywood's top producer, and Metro still makes more pictures than any studio in Hollywood.

As for the man, himself . . . Well, we could see why some of the 4500 employees on the Metro lot may refer to him as "Papa" behind his back, but face to face call him "Mr. Mayer," even up to his most important producers. You have the feeling there is no monkey business about him, and that he knows the merit not only in being top man, but in being treated as such.

In appearance he is a man of medium height, with powerful shoulders and plenty of weight all over him—about 180 pounds. His hair is brown and so are his eyes. His nails are well-manicured; his clothes expensive, but quiet. He speaks abruptly, almost impatiently, with diction some of his stars could well emulate. His movements are quick, particularly his walk. He said he has no "pet peeves," unless it is stupidity. "I can forgive a mistake," he told us, "but not the same one twice." He said, too, he is crazy about children, particularly his grandchildren, the offspring of his two daughters, Mrs. David O. Selznick and Mrs. William Goetz. He likes to play golf and he likes to see movies, even other studios'. He smokes a couple of cigars a day, good ones, but that is all. He knows half his employees by names, he boasts, and is given to hiking about the lot, popping in on this and that old pal.

Besides his cinematic innovations, since he became Metro's guiding spirit, he is responsible for the establishment of one other Metro institution—the elegant chicken soup available in the commissary any time of day or night. He's always been crazy about chicken soup, he said, but always deplored its lack of sufficient chicken flavoring. However, under his special orders, Metro's chicken soup is chicken soup what is!

You ought to try some, one day. It's worth a special trip to Hollywood!

Music Hath Charms

ANNIE SHERIDAN and Joan Crawford have something in common. Each "emotes" better to the strains of soft music. Like Joan, Annie owns a portable phonograph and keeps it going on the set whenever it won't disturb the sound track. She even uses it to help her turn on charm when she's posing for stills, especially romantic ones. Among her records are dozens of rhumbas—the ultra-rhythmic kind—but, like Joan, she is also crazy about Bing Crosby's tunes. Her favorite number is, however, not exactly one you'd expect to be first choice of a rip-snortin' oomph-girl from Texas like Annie. It's "Moonlight and Roses."



Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara, co-stars of "Jamaica Inn," arrive from England—perhaps to co-star again in "Hunchback of Notre Dame"

Second Chance

STEWART REBURN, Sonja Henie's handsome skating partner of her road show, and also in her new picture, "Second Fiddle," called us up just before he left Hollywood for his home in Toronto, Canada.

No, contrary to a good many reports, 20th Century-Fox has not signed him for further screen rôles, despite the fact that they made test after test of him while he was here.

He said he guessed these just hadn't "jelled," and that he was going back into the advertising business, in which we happen to know he was doing very well when Sonja, remembering his performance as Canadian Olympic pairs skating champion, invited him to be in her show.

Well, they did make a wonderful pair on the ice, and rumor had it they had "clicked" romantically, too. But Stewart, being a reticent young man, had nothing to say about that, and with Sonja herself in Norway, the true status of affairs remains a mystery.

Still, we heard something the other day which will perhaps be good news to Stewart—that his tests at 20th Century were exceptionally good, and that Darryl Zanuck is just waiting for a proper rôle to turn up, before asking him to return to Hollywood.

And, according to reports, the "proper rôle" doesn't necessarily have to be a skating rôle, either.

Well, after all, he should know how to act. He's been identified with Toronto's Little Theater for a long time.

Not-So-Infant Industry!

STARTLING, that Hollywood has finally reached a point in maturity when it can expect to be a granddaddy any day. And it seemed only yesterday Mabel Normand was heaving pies and Sennett cops were making movies on the Boulevard.

And now comes the marriage announcement of Gloria Swanson's daughter, to Robert William Anderson, and Mary Pickford's niece Gwynne, to Bud Ernst.

Yes, time marches on and the old order dieth away.

Here's to yesterday. In Hollywood.

Trivia

WENDY BARRIE'S dog, a dachshund, is named, inexplicably, "Hymie O'Toole" . . . The famous Marion Davies bungalow has left the Warner lot, but a huge photo of Marion still hangs above those of current Warner stars in the Green Room . . . We hear that Olivia de Havilland, as *Melanie*, steals the show from Vivien Leigh in "Gone with the Wind"; Livvie says, though, that Leigh is *wonderful* . . . The RKO publicity department has had its share of "difficult" stars, notably Hepburn, Astaire, John Beal and Burgess Meredith; now Cary Grant is getting difficult, too, they do say . . . Penny Singleton thinks she made some kind of a record; she recently made twenty-seven personal appearances at twenty-seven different theaters in New York and Chicago, in *exactly five days* . . . Jack Benny's prime recipe for a happy marriage is buy your wife a new dress every week of her life, but let her know who's boss (he says *he* is!) . . . Pat O'Brien says Olympe Bradna will be the greatest actress in Hollywood in two years; two years ago, Oscar Serlin, the Paramount talent scout who discovered her, told us: "In four years, Olympe Bradna will be the greatest actress in Hollywood" . . . We'll bet our bottom dollar that Dorothy Lamour is still in love with Herbie Kay. . . .

Portrait of the Man Who Came Back

(Continued from page 27)

to take advice, and has never been the guest of honor at a large function. He is an omnivorous reader of philosophy and history.

His outlook is marked with optimism, and he believes that pain and beauty have an equal place in art.

He is not very punctual.

He was eight years old when his parents were divorced, and the only nickname he ever had was "Fats," when he was a moon-faced boy.

He always keeps quiet when given a ticket for a traffic violation, and his favorite singer is Kirsten Flagstad. He likes meeting strange people, prefers a shower to the tub, and seldom attends an outdoor athletic event.

He manages his own business affairs.

He is not a good conversationalist.

He dislikes arguments, enjoys discussion, and does not like wearing tails and a topper.

He has an excellent knowledge of classic and modern painters. He has a poor memory for names and faces.

He has never worn glasses. He displays exceptional ability at the organ and piano, on the banjo and guitar, and also plays the saxophone under duress.

He is very reticent about himself.

He was fifteen when he made his first public appearance on an amateur night. He and his partner won second prize, the first going to a four-year-old girl.

THE young *Doctor Kildare* is burdened with a tremendous knowledge-hunger.

He found his way into pictures via an orchestra, while playing in a night club near the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. He does not like six-day bicycle races, believes that success and happiness are not synonymous.

He inclines towards suburban life, eats no candy, and is not easily deceived by people. His father was a 'cellist, is currently a court reporter.

Lew Ayres believes strongly that American pictures should delve more into topical world subjects. "Hollywood fiddles while the world burns."

He made his first screen test on a day when he was flat. His trunk was in the back of his car, and he didn't even have a dollar to make a deposit on a room. He borrowed five dollars on the strength of the test.

He enjoys winter sports and prefers blues and browns in his clothes.

His attitude towards life is one of puzzlement and questioning, ever keeping an open mind for new intellectual discoveries.

He was selected by Garbo for the romantic lead in "The Kiss." He skyrocketed, then plummeted and almost became Hollywood's forgotten man.

His first wife was Lola Lane. He is not divorced from Ginger Rogers, his second, although they have been separated for three years.

He never carries a watch.

He goes to the movies about twice a month.

He dabbles in astronomy, painting and sculpture.

He is impatient with small talk and he does not like playing cards, especially with women.

He smokes a pipe only occasionally, does not like night clubs, and has a habit of rubbing his eyes, 'though he has no eye trouble. He can quote Epictetus, discuss Cézanne and Picasso, talk music.

He is very self-conscious when entering a restaurant.

He seldom goes to the opera, and has no aversion to women wearing slacks on city streets. He does not believe in any form of fortune telling, has no dogs and is very forgetful. He feels that pictures have contributed little to the cultural advancement of the nation.

His spelling is only fair.

LEW AYRES' frankness and viewpoint is characterized by a strong desire to see both sides. He requires an average of eight or nine hours sleep, and thinks snobbery is not inherent in human nature.

He does not know where Sarajevo is, and remembers "the Historic Mile,"—from Holyrood Castle to Edinburgh Castle—as the most interesting street he has ever seen.

He is not easily depressed.

He wears stiff collars only when he has to, and enjoys staying up late at night.

He likes swing music, and never gets seasick.

He does not own a boat, a horse, an airplane or a cat.

He never whistles; cannot cook.

He is not impulsive.

He belongs to no clubs.

He was particularly impressed by El Greco's "Toledo," at the Metropolitan Museum. He never uses a cigarette holder.

He likes surf bathing, and thinks it possible for two professionals to be happily married. He likes to rise at nine-thirty when not working.

He never has headaches, enjoys playing checkers and chess, and believes that each man pretty much controls his own destiny. He has no superstitions, and readily admits his own mistakes.

He does not like breakfasting in bed.

He has no illusions about being a celebrity.

He buys very few hats, and cannot pilot a plane. He has a crooked smile, and a passionate love of honesty.

He enjoys sun-bathing, does his best work at night, and is not attracted to horse racing. He directed one picture.

HE was named after his father and grandfather, and he is not pessimistic about the eventual abolishment of war.

He prefers sunshine the year 'round, likes listening to the radio while driving, and he does not play golf or tennis.

His vagabond inclinations enable him to be happy anywhere. He sleeps soundly, and never thinks much about the life-hereafter theosophy.

He never eats a heavy luncheon, doesn't like beer, and believes that eventually there will emerge a world political philosophy that will embody the most desirable principles of democracy, fascism and communism.

He has never appeared in a dramatic rôle on the stage.

He likes tweeds, and calls his dressing room at the studio the Black Hole of Calcutta.

He has been to the Louvre and the National Gallery in London.

He never eats before retiring, and doesn't care for hunting. He has no architectural preference in homes, and is not bothered by claustrophobia.

He becomes very nervous at his own previews, is not particularly fond of the tango or rhumba. He is very careful with his personal effects, and doesn't like French pastry.

He has never studied dancing, and feels that he is a free person. He thinks women are happier today than they were before their suffrage.

Lew Ayres does not believe in matrimonial vacations.

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Tyrone Learns from Clark

(Continued from page 18)

you always hit the right thing to say, when you've just been an ordinary run-of-the-mill sort of guy all your life and not very—well, articulate? Say, I like life and people and doing things, but it's an awful funny feeling to find that every careless word you say swells up into something you didn't mean, and every little thing you do is apt to look phony—"

Star Fever. Some of them—a good many of them—haven't survived it.

"We have so much to lose," said Mr. Power. "You're sort of teetering way up there, all of a sudden. It was an awful surprise to me. You know, I thought maybe someday, if I worked hard enough, I might get somewhere—and then everybody was so kind—and you want to live up to it all, and have them think you're a right guy—I don't know. It's hard to tell. They can make an awful bum out of you in about twenty minutes, at that."

So I said what I actually believed. "Well, if I were a young man and had just been crowned King of Hollywood, or whatever it was, I wouldn't do anything except to study Mr. Clark Gable. That's all I'd do. I'd try to get to know him well, and learn how he conducts himself in difficult situations."

SO now we come, in this plain little tale of two men, to Mr. Gable. It isn't a personal appearance until later and not much of a one then, but Mr. Gable doesn't have to put in a personal appearance to make himself felt.

For it seems, as I found out that day, that Mr. Gable is a prophet with so much honor in his own country that the mere mention of his name is magic.

Years ago I was at an airport in Los Angeles when a group of boys, kind of Angels-with-Dirty-Faces boys, stood waiting for America's Lone Eagle, Charles Lindbergh, to come down out of the skies. The plane slipped down from the clouds and landed and the tall, blond young pilot climbed out and strode across the field. Right through the group of dirty-faced, tough little guys he walked, so close that one of them reached out a hand and touched him.

"I touched him," one of them croaked. "Say, you bums, I did—"

I NEVER forgot the look in the eyes of those kids as they looked at Lindy.

Now I saw it again, the very same look, come into Tyrone Power's fine brown eyes when I mentioned Clark.

"I guess there isn't anybody else like him," Ty said. "I don't mean I want to be like him on the screen, because we're so different. But I wish I knew how he manages to make every single soul he ever meets think he's the absolute tops. I wish I knew how he makes newspapermen, every single one of them, think everything he does is just right. Why, that guy can say no, and make people like it better than anyone else can when they say yes. Did you ever hear Spencer Tracy when he calls him Big Moose? They say friendship between men is one of the—the greatest things in the world. I guess Clark Gable has more men friends that feel about him the way Spencer Tracy sounds when he calls him the Big Moose, than any other man I ever heard of. I don't know him very well, but I think I'd rather get to be his friend than anything else—but I don't think it'd do any good to study him. It's just something he has himself that nobody else has ever had, that's ever been in Hollywood. What do you think it is—or can you tell?"

I thought I could but I wondered.

Three or four other men joined our lunch table as we talked. There was Sidney Lanfield, the famous director; Harry Brand, publicity director of 20th Century-Fox—trouble shooter and see-it-through gent, since the days when we were kid reporters together; a hard-boiled, young actors' agent, who looked like a North Beach gangster. There was Sonja Henie, before we finished, as bubbling and pretty and refreshing a small person as ever I saw.

There wasn't a dissenting voice on Ty Power's idol. Gable was the Greatest Guy who ever came to Hollywood.

Tyrone Power's face lighted up like a young father regarding his offspring showing off to advantage. Honestly, he took a personal pride in the sort of gay and gallant salutes that were being offered to the absent Mr. Gable.

I was achieving more and more of a maternal complex about Mr. Tyrone Power every minute. I thought: It's a good thing he's got a job and all, or I'd have another adopted son any minute, and I've really got enough as it is, what with two grandsons and another one expected before long. But I did want to do something about the way he felt about Gable.

So I said, "Well, look, this is it. I've met, in my business, a lot of the great men of our time. I've met several presidents of the United States, and Colonel Lindbergh, and Jack London, and Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, and I knew Valentino — and well, anyway, most of the famous ones. But I think Clark Gable is the only completely natural human being I have ever met in my life. And that's something to say about an actor. That's why he's always on balance, that's why he always does the right thing at the right time for the right people, because he's *natural.*"

I was thinking over the years that I've known Clark and, as I thought, it became truer and truer.

"That's it," Tyrone Power said. "I wish I could be just like him. I wish I knew how he does it."

So I thought I'd ask him.

THE next day over at M-G-M, I went out on the set to watch Spencer Tracy working. When they called lunch, Spencer said, "Well, come on, let's go eat."

And I said, "Thanks a lot, but I'm going over to lunch with Clark."

He nodded. "That's the way it always is," he said. "They come out on my set and sit around, maybe, but they're always going to see the Big Moose. 'Sall right with me."

As I walked over to Clark's dressing room, I thought: What would I do if he ever changed? Almost everybody else changes. Almost everybody else gets worried or harassed or self-centered or something, nowadays, and specially here. He's been through a good deal lately and his life has changed. But I don't think it would be fair if Clark ever changed.

He hadn't.

But when we were talking, he said something I shall never forget. I asked him, in a sort of roundabout way, if sometimes he didn't get a little worried, or if he hadn't been through changes that were difficult—as we all have.

"Oh, sure," he said. "Sure. Right after 'Parnell,' I had a hell of a time. Then—then I sat down with myself one day and I said: Look here, Gable, you had something people liked. You were a guy that was lucky enough to get along. You had a tough struggle, but you made it, you lucky stiff. Now, what did you have? You go back and find that guy you were, because even if you don't know what it was he had that finally got there, he did have it and if you just always go back and find the real guy you were, you'll always have it, too, see?"

I liked that. Back to the beginnings. Back to the natural.

"Sure," Clark Gable said, "you get confused. You get sort of bewildered. But I've found out most of it's pretty unimportant. A fellow named Emerson said once that we—let's see—that we miscreate most of our own evil. Maybe it's just being lazy, but doggone if folks don't make life mighty complicated. They think too much about little things, think things are important that aren't at all.

"Life's a kind of a funny circle. Look how people are now. Once our forefathers didn't have anything but fireplaces—they were the natural thing. Now, you have to earn a lot of money to be able to afford fireplaces. Then, we get the telephone, and it's a great invention, and then everybody tries to make enough dough to get somebody to answer the telephone for 'em. We used to all live in the country and far apart and have farms and such, and then we got bigger and bigger cities, and only the rich could live out in the country, and they had to move farther and farther to get there—and then they made faster and faster automobiles so they wouldn't be so far away—and it's like a circle. But you always go back, if you can, to the *natural* things. So you go back to the natural man in you, when you've battled around a while, and then you're all right."

And he grinned and said, "Have some more salad," and we talked about airplane travel in South America. But I did talk about Tyrone Power and how much I had liked him.

"Good kid," said Gable. "Hell of a good actor. Good boy in a pinch, or I'll miss my guess. I like men that are there in a pinch. I bet he would be."

"Yes," I said, "I think so. He's—he's got buck fever, a little. You know how it is. Suddenly finding yourself in the spotlight, suddenly feeling that great responsibility of being a star, scared to death about your future, and your parts and being misunderstood—you know."

"Yes," said Mr. Gable. "I know."

"I just thought I'd mention it in passing," I said.

Well, that's really all there is to the story.

Except that a couple of weeks later, I was in the Café Lamaze with my brother and his wife, listening to Matty Malneck's orchestra, and I looked across the room and there was Tyrone Power and his wife, Annabella. And who do you think was with them? All right. You win. Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable.

That's really all there is to the story, except that it still makes me feel sort of nice and warm inside to know that there's that kind of fine, boyish hero-worship in a young movie star like Tyrone Power, for another young movie star like the Greatest Guy in Hollywood—Clark Gable. That the Big Fellow had the kind of a liking for the boy some might consider his rival, the kind of liking that maybe made him sort of go out of his way to make friends with him, and sort of steer him a little bit.

I liked it a lot. I hope you do.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 13)

rôle . . . meaning that she has all the best lines . . . the toppers to all the gags . . . and Roz is wading right in on that "fat" . . . her eyes positively glitter as she bites out her acid cracks . . . she is as poisonous and fascinating as a snake . . . where Norma and Joan are made up to look softly beautiful, Roz is way beyond that . . . she is chic, instead of pretty, with a chic, sharp hair-do, a chic, sharp wardrobe . . . she and Joan have most of their scenes together . . . the caste system sees to it that Joan is always closer to the camera in such set-ups, but Roz has the advantage of being taller . . . between takes, Roz and Joan are truly friendly, but when the cameras start, you could light a good-sized museum with the electricity flashing between them. . . .

The fireworks are not all confined to them either . . . it was a positive Aurora Borealis when Paulette Goddard came on for a scene . . . moulded into a little number Adrian had whipped up during one of his more insinuating moments . . . well, the Goddard gown was exactly the color of her golden skin, and it fitted just as closely . . . when Joan Fontaine of the angelic beauty drew near, the two of them looked like a charade for "Body and Soul". . . .

The only director who could possibly keep such a complex covey of beauty going is doing so . . . he's George Cukor, and a slyly gay time he is having at it, too . . . when his purring troupe gets into a snarl he softly murmurs, "Tempo, ladies, tempo," and presently all is well. . . .

When all the smoke of the battle clears however . . . and, in all justice, I must admit that the publicity department is almost accurate, when it says that the stars are getting along amicably . . . actually all their maneuvering is in interests of their art and their careers, and they wouldn't be human, if they didn't fight to protect those . . . when the picture is all finished, I'll wager that it will be Norma Shearer who will have won . . . yet, actually, she has the least interesting and the most difficult part of the three to play . . . she must play that essentially dull type of rôle, a devoted wife . . . her lines will not be brilliant . . . her lines will not be witty . . . but they will be something much more important . . . they will be heart-stirring. . . .

Norma of the exquisite profile and the intelligent mind told me, "I've got to make people like *Mary* . . . but I think they will . . . because *Mary* stands for the right . . . *Mary* stands for undying love, and fidelity, and faith . . . and I believe those qualities live forever, and are more important than all the brains, or wealth, or laughter in the world". . . .

That's why I think Norma will win out on all the other performances . . . because those things are true . . . and Norma, through her widowhood and motherhood, knows they are true. . . .

Fashion Letter

(Continued from page 70)

Delicately tinted, alluringly feminine taffeta and velvet party dresses swayed and rustled by, with bustles dipping in amusing salutation.

A very short street suit of stiff black velvet, with a flared skirt and embroidery of gold and purple, caught my eye.

Another street outfit sported a shaved lamb jacket and hat.

A beaver jacket had crocheted silk crêpe sleeves, and its running mate was a tiny skullcap of beaver.

A Napoleonic suit and hat combined gaiety with dignity.

A green bolero suit had a tiny, jeweled tambourine as a hat.

Blackbird wings were novel closing motif on a beige princess coat that featured black sleeves.

A regal white evening gown had bold stripes of gold embroidery spiraled around the skirt.

A dinner dress for resort wear was of white crepe with long full sleeves, caught into deep, tooled-leather cuffs.

Shoulder epaulets of tooled leather in saddle motif, and a bandana kerchief also marked equestrian influence.

There was a profusion of resort attire, the trends from which will unquestionably find their way into cruise clothes this coming season, and even into next summer's collection of playtime fancies.

A blue terry cloth beach robe had huge white terry cloth pockets and was lined with red linen. The skirt was dramatically full and flowing.

A coolie beach hat featured a sunshade of white jersey which hung well forward to frame the face and continued around the neck as a drape to ward off the rays of the sun.

A blue terry cloth robe had a series of small pockets on the sleeves to hold change and make-up.

A "violet ray" sun shade protruded from the hood of a flowing violet jersey beach cape.

Dressmaker details and color combinations were outstanding notes of the play dresses, shorts and slacks. Adrian uses a world of trick pockets on them all, and features beige as a basic color in contrast to, not only white and every hue in the spectrum, but also to grey.

With the exit of the last model, I turned my attention to an evening gown for Joan Crawford—a modernized version of the nautch girls' dancing dress. Brassière top and a very full circular skirt are done entirely in gold sequins, and a wide belt is emerald-jeweled and embroidered in gold.

Norma Shearer wears an evening gown of white crêpe, a marvel of draped simplicity—its only decoration a wide rhinestone-studded and silver-embroidered belt.

A navy blue and white striped street dress for Rosalind Russell is executed in very stiff taffeta, with a bustle.

Paulette Goddard wears an evening gown of knitted beige yarn, and several chic resort costumes.

Every woman in the cast wears short hair, and each a different style—so, while the short hair argument is slowly gaining momentum, the man who started it all, Sydney Guilaroff, M-G-M's hair stylist, clinches it with his hairdresses for "The Women."

Don't miss seeing this feminine farce which you'll find not only gay and amusing, but also fascinating and helpful, as it points out the endless variations in fashions and beauty.



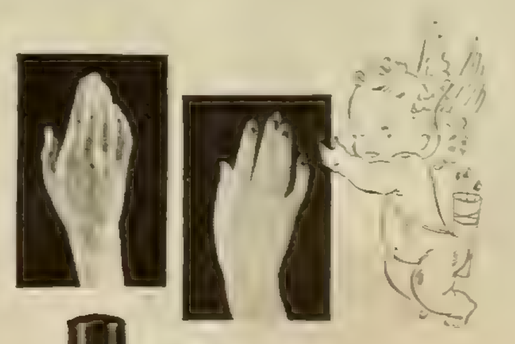
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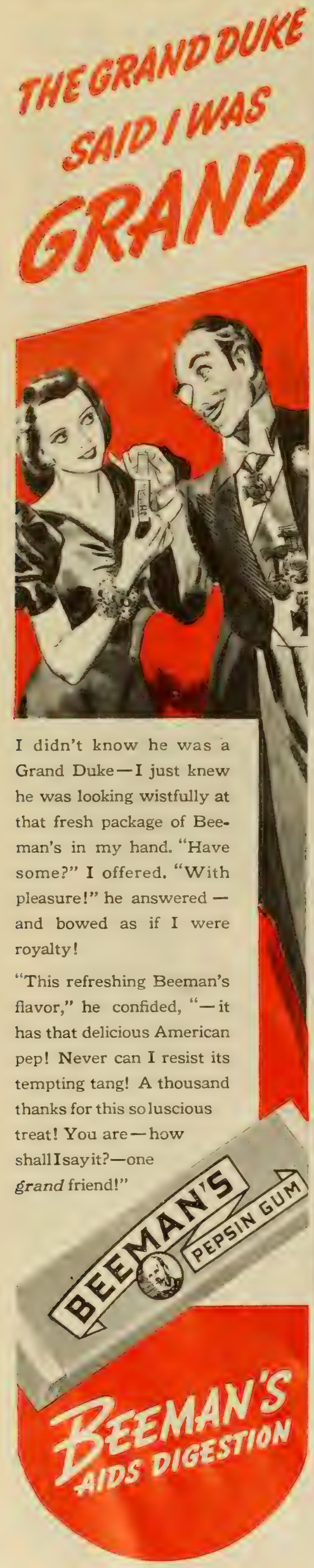
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The Perils of Paulette

(Continued from page 32)

one of the Goldwyn girls in Eddie Cantor's "The Kid from Spain," and Charlie Chaplin fell in love with her and took a hand in her career. She has made only four pictures in seven years but the public has never forgotten her, because it couldn't forget the challenge of her manner of living.

Was she married to Charlie Chaplin or wasn't she?

Intrigued, curious, piqued, at first, rumor mongers had a glorious field day. But neither Charlie nor Paulette ever answered.

Now Paulette's appearance in the forthcoming "The Cat and the Canary" stirs up once more the old gossip, the speculation, the praise from those who admire courage which dares to defy convention, the blame from those who don't. If she is Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, why doesn't she say so?

She didn't tell me herself. But she did give me the first interview she has ever granted to anyone. And when I asked her, point-blank, "Are you married?" she said obliquely, "I have vowed never to discuss my private life. I intend to keep that vow."

She said that with the magnificent coolness and poise that are hers, with that smile in which there is so much iron. But she answered a great many other questions which help to explain the most unconventional, complex and vivid personality in Hollywood.

SHE was born in Whitestone, Long Island, I should say about twenty-five years ago. She smiled again that firm, aloof smile when I asked her how old she was. "I never tell my age," she said. "It doesn't do in a theatrical career. I always say that if a woman will tell her age, she will tell anything!"

Her parents were separated and her mother traveled about a great deal, usually taking Paulette with her. In fact, Paulette never went to one school more than seven months in her life. She remembers Cannes and Biarritz and Paris. She speaks French as well as she speaks English.

Her mother, although not of the stage herself, knew a great many theatrical people. Paulette remembers, particularly, Mrs. Goddard's friendship with Hedda Hopper, Ernest Truex and Florenz Ziegfeld. It was Ziegfeld, as a matter of fact, who gave Paulette her first chance on the stage, that of a "glorified girl" in "Rio Rita."

When she was sixteen, she eloped with Edgar James, the son of a wealthy lumberman. He was almost twenty years older than she and that marriage didn't last. But when it was over, and Paulette went to Reno, it was with a financial settlement which made her independent for life.

It was just after her divorce that she and her mother came to Hollywood.

CONTRARY to general supposition, she didn't meet Charlie Chaplin for the first time in Hollywood. She met him at the home of her uncle, Charles Goddard, several years before.

Almost immediately, upon this second meeting, Chaplin began to include Paulette in his plans for a new picture. "He asked to call on Mother and me, and began to take me out," Paulette said. "I was thrilled and delighted at his attentions, of course. And then, one night he said, 'I am writing a screen play for you.' And he was. It was 'Modern Times.'"

"Modern Times" was ultimately finished (although it was in the making more than a year), previewed and released, and everyone was excited over Chaplin's new screen protégée and still more excited over their personal relationship. Were they engaged? Would they be married? Chaplin and Lita Grey had been divorced these several years. Paulette and his two young sons were good friends. She was free and apparently in love. Would they?

But they never answered, even when Paulette and her mother went to live in Charlie's mansion in Beverly Hills; even when the three of them embarked on a 'round-the-world voyage. The press had a time of it. Paulette had kissed Charlie good-by at the airport when she flew to New York. That was as early as the fall of 1932. A Los Angeles newspaper predicted they would be married June 15, 1934, on Charlie's yacht, the *Panacea*. This date passed uneventfully. Other papers reported they had been married by the *Panacea's* captain, Dave Anderson, June 23, 1934, only to retract later.

During their 'round-the-world trip, the wire services hummed with rumors and reports. They would be married in Singapore (this was sometime in March, 1936). They *had* been married in Singapore, at least Paulette had worn a wedding ring in the Raffles Hotel. They would be married on the yacht *Sea Belle* which Charlie chartered in Malaya for an East Indies cruise.

The trio returned to Hollywood and Paulette and her mother were again ensconced in the Chaplin home, where Paulette made a charming hostess.

ROLLED around the early summer of 1938 and with it the now famous Pebble Beach trouble between Charlie and Paulette over the contract the latter signed with Selznick. . . All this while —for five, interesting, perhaps, but unfruitful years—she had never once appeared before the camera. Yet she was ambitious. She wanted to be an actress. She wanted to work.

And yet Charlie, although promising to star her in a picture, never made good his promise. Paulette told me something about that.

"He wrote four scripts—four *complete* scripts for me," she said, "and destroyed them every one! He wasn't satisfied with them, he said. And so," she smiled faintly, in remembrance, "I broke my contract with him and signed with Selznick for 'The Young in Heart.'"

She was a success in "The Young in Heart," and Metro signed her for "Dramatic School." She was good in that, too, and Selznick renewed her contract. Rumors flew thick and fast about "Gone with the Wind." She was to be *Scarlett*—sure! But she wasn't.

She was frank concerning her feelings on that score. "I was terribly disappointed at the time, but now I am glad I shan't be *Scarlett*," she confided. "You see, if I had succeeded, I should probably never have been able to duplicate my performance with a subsequent success. And if I had failed—well, I don't like to think about that, either! And so, honestly, cross-my-heart, I am glad it all turned out the way it did. Miss Leigh is an established actress, and no matter how her *Scarlett* turns out, she can go on. But it might have finished me!"

As it is, with the completion of "The Cat and the Canary," she is now at M-G-M for "The Women," and is also definitely scheduled to go into "The Dictator." Yes, Charlie has finished a screen play at last. It will not star Paulette. It will star himself. She will be only his "leading lady." But she thinks the jinx is broken and that Charlie's promises that he will write an acceptable script for her, after "The Dictator" is finished, really will materialize. "I sort of feel it in my bones," she said.

Meanwhile, with the imminent release of "The Cat and the Canary," the old gossip, the speculation, the praise, the condemnation are, as I say, rife again. Is she married? Isn't she? Has she dared to flout convention as it has not been flouted by a public figure in, lo, these many years? Or somewhere, somehow, have she and Charlie Chaplin stood before a minister or a judge or perhaps a sea captain, promising to love and to honor "until death do us part?"

I can't tell you the answer to that. Few can. But I can tell you the story about them that *I* believe. It was told to me by one of Charlie's best friends. This man said he *knows*. It is a story that transcends the drama of many a motion picture. It is the story of a sensitive man who, disillusioned and humiliated by the failure of his two earlier marriages and the attendant publicity, vowed he would never marry again—vowed it with a bitter sincerity so deeply rooted it became a part of himself. . . . And kept that vow until, one day on the Goldwyn lot, he encountered the beautiful child he had seen so long ago and had never quite forgotten . . . that beautiful child grown up.

He fell in love with her and she with him. But, torn as he was by this new love, he would not, he could not bring himself publicly to break his vow. He could not face the headlines, "Chaplin Tries It Again!" Still, because he couldn't help himself, he made a compromise—a hopeless compromise, he believed. He asked her to marry him and to keep it a secret not for a few weeks or months or years, but forever! He asked her to live in a shadow for the rest of her days. Selfish, this, you say? He didn't ask it selfishly. He asked it desperately. He thought that to ask it meant to give her up for always. It was just that if they were to be together at all, it had to be in this way. This determination was within him, tortured, distorted, if you will, but strong as love itself.

AND Paulette, the lovely Paulette, unexpectedly, thrillingly, consented. She agreed to jeopardize in the eyes of the world that most precious possession of a woman, her good name, that in secret integrity and propriety she might belong to the man she loved. So they were married as was rumored, by Captain Anderson on the *Panacea;* and to her marriage vows, the bride added one more. She vowed she would never, never tell. . . .

So far, she hasn't. She has assumed a painfully difficult position and has seen it through with dignity and poise. She is "accepted" everywhere. Her friends are "nice" people in "best circles," here and abroad. They never think, any more, about whether or not she and Charlie are man and wife. They like and respect them and they accept the situation for what it is, in reality—exactly no one's business. And so may the world, some day. Instead of being critical, curious, resentful, so may the world come to say with kindness and generosity, "Well, if Paulette Goddard is Chaplin's wife, she is about the most unselfish woman there is. And even if she isn't his wife, you have to admire her courage!"

(Continued from page 8)

be convinced that you have a low, soothing voice and find out that it's really quite high and monotonous. Or, you may be a tiny girl with a voice that's more suited to a drum major. Find out what you sound like, and then go about correcting whatever's wrong.

Malvina Dunn says that the average voice is definitely flat. It lacks warmth and color. Warmth in tone is really the reflection of the sincerity of what you have to say.

Developing your diaphragm, plus learning to control your breath, will give color to your voice. The first thing to do, Miss Dunn advises, is to learn to stand properly. You must have confidence and poise, because that relaxes you, and your throat muscles don't tighten and keep you from expressing what you want to say with ease. Once your posture is correct, you can go on to the next step, which is learning to breathe properly. This will also cure nasal tones, which is the result of shallow breath and speaking from the back of your throat rather than from your diaphragm.

Miss Dunn gives her players this exercise to develop their diaphragms and to control their breathing. Pretend you have candles of every size, then, hold each imaginary candle up close to your lips and blow it out. Make your breath come direct from your diaphragm, not from your lips. Never mind the volume of your breath. This exercise will also help to lower your voice.

After you have done this several times, try saying words like *wonderful, bountiful, boundless, murmuring;* saying them from your diaphragm exactly as when you blew out the candles. Think the meaning of the words as you say them, to give color to your voice.

THE deadly monotone in which so many people speak may be a sure cure for insomnia in those who are listening to it, but that's about all it's good for. If you even faintly suspect that your voice is a monotone, Miss Dunn recommends this exercise to give your voice flexibility and expression.

Imagine that your voice is the upper half of a circle. Then say *Be, Ba, Bi, Bo, Boo,* the Be being the beginning of the arc and the Boo ending it, so that you've the Bi two tones higher than you've started with. Like this:

Bi

Ba Bo

Be Boo

Then repeat these vowels with all the consonants before them.

For variety of tone, try saying, *Good morning, how do you do, oh indeed,* around that imaginary half circle. After you have done this, imagine that you're working with the lower half of that same circle and say these phrases around that.

You may find this rather difficult at first. If so, it just shows how badly you need to improve your voice. The trouble may be that your palate is too hard and your throat needs broadening. Saying *Ge, Ke, Ye, You,* with each syllable lower than the others like this:

Ge

Ke

Ye

You

This will help broaden your throat and give you greater flexibility of tone.

The fault that makes our speech most difficult to understand, says Miss Dunn, is the way we slur the ends of our words. "Whacha gonna do aboudit?" is an example. It sounds even worse than it looks. Try listening to yourself when you talk and notice how often you run your words together. If your voice is to carry at all, each word must be pronounced separately. In the beginning, to overcome this fault, you must exaggerate your pronunciation of the final consonants, but soon you'll hit a happy medium.

Malvina Dunn uses these sentences to help her students pronounce their words and final consonants correctly:

Give me some ice.

He stood at the inn welcoming him in.

Where will you wear it?

What are you doing?

And I went and told him.

What without asking hither hurried whence?

Tongue twisters will help you learn to pronounce your words separately. One of Miss Dunn's favorites is the following, which is also excellent if you're one of those people who have a tendency to whistle their s's:

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve of unsifted thistles, stuck three thousand thistles in the thick of his thumb.

DIFFERENT sections of America have their own peculiarities in the pronunciation of words. Any accent or foible in pronunciation limits a player too much to one type of rôle, so an All-American pronunciation is essential to a screen career. The Southern drawl is overcome by speeding up the speech tempo, and bearing down on the consonants.

Margaret Sullavan, a Southern girl, is a shining example of speech at its best —the low, softly-modulated tones we customarily associate with daughters of the South, but without any of the tricks of pronunciation which would type her for Southern rôles only.

It's difficult for many Southerners, as well as people from some other sections of the country, to pronounce the vowel "I." It turns into "ah" all the "tahm." Saying this sentence over and over again, emphasizing the "I" will help you eradicate this fault: *"I might fight for dear life if my wife liked to fight."*

It's an old joke that people from New York have a tendency to say "erl" for "oil," but it's very true that it's found even in well-educated people, as well as those with less schooling. If there's a trace of this in your pronunciation, repeating this phrase over and over will help you rid yourself of it. *"Morton, that boy who worked in Detroit, gave his girl a pearl from an oyster."*

If the letter R is unknown to you, you can learn what it sounds like by practicing this sentence: *"Ferdinand's mother was in tears when she heard that his heart had been failing for years."*

Even a lisp can be immeasurably helped by exercises such as the sentence: *"Some think that Sally Smith, from the South Seas, is simple, stupid, and silly; but she studies at the Smithsonian Institute."*

Malvina Dunn emphasizes the fact, however, that the most important factor in a lovely speaking voice is to be alive and interested in the things going on around you. If you're self-centered or bored, your voice reflects it. You must be really sincere and interested in what you're saying, to have warmth and color and sincerity in your voice. Improving your voice cannot be done overnight, but remember that you can practice at developing a lovely speaking voice every time you start to say something.

Prize-winning hands

Revlon WEAR NAIL ENAMEL

The hands of Miss Ruth Hawk, pictured here, won First Prize in a recent Hand Beauty Contest held at the fashionable Pani Restaurant in New York City and were termed "the most beautiful hands in the world" by such authorities as Peter Arno and Nicholas de Molas, celebrated artists, and John Powers, head of the famous photographic model agency. ⋙ In their moment of triumph, the beauty of these First-Prize Hands was enhanced by Revlon Tringar-2 *Cream* Nail Enamel . . . one of Revlon's 21 flattering, fashion-right shades. And no matter *where* you go, "prize" hands . . . the loveliest to be seen . . . are wearing Revlon. For the world's smartest women call Revlon best of all . . . best for looks, best for wear, best for nails. ⋙ There can be no greater evidence of Revlon's superiority than the fact that it is used in more quality beauty salons throughout the world than any other nail enamel. These beauty salons represent a critical testing-ground. And *they prefer* Revlon.

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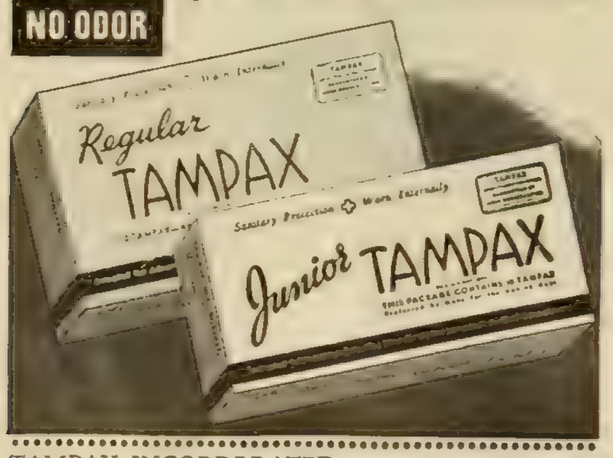
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Miracle Men at Work—To Make You Lovelier

(Continued from page 29)

far away from plaid skirts and their equivalents. Wear clothes that are subdued. And call attention to your face—by your hairline, your hatline, and the way you make up. (Plunkett)

5. Be careful—far more careful than most women are—that you do not favor effects because they used to be flattering to you. No one is the girl she used to be. Choose the lines and color of your clothes with full awareness of the changes that have come to your figure, the tone of your skin, the shade of your hair and the depth of your eyes. (Orry-Kelly)
6. Dress for the contemporary scene. Black satin and white fox, for glaring example, once were smart. Now these things, even if you have the figure for satin, which you most likely haven't, will give you a Mae-Westian aura. To wear satin you need Sally Rand's figure and Queen Mary's reserve. (Orry-Kelly)
7. Don't be too impressed with the photographs in the luxury magazines. They show models wearing extreme hats, big clips, rings and bracelets, and holding fancy gloves. In the photographs all these things combine effectively — because the models are carefully posed and photographed with just the right light and shadow. You won't look the same if you wear all those things. You'll look like a grab bag, because you'll have to sit in different lights and you'll have to move about. Be the woman who dresses with reserve, who is far more likely to take something off just before she leaves her mirror than to put something else on. Be the woman for whom the fussy Flora, with too many bangles and too many ruffles and too many curls, serves as a flattering foil. (Orry-Kelly)
8. Whenever you catch an unexpected glimpse of yourself in a shop window or a mirror, thank your lucky stars—however disquieting a glimpse it may be. For it's only at such times you really see what you look like. At such times you aren't turning your best angle or holding your tummy in. And remember that revealing glimpse of yourself when you shop for clothes. Buy things that will suit the person you are, not the person you would like to be. (Greer)
9. Don't be self-conscious about your bad points. Treat them as skillfully as possible and forget them. Otherwise you will call attention to your faults by an awkward manner, until they will obscure your good points completely. (Banton)
10. Pick up your clothes and walk with them. By your posture and your stride you make your appearance, or you apologize for it. (Irene)

Now we will . . . rather our miracle workers will . . . get down to specific rules that will change your appearance and possibly the very course of your life.

Bosom Friends

If You're a Big Girl:

1. Invest in a roll of adhesive tape. Use it to hold your bosoms off center and you will look much smaller. (Head)
2. Avoid materials with a raised surface and fabrics like satin and lamé that catch high lights. And run from knitted things, including bouclés, as you would run from the devil. (Head)
3. The larger your bosom, the lower it will fall. So indicate a lower waistline. If, for instance, your dress has a jacket, have the jacket fall a trifle over the hips. (Royer)
4. When your blouse, of some necessity or choice, is light or bright have the back of your blouse dark. And get your seams well toward the front to cut down the bright or light surface and make you look half the size. Have your seams well toward the front, in any event. (Royer)
5. Have your clothes big enough, pullease! Avoid even a tight-fitting line across your figure or at your waist. (West)
6. Keep the interest of your blouse close to the neck, to lift the focus of observing eyes. (Stevenson)
7. Experiment with your neckline until you discover exactly how low you can wear it—gracefully. The lower the better. For the lower it is, the more it will cut down your bosom surface. (Stevenson)
8. Soft cowls, if the neckline comes low enough, are a perfect disguise. They eliminate the line of the bosom completely. And a good job's done. (Stevenson)

And it goes without saying: You'll avoid double-breasted effects. Keep your sleeves simple since draped or flowing sleeves will do you no good. You'll accentuate your shoulder width. Favor loose jackets, preferably with a tuxedo cut. Have your neckline triangle or V-shaped, never round or oval. Have nothing to do with wide belts, fancy belts or belts of a contrasting color. Choose clips and beads and pins in proportion to your size. Select furs that are flat.

If You're Flat-Chested:

1. Buy artificial bosoms, either those worn as brassières or those you sew into your dresses. It's far better to use artifice than to be unattractive. You employ many artifices, like rouge and permanent waves, without thinking about them. Don't stop there! (Head)
2. If you aren't as high and firm as you could wish to be, or as you used to be, adhesive tape will prove your good friend, too. Cut two strips of tape as long as necessary, and loop up your bosoms with them. (Head)
3. Affect high waistlines and broad girdles. (Royer)
4. Wear light, lustrous fabrics. (Royer)
5. Remember the boon a fichu will prove on tailored dresses or worn with a suit. (Royer)

And it goes without saying: Your furs should be full and soft—draped if they are flat. Your waistline should be snug, so that you seem, at least, to curve above the waist. You'll do well in blouses that have yokes with fullness shirred or gathered into them. You'll wear lighter and more lustrous fabrics in your blouses than you wear in your skirts. And you'll find double-breasted things very flattering.

The Long and the Short of It

If You're Tall and Slim:

1. Give thanks to the Lord. And never, never, never try to minimize your height. Don't stoop. Don't slump in the middle. (Greer)
2. Make the most of the fact that you can carry any break in line which the mode may offer. You can wear tunics, snug waistlines and full skirts. You can wear plain skirts, and checked or plaid coats, or vice versa. You can dare to affect wide belts and sashes of contrasting colors. So strut your stuff! (Banton)
3. Stay away from tall hats. (Stevenson)
4. If you're not well covered, go in for large design. (Head)
5. Don't wear clinging fabrics, rather choose materials that have body. (Head)
6. Bolero suits or bolero dresses are definitely not for you. (Head)
7. Wimples and flowing veils and queenly trains were designed for the likes of you, even though many others cannot resist wearing them. (Royer)
8. Except for evening, keep your skirts on the short side. (Stevenson)

And it goes without saying: You won't go in for any vertical line, that you'll avoid vertical stripes, vertical bands, or vertical dressmaking detail. Also tuxedo coats, long fur scarfs (unless you wear the latter swirled around your neck and shoulders). And you won't wear heels that are too high.

If You're Short:

1. Above everything else you must not be a "Little Woman" mentally. Don't get a fixation on youth. Don't wear big hats and curls and ruffles. Don't choose clothes that are cute. (Greer)
2. Remember Gloria Swanson! She is an outstandingly chic woman because she never has tried to look like a little girl. She raises her waistline. She wears clothes that have quiet dignity. She pulls herself up a good four inches by her carriage, thus achieving a longer line through the middle of her torso, so that she avoids looking dumpy. Gloria remains petite. But she is smartly petite. Do likewise—and be likewise! (Irene)
3. Short girls are likely to be stocky. If you're this, however remotely, let no one get you into a fancy skirt, a tight skirt, a fully flared skirt, or a skirt with an uneven hemline. (Head)
4. Keep your shoes and stockings simple and not too much on the light side. (Head)
5. You need the longest possible line from hem to waist. So cheat a little. Lower your skirts a trifle, not enough to be an awkward length. And raise your waistline somewhat. (Stevenson)
6. Wear nothing that is horizontal in line or pattern. (Banton)
7. Coats and dresses that have a princess effect, however slight it may be, are for you. (West)
8. Favor high, built-up shoulders. (West)
9. Lighter sleeves against a dark dress are elongating and slenderizing. (Royer)

And it goes without saying: You'll run far away from anything that cuts your figure because of line or color. You won't wear large patterns or large accessories. You won't wear large hats. And when you buy a dress or a suit

that has a jacket, you'll see to it that said jacket is on the bolero type so it will not cut you off below the waist.

THE ANGULAR FIGURE

By Irene—Specialist on Angular Figures:

1. If you're angular, don't try to be softly curved. Be a clean, smart wedge. Ban curved lines. Have the lines of your clothes straight and your shoulders square and broad.
2. Most angular people walk with an ungainly stride. So pay particular attention to your skirts. However they are tailored, see to it that they move gracefully—so they will do nice things for you.
3. Wear no thin materials and nothing that is soft, clinging, or draped. Heavy crepes should be important in your wardrobe.
4. Take the Duchess of Windsor for your pattern. She is sleek and simple from coiffure to shoes. I saw her on the Riviera as she stepped from the car in which she and the Duke had motored down from Paris. She wore a navy-blue dress and turban. A plaid coat, not loud, was thrown over her shoulders. Most women, more is the pity, would have thought her clothes something to wear on a rainy day. She picked them up and impressed with them, because, among other things, they were tailored along wedge-shaped lines for her angular figure.

EIGHT RULES FOR THOSE WHO SEEK A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

1. Be very careful about foundation clothes. They give you firm modeling. (Greer)
2. Insist upon good, clean necklines. They make you look fresh. (Head)
3. Favor clear blues, beiges and greys. They clear the skin. (Adrian)
4. Wear white collars, either of the schoolgirl variety, or of the shape that men wear. Those with a more sophisticated cut are good, too. (Adrian)
5. An all-black dress has a Little-Orphan-Annie look. It's forlorn, so there can be nothing young about it. Add to the all-black dress, if you would look younger and brighter, a detail of white or some becoming color. This detail need be nothing more important than buttons, a collar, a string of pearls, or earrings. (Adrian)
6. If you are mature, you'll get nowhere—as far as a youthful appearance goes—by wearing bright colors and frilly clothes. They defeat their purpose, because they give you the effect of straining for youth. (West)
7. Whatever your age—dress for it! The woman who dresses with the dignity of her years achieves a youthful quality that is denied the woman who borrows styles and effects that were designed for those ten years younger than she. (West)
8. If you are beyond your first youth, attempt no extreme fashion—and nothing else likely to call undue attention to you. (West)

GENTLEMEN PREFER. . . .

1. Ladies who look innocent. Ladies who do not look innocent. (Greer)
2. White neckwear, soft and fluffy. Lace. Lingerie effects. Soft furs, like wolf and fox, that absorb scent. (Greer)
3. Black taffeta. Fringe. Shiny, romantic things. (Banton)
4. Prints are downright dangerous. Because you never can be sure whom they will and whom they won't appeal to. They're much too highly individual in their appeal to be counted upon to please a gentleman's fancy—unless you know your gentleman's whims about color and design and you. (Banton)
5. Suits that have soft feminine qualities rather than the stiff collar and vest harshness of men's own apparel. (West)
6. Good taste. Women who wear bright colors and extreme fashion may catch the masculine eye, but steady-going men of refinement are uncomfortable with a woman who is conspicuously dressed. (West)
7. Simplicity. Fussy clothes with too many buttons and buckles and tricks slay men. (Head)
8. Daintiness and fastidiousness. A slip or shoulder strap showing, a hem out, the tiniest spot, throw men into a panic—irrespective of how untidy they may be themselves! (Head)

And we haven't reported the half of it. Next month these same experts tell you what to do if you're fair, fat, and forty—or just the second of those things. They are very definite regarding big hips and thick waistlines. They give fascinating suggestions for color in your clothes. And no one, with the possible exception of Barbara Hutton and Doris Duke Cromwell, can afford to miss the ideas they have for those who dress on a budget. PHOTOPLAY—OCTOBER.

YEA, TEAM!

Answers to the Photoplay guessing game on pages 46 and 47 are:

No. 1 (Harold Lloyd) and No. 17 (Jobyna Ralston) teamed in romantic comedies of the 1920's

No. 2 (Charlie Ruggles) and No. 20 (Mary Boland) teamed in marital comedies

No. 3 (Ronald Colman) and No. 11 (Vilma Banky) teamed as screen lovers

No. 4 (Arthur Lake) and No. 16 (Penny Singleton) teamed in the "Blondie" series

No. 5 (Basil Rathbone) and No. 12 (Nigel Bruce) teamed as *Sherlock Holmes* and *Dr. Watson*

No. 6 (Charles Farrell) and No. 14 (Janet Gaynor) teamed in "Seventh Heaven" and other romances

No. 7 (Francis X. Bushman) and No. 15 (Beverly Bayne) teamed as early screen lovers

No. 8 (Barton MacLane) and No. 19 (Glenda Farrell) teamed in the "Torchy Blane" series

No. 9 (John Bunny) and No. 18 (Flora Finch) teamed in early screen comedies

No. 10 (Wallace Beery) and No. 13 (Marie Dressler) teamed in "Min and Bill" and "Tugboat Annie"

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No exceptions!

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CUT TO YOUR INDIVIDUAL MEASUREMENTS

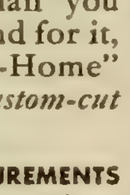
Many thousands of fashionable women have learned that only *custom-cut* clothes fit perfectly. And that's exactly what you get through our "Finish-at-Home" Plan, because we cut your frocks to *your exact measurements.* Then every bit of difficult sewing is completed by our expert men-tailors, and we furnish all trimmings and findings. *You* have only a few simple seams to finish—*and it's so easy!*

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Rover Boy with Sex Appeal

(Continued from page 23)

adventures, giving time and thought and serious contemplation to every movie rôle, and yet unable to suppress his passion for monkey business between scenes. His favorite device for devilment is a "whoopee bag" that causes unearthly noises when placed under the cushion of a chair that is then sat upon!

He always was one for queer noises, David was. When just a lad at prep school in England, he was sacked, believe it or not, for just such deviltry; his dismissal papers reading, "Overblowing and lack of wind."

It all happened because Davey's voice changed quite early in life, and the unearthly noises he made in the choir were beyond endurance. So they took him out of the singing position and put him to pumping the organ. If they thought the previous sounds were awful, they hadn't heard a thing. The noises produced by Davey from that wind instrument were downright terrifying. And right in the midst of the sermon at that!

"And so my friends," the parson would begin, when suddenly from the organ loft would come—pfft—whiff whiff—bizzz. Davey decided one Sunday to give it the works. So he pumped so hard the thing exploded right there in his face, blowing the parson through the third window on the left of the chapel while he still clutched the book of Job in his hand. Incredible—but true!

SCOTLAND, of course, gave him birth. And, by the way, if there seems to be a slight brushing off of facts at this point, it's a favor we're doing Davey. He claims only recently after his homestead was revealed, people began swiping door-knobs, causing no end of embarrassment to the brother who lives there and the sister who visits from the Isle of Wight. Both of whom, it seems, are sticklers for doorknobs. Want them in place, you know. On doors. Above keyholes. So we'll merely say the county was Angus and forget the details.

He remembers back to the time when the soldiers under the British crown wore red. He's lived to see the day they are not wearing it so much as seeing it. Between those two momentous events, he has lived nearly thirty years and done considerable soldiering on his own. In fact, because he was once a Lieutenant in the Highland Light Infantry, stationed at Malta, he knew many Navy officers, several of whom were to rescue our hero when he needed rescuing very, very badly, indeed.

It happened once in San Francisco, whither Davey's travels had taken him in search of adventure that would pay for three meals a day at least.

With no money, no friends, no work, David was about to give up when he learned a British battleship was anchored at bay outside San Francisco. Like a flash, David made for the boat and his Navy friends, where the partying and the celebrating continued long after the ship had left port. The next morning, to the astonishment of Niven, there they were at sea, and no place for them to land.

Just when it looked as if they'd have to drown him, off on the horizon appeared the ship *Bounty*, and the gleeful crew of the British battleship deposited a disheveled Mr. Niven aboard the movie ship, while an astonished Mr. Laughton and Mr. Gable looked on.

He remembers, too, an air raid during the War, when his frightened nurse snatched him up and carted him to the nearest safety cellar. Next to them stood a woman who, in the excitement of the moment, had carried with her a jar of strawberry preserves. Perhaps in the mistaken notion it was a siege and she'd be there all summer without nourishment. While the bombs rained down on the bewildered city, in a deafening series of explosions that riveted the attention of the jam owner and the others, Davey placidly ate the jam, down to the very last strawberry. Result—prolonged and sharp pains in the Niven interior. But with Davey's usual luck, instead of being punished for his escapade, he got carried home with sympathy and tender care. They'd thought his stomach ache had been caused by the bombardment.

FROM the time his family moved from Scotland to England after his father's death in the World War, David has been causing some of the highest-class bewilderment known to man. Especially among the professors of the prep school where he was enrolled at the age of seven.

There was his notorious brick game, for example—David's own invention. He'd sit there at his desk, you see, with two half bricks concealed in his desk. He'd watch for the professor's eye to wander elsewhere and then BANG—he'd crash one half brick through the window while he'd toss the other half along the floor.

"Professor, look sir," David would cry, pointing at the half brick rolling along, "someone threw that through the window."

Of course, classes were called off while the professor "oh, deared and oh, deared," and Davey chuckled to himself. He got away with it four times, and then on the fifth throw, the half brick, sailing through the window, landed on the school policeman's head, and David was never to heave another brick out the school window.

Fun, curiosity and a penchant for mischief-making were all encased in the mind of this manly little lad who missed the love and guidance of his late father, Captain William Graham Niven, and who was to know later the loss of his mother, who had been Lady Comyn-Platt. In fact, it was because of his mother that he found himself at school one day in about as fine a pickle as possible.

It seemed each boy was to work out his own garden design for which prizes were to be duly awarded. Davey rather liked the wild mustard weed effect of his own particular untended garden, until he learned his family was to be there for the award-giving. He stole out after supper, and by the moon's revealing light, looked again at his little horticultural stepchild. Suddenly a bright idea seized him.

From the school's kitchen he stole the largest cabbage in sight, and planted it squarely in the middle of his weed patch. And there, next day, it stood. One lone, stolen cabbage entirely surrounded by mustard.

About this time a rumor, going the rounds of the school, had it that a certain history professor had been shot during the World War in the posterior, and a considerable amount of excitement was stirred up among the schoolboys. Where the excitement was thickest, there was Davey, who, after considerable thought on the subject, determined on a plan that would prove the truth of the report. Concealing a battery in his desk, he ran wires up the schoolroom aisle to an electric magnet placed on the professor's chair. Surely, he reasoned, the bullets would come flying out like mad once the magnet and the professor made contact! But alas, the professor managed to trip over the wires before he reached the chair. Again Davey was in the doghouse.

In school or out, this delightful bit of a Scotch heller, transplanted on English soil to England's sorrow, carried about his well-bred being a gaiety that kept him in constant hot water. He was in it right up to his eyebrows. Even on school walks, which were made by Davey, his classmates and teachers in full school regalia, he was in the thick of it. On one occasion he tore through barb-wire fences, ripped the seat of his trousers, and had to walk the length of the village with his small Scottish rear visible to the dumbfounded eyes of the natives!

Eventually, the dreaded sacking papers, with their message, "Dismissed for lack of wind—and overblowing," came his way, and David was faced with the decision of what to do next.

DAVID was thirteen, now, and vacation from school on the Isle of Wight had given him an intense love of the sea, so he decided to try for his midshipman's papers. With clean collar and dirty mind, as David puts it, he faced the stern-faced board of examiners. His blue eyes, usually full of imps of Hades, were sober as he took in the bearded, throat-clearing group of imposing admirals. He stood there next in line to Lord Redding's son and waited.

"Young man, gru-ump—ah—what was the number of the taxi you came in?" was the first question.

"89463," quick as a flash came David's lying reply.

The impression was enormously favorable. He could see it in their quick nods of approval and by a certain pleased pulling on beards.

"Any relatives in the Navy?" they asked, next. David thought hard, and although several illustrious ancestors of his had served their country faithfully, David dragged forth, from his confused mind, a cousin who had been dismissed from the Navy for some frightful escapade.

This, then, was the relative Davey chose. And it didn't go down at all. David could see it instantly. But there he was. He and his confounded cousin, standing before a row of disapproving admirals and no way to get out.

Nor did it help when Lord Redding's son was asked who, in his opinion were the three greatest English admirals, and the boy named Nelson and Wellington. Then leaning over the table he said, "And I didn't quite catch your name, sir."

But it was the written examination in geometry that proved Niven's undoing. The admirals might have spared themselves the effort, the paper and the time, if they had asked the dear old abused prep school about David's Math, for out of a possible grade of 300, David's mark was eight. Exactly eight.

"Not very good, is it?" Niven said humbly.

"No," they chorused acidly, "not very good. In fact, according to your figuring, you have pointed the guns at your

own crew in every crisis. Better forget the Navy."

So Davey tried the Army. In fact, he tried it and tried it, 'till its patience well-nigh snapped. But first, let's get him in his plaid uniform.

HE CRAMMED at Stowe, another exclusive boy's school, for entrance exams to Sandhurst, a college similar to our West Point. But, for all his cramming, he still found time for deviltry. One special bit of it to this day stands out in his memory. It happened when he inveigled the class into a mass rebellion against a much disliked professor, said rebellion to take place promptly at 11:15 a. m. in class, everyone kicking over desks, throwing books, and yelling like wild men. Eleven fourteen arrived, then 11:14½, and finally 11:15 with David screaming, kicking, yelling, while the rest of the class looked silently on. They had double-crossed him. They had let down the fair young boy from the moors of Scotland, who, at that moment, was being led from the classroom enroute to the feeble-minded department. The outcome is typical of Niven's future and should be noted carefully. He merely explained he had been suddenly seized with a horrible headache that had rendered him temporarily maniacal, and the school head, in sympathy, suggested he remain outdoors in the air the rest of the day. So David, out of that entire class, was the only one who viewed the afternoon cricket matches. While they slaved. Just as he now reaps greater rewards than many actors who have climbed up the hard way. Undoubtedly, this Niven is the favorite offspring of a very conniving, sly old Dame Fortune, for the lad has a way of getting what he sets out to get. He got into the army, at least, and was dispatched with haste to Malta.

It's typical of Niven, I think, that there should show up somewhere in his life a man named Trubshawe. How Wodehouse would have loved that name, and how Wodehouse would have loved Trubshawe, the tall gangling Lieutenant in David's company. An officer who never achieved promotion, because he had too much fun right where he was to bother about it.

Good old Truby. He it was who thought up the idea of Niven and him attending an officer's masquerade as goats, and with two, old, smelly skins adorned with horns and blown-up rubber gloves for udders, they set forth in all their glory. What they hadn't figured on, of course, was that goats were sacred animals on the Isle of Malta, and the party broke up in mild confusion, with the natives chasing the two mama goats for dear life down the street.

"See that scar?" David asked me at lunch the other day, rolling up a trouser leg. "That's where one native got me."

"And what of Trubshawe?" we asked.

"Oh, Trubshawe's still my best friend," David said. "Doing fine, too. Raising mushrooms or something in England. Only last week he wrote me he used the wrong kind of fertilizer and thirty people in Norwich alone almost died. Yes, doing fine."

I saw him look back, way back to Lieutenant Trubshawe and Malta and the British Army with a look of a man who can later look back in retrospection to a crossroad in his life. And it was a crossroad for David. For an event occurred at this point that was to send him speeding dizzily into new adventures in a new world that was eventually to land him in Hollywood.

For just about this time, when soldiering was becoming a little disheartening as a future life's work, something happened that changed the whole course of David's life. He met a girl. And the girl's name was Barbara Hutton. Don't miss October—PHOTOPLAY.



Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 11)

"Well," I said, "good weather or bad, I am going in to see that picture."

"You'll have to walk, Larry," said Bill. "The horses are not fit to take another twenty miles each way."

"I don't care, buddy," I replied. "I've been prospecting in the scrub now for twelve months, our gold has averaged over an ounce to the ton, and I think I can afford to have a few days off."

Next morning at sunrise, I started on my twenty mile walk to see a movie. To people living near theaters, this may seem a fantastic thing to do, but to me movies are not mere shadows on the screen. They are something real and many a time when I have lost money, the movies always managed to help cheer me up.

My particular reason for seeing Gable in "San Francisco," is that I admire him so much as an actor and also—which probably counts more with me—because he has made such a success of his career. He has climbed the ladder without help from anyone and is still going up.

When I arrived at Oldburra, the town where the picture was showing, I discovered the picture was on view for two days. This was to give the farmers, miners and prospectors from the surrounding districts plenty of time to see it. The hall was packed for two days. Once did not satisfy me—I saw it the second time. Jeanette MacDonald's singing was glorious, Gable's acting perfect.

I did not feel the long walk of twenty miles back to the camp. I was living every part of the picture over again. I live and act in the pictures—that is why I enjoy them so much. This year, when we clean up on our claim, I am going to the capital city, Brisbane, for a holiday and I shall see every picture that will be shown in the city. The movies spell one big word in capital letters to me: ROMANCE. There is too little of it in real life.

LARRY WHITTY,
Queensland, Australia.

OPEN LETTER TO MARIA OUSPENSKAYA

I SAW you as the adorable little grandmother in "Love Affair," and you have lingered in my thoughts with such insistency that I must make an attempt to express something of the joy and satisfaction your superb portrayal gave me.

I loved your dear hands, your sweet smile. Everything that you said and did was so convincing.

And—at the last—the mute evidence of the exquisite white shawl left me with a sense of loss and loneliness that can only end with seeing you again—I hope very soon!

"Love Affair" was clean and fine. We need more pictures of its type.

I have been a regular moviegoer for many years. This is my first fan letter, and it's to *you*, lovely little grandmother!

MABEL TILLMAN,
Cordele, Ga.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 63)

★ LAND OF LIBERTY—MPPDA

HERE is the story of America—its heroes and heroines, the great names in our history books and the multitudes of men and women whose courage and fortitude helped to build our country. No single director can receive credit for this excellent picture, for it is a composite of many old and recent films, with additional scenes from newsreels, all welded together into a magnificent historical cavalcade, edited by Cecil B. DeMille.

If you are a visitor at either of the Fairs this summer, put it on your "must" list. If you are a stay-at-home, you will have a chance to see the picture at a later date.

★ GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS—Columbia

THIS is a perfectly marvelous movie. It's a comedy, and as funny a comedy as you have witnessed for months. It teams Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell again—they're always amusing together—and, this time, the story material, as well as direction are worthy of the cast. Joan is a tearoom waitress, who has a terrific yen to go to Paris, but no money. She conceives the idea of getting it by mild blackmail. Of course, she's kicked out of town. She meets up with rich Walter Connolly's crazy family and gets marriage proposals from five men, among them Douglas. He's an exchange college professor from England. There are fresh twists to the story, and the dialogue is delightful. Just a trifle naughty, too.

★ CLOUDS OVER EUROPE—Columbia

THIS is sparkling mystery, introducing the versatile Ralph Richardson, in a new rôle—that of debonair sleuth. *Major Hammond* of Scotland Yard is set to work when a number of Britain's bombers disappear while in test flights. Laurence Olivier, test pilot of superior attractions, takes an interest in Richardson's investigations, and also in the *Major's* charming sister, Valerie Hobson. With these three doing their bit for Mother England, the foreign agents at the bottom of the plot don't stand a chance. A bing-bang climax may seem a shade fantastic, but the witty lines and delicious byplay offer full compensation.

SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES—20th Century-Fox

OBVIOUSLY, this was intended to please Shirley Temple's little fans rather than their fathers and mothers. Such blood! Such gory detail! Such a massacre! Randy Scott is the Mountie who takes over the job of bringing up Shirley, after her parents have been killed by raiding Blackfoot Indians. There are further raids, the Indians capture Randy, and very solemnly set out to burn him at the stake. It's up to Shirley, naturally, to do something about this situation. She does, frowning the while. Heaven knows, the girl does everything a finished and capable actress can, to make you believe what you see. You'll like Martin Good Rider, as the small Indian Brave who tries to act grown-up and treats Shirley like a squaw.

THE FORGOTTEN WOMAN—Universal

SIGRID GURIE returns in this rather good little movie. She and her husband want to go to Florida, put an advertisement in the paper asking if anyone wants to share expenses—and two gangsters answer. They stage a holdup in which the husband is killed, use the car for a getaway, and poor Sigrid is caught by the police. They convict her as an accomplice. You will be interested in her attempts, after her release from jail, to lead an uninvolved life with her child. Ray Walker and Eve Arden have some funny moments. Donnie Dunagan plays the child.

SAINT IN LONDON—RKO-Radio

THE SAINT is one of those characters nothing can spoil, and when you put George Sanders in the rôle, you've got something rather extra-special. This installment was from England. The Saint starts right out by stealing papers from a safe, blundering into a beautiful blonde and a dying man, and taking them along with him. There's a bunch of tony criminals, whose plans he has spiked, and they're after him; and Scotland Yard is suspicious, so *they're* after him; and after that, it's all one grand chase. Sally Gray is the blonde. She's swell.

FIVE CAME BACK—RKO-Radio

YOUR first reaction to this will be: There's that phony old story about the people being forced down in a plane, again. But keep your seats. Out of this contrived situation comes a tale of horror and strange psychological effects. You see, the pilots can fix up one motor of the plane, which will be strong enough to carry only five of the party to safety. A murderer, two people in love, a college professor and his wife, the pilots—these are some of the passengers. It is up to the little group to decide which five are worthy to return to civilization, and who must remain to die. The answer is not in the least what you think it will be. Production is good. Chester Morris, Lucille Ball, Allen Jenkins, Wendy Barrie, Kent Taylor, C. Aubrey Smith and others form the party. Most of the characterizations are believable, and you are forced to believe, at last, in the situation, too.

THE HOUSE OF FEAR—Universal

THE murder happens at once in this unimportant little film. An actor is the victim—he's Donald Douglas—and the police take two years to solve the crime, while the theater, where it all happens, is forced to close its doors. Detective William Gargan pretends he's a producer in order to open the house, on the theory the murderer will strike again. He does. Of course, the solution comes finally, but it seems to take a long while.

STUNT PILOT—Monogram

SERIES, series, series. . . . Let's see, "Tailspin Tommy"—Oh, yes. The comic strip guy who flies an airplane. And, in this one, a film company takes over the airport where *Tommy* works, somebody puts real lead in the blank cartridges of a machine gun, and there's a murder. Everyone thinks *Tommy* did it, until it's discovered a young fellow accidentally photographed the real murderer in the act of exchanging the cartridges. John Trent—he was a real flier, too—plays *Tommy.* Marjorie Reynolds is his sweetheart.

SHE MARRIED A COP—Republic

HERE'S a farce with some pleasant songs, delivered by personable Phil Regan, and a silly story twist. Regan's a cop who thinks he's going to get into the movies. Then he finds his voice has been dubbed as that of "Paddy Pig," a cartoon character. Jean Parker, the producer of the cartoon and the gal who tricks Phil, falls in love with him, and he with her, and they marry. Later the strip is previewed and the blow-off comes. It's pretty funny, anyway. The tunes are nice.

TIMBER STAMPEDE—RKO-Radio

IT'S formula for the Western pictures that a rancher (George O'Brien, this time) must fight against a giant combine of crooks who are trying to cheat honest men out of something or other. The idea, and a good one, is that a lumber king pretends he wants to build a railroad; fakes right-of-way papers and government grants and homesteads; and thus gets the wooded land he wants. George fixes him, all right. Lots of fighting and shooting. Marjorie Reynolds plays a newspaper reporter.

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU—20th Century-Fox

THERE'S a morbid interest in trying to put yourself in the horrible position of an innocent person accused of murder. Stuart Erwin plays a husband, in this, who just isn't getting anywhere in business, but who is slowly reacting to his wife's suggestions and help—when he finds the dead body of a girl in the rear seat of his car. The district attorney's office almost succeeds in getting him the electric chair, when his inimitable wife, Gloria Stuart, starts out to save him. Douglas Fowley, Gale Page and Raymond Walburn form good background for the swell jobs Erwin and Gloria turn in. The suspense holds throughout.

★ MAN ABOUT TOWN—Paramount

PRODUCER JACK BENNY, eager to win the hand of his star, Dot Lamour, decides to make her jealous of him. The scene is England, and so Jack makes passes at the wives of a couple of lords. This basic story is surrounded by notable entertainment, lots of music, gags in the Benny tradition, delivered with Benny timing and casual artistry. It's awfully good cinemah, reahlly. Edward Arnold is one of the angry husbands, Monty Wooley the other. Isabel Jeans and Binnie Barnes are the wives, just to make Jack's work a little easier. Phil Harris, with band, Betty Grable and E. E. Clive assist. Almost stealing the show is old-time character actor Eddie Anderson, who plays *Rochester.* Funny as he is on the radio, you'll get a bigger bang out of him in this picture.

HELL'S KITCHEN—Warners

THE title refers to Hudson Shelter, a lovely spot, indeed, where ex-reform school kids, including the Dead Enders, are beaten and starved while superintendent, Grant Mitchell, piles up a tidy sum out of "sucker" funds. One contributor, and racketeer on parole, Sidney Fields, steps in to help run the place, and uncovers the dirty work afoot with the help of Margaret Lindsay and Ronald Reagan. By the time Fields has ousted Grant Mitchell and made a "Boys Town" out of "Hell's Kitchen," he's reformed himself, besides. You'll enjoy the character portrayals, especially Sidney Fields', if you can stand the too-great emphasis on sadistic behavior.

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



A dream walking—blonde and blithe Claire Trevor of "I Stole a Million"

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 92.

1. The girls in the "The Lady and the Knight" cast voted that this actor had the best-looking legs on the set:

John Garfield — *Jeffrey Lynn*
Claude Rains — *Donald Crisp*

2. She started in pictures when she was only thirteen—in Eddie Cantor's "Whoopee"—but her recent rôles have been almost all leads in college pictures:

Betty Grable — *Anne Shirley*
Mary Healy — *Nan Grey*

3. He's a leading romantic actor now, but he was once a stilt walker:

Robert Young — *Ronald Colman*
Tyrone Power — *Cary Grant*

4. A standout bit rôle, as the landlady in "Love Affair," brought her a term contract at RKO:

Maria Ouspenskaya — *Ferike Boros*
Joan Perry — *Mary Boland*

5. This producer was known in his hey-day as the King of Slapstick:

Mack Sennett — *Carl Laemmle*
D. W. Griffith — *Charles Chaplin*

6. He is Dorothy Lamour's most constant current escort:

Edgar Bergen — *Lew Ayres*
Randolph Scott — *Cesar Romero*

7. His next starring picture will be the remake of "The Sea Hawk":

George Raft — *Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*
Errol Flynn — *Walter Pidgeon*

8. She will soon be married to Sidney Kingsley, the playwright:

Claire Trevor — *Madge Evans*
Binnie Barnes — *Loretta Young*

9. Although not free to remarry, this star has been separated from her husband for several years:

Joan Bennett — *Ann Sheridan*
Ginger Rogers — *Jean Parker*

10. He was formerly a radio announcer:

James Stewart — *Joel McCrea*
William Powell — *Ronald Reagan*

11. He is ***Scarlett O'Hara's*** real-life romance:

Laurence Olivier — *Richard Greene*
George Brent — *Robert Cummings*

12. This star, who is now married to Perc Westmore, was discovered in a WPA theater:

Marjorie Weaver — *Gloria Dickson*
Arleen Whelan — *Andrea Leeds*

13. She was voted the No. 1 film favorite for 1938 by British fans:

Shirley Temple — *Sonja Henie*
Margaret Sullavan — *Madeleine Carroll*

14. This singing star has recently returned from a highly successful concert tour:

Grace Moore — *Deanna Durbin*
Martha Raye — *Jeanette MacDonald*

15. She is president of the Tail-waggers Association, an organization for the protection of dogs:

Irene Dunne — *Bette Davis*
Barbara Stanwyck — *Virginia Bruce*

16. He won immediate film success in his first rôle in "Lord Jeff":

Mickey Rooney — *Frankie Thomas*
Terry Kilburn — *Larry Simms*

17. Before he became a motion picture star, he was a big success in radio:

Warren William — *Don Ameche*
Fred MacMurray — *Gary Cooper*

18. Two of these stars are married to well-known writers:

Basil Rathbone — *Humphrey Bogart*
Gloria Stuart — *Claudette Colbert*

19. The home town of the ***Hardys*** in the ***Judge Hardy*** series is:

Kokomo — *Mayville*
Medford — *Carvel*

20. The fathers of two of these stars were famous stage actors:

Robert Taylor — *Constance Bennett*
Joan Blondell — *Alan Curtis*



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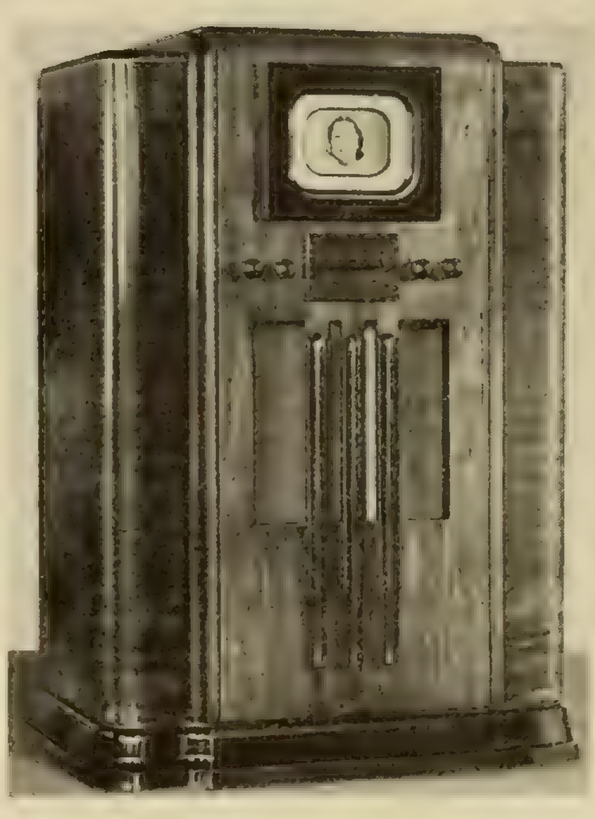
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Play Truth and Consequences with Olivia de Havilland

(Continued from page 26)

27. (Q) Are you susceptible to "uniforms" . . . to men with accents?
(A) I could be susceptible to men with uniforms, but I won't let myself be.
No, to the second half of the question.

28. (Q) Do you wish that you looked like Hedy Lamarr?
(A) No. (No offense meant.)

29. (Q) If you were awarded special permission to be present at an execution in a prison death chamber, would you attend?
(A) If such an experience might help me to do some certain rôle better, I would. But, otherwise, I wouldn't be able to stand it. However, I have found that I can fortify myself for almost anything if I approach it with a clinical view. I recently saw two babies born—when I was preparing for the childbed scenes, as *Melanie*—and I managed to be quite calm and collected.

30. (Q) What is your worst failing, the thing about which your family criticizes you most?
(A) Talking too much at the top of my lungs. Mother or Joan will look at me sternly and say, "Olivia, your 'beau-voice' please!" because, with beaux, my voice is usually on its best behavior.

31. (Q) When have you ever wanted to slap someone?
(A) I have not only wanted to, but I have. When I first started "Captain Blood," Errol Flynn teased me so unmercifully that I could hardly keep my hands still. Finally I had my chance in a scene; the director said I should slap him. I slapped so hard I knocked his wig off.

32. (Q) Do you enjoy being the "cynosure of all eyes"?
(A) I must confess yes, if I'm looking especially well.

33. (Q) Do you like to talk about yourself?
(A) Not usually, although I must admit that I have learned to enjoy interviews.

34. (Q) In what picture and with what leading man did you find love scenes easiest to do?
(A) Miss de Havilland took the consequences. (Show us in a series of pictures the emotions as expressed in the melodramatic Gay Nineties period of the theater.)

35. (Q) On what occasion have you ever been a bad sport?
(A) I hope I never have. I have a horror of being one.

36. (Q) Are you very religious?
(A) By instinct, yes. By reason, no.

37. (Q) What actor do you think has the most sex appeal on the screen?
(A) I can name several who have seemed to me to have a great amount of appeal in certain scenes and moments. I liked Clark Gable in one scene in "Gone with the Wind," where he crushes Vivien Leigh in his arms. I'll also never forget Leslie Howard in a scene with Merle Oberon in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"; not a masterful appeal there, like Gable's, but he was making beautiful love to her with his eyes and his voice. I liked Brian Aherne very much in a scene with Merle, in "Beloved Enemy." He was telling her of the life they were going to lead together, and it was full of poetry and f e e l i n g and tenderness. I liked Charles Boyer in the last scene in "Love Affair." And, in viewing "Captain Blood," I thought Errol Flynn very heroic and dashing all the way through it.

38. (Q) Do you ever have an oft-recurring dream or nightmare?
(A) I dream that I am standing on a high cliff, and down below me in the sand, near the ocean, I can see my sister. Then, suddenly, I see a tidal wave approaching, and I am the only one who can see it. I never know whether to save myself, or go to her, even though I know that if I do so, we will both be lost. It's a horrible fight with conscience, and almost always I wake up with the problem still unsolved.

39. (Q) What do you remember about your first kiss?
(A) Everything. I was sixteen. When I got home, I sat on the edge of my bed, and I kept saying to myself, "I've been kissed. I've been kissed." I thought it was some very special thing which had happened to me alone, and not to anyone else in the world.

40. (Q) Have you ever pretended to faint?
(A) Yes. It was while we were doing "Midsummer Night's Dream" in Chicago. A man in the cast had played so many practical jokes on us, that we wanted to play one on him. It happened that he prided himself on his knowledge of doctoring. We conceived the brilliant idea of my fainting for his benefit, so I fainted right behind the curtain, while the epilogue was still going on out front. True to our expectations, he rose to the occasion, began issuing orders authoritatively, and started to pick me up. Flushed with efficiency, the poor lad got his very long legs entangled in my drapery and nearly collapsed—with my prostrate form. It was too much for the conspirators, and, at the first suggestion of a giggle, my stilled voice suddenly revived in a hoot of amusement. In a screech, rather, heard right through to the last row.

41. (Q) Have you ever fallen in love at first sight?
(A) Yes, but I'm not addicted to it.

42. (Q) Do you have a desire to reform people?
(A) Yes, with disastrous results.

43. (Q) Do you like to be melodramatic?
(A) I don't like to be, but sometimes I am. Just recently, when I was entertaining a slightly tragic look in my eye, my sister caught me and I heard her murmuring, "Camille—or bust!"

44. (Q) In love, are you a jealous type?
(A) Instinctively, I am (I think every woman is), but I try never to let it get the better of me, because I believe it is unintelligent and demeaning.

45. (Q) Do you ever fear that you might be an old maid?
(A) No.

46. (Q) In what ways are you snobbish?
(A) I'm a frightful snob by instinct, but that is another thing I have tried to overcome, because I have no sympathy with it.

47. (Q) In what "isms" have you ever been interested?
(A) Pacifism.

48. (Q) When have you ever walked out on a picture, and what was it?
(A) Miss de Havilland took the consequences. (Write a bedtime story.)

49. (Q) Do you wear glasses?
(A) No.

50. (Q) To whom have you ever written a a fan letter?
(A) I once wrote to John S. Young, a radio announcer. It took me a month to write the letter. I walked three times to the post office with it, before I could summon courage to mail it. I waited on pins and needles for three months. I have never heard from him.

51. (Q) If you were showing an interviewer through your house, is there some photograph in your bedroom which you would first want to hide?
(A) No, because it's already hidden . . . in my bottom bureau drawer, face down.

52. (Q) Of whom is the photograph?
(A) Miss de Havilland took the consequences. (Permit us to print one of your poems.)

53. (Q) Do you worry a great deal about what others may think of you?
(A) It's definitely an obsession.

54. (Q) Would you say that you are calculating?
(A) No, I always leap before I look. Either that, or I look so long that I don't leap at all.

55. (Q) Do you think you are fickle?
(A) Not a bit. I am very constant, almost dangerously so. I am frightened stiff of inconsistency and fickleness in others.

56. (Q) Do you and your sister ever wear each others clothes?
(A) All the time. Not dresses, because Joan wears hers tighter than I do, but coats, hats, accessories, etc.

57. (Q) What points of grooming give you the most trouble?
(A) My hair and my stockings: neither stays up.

58. (Q) How do you feel about having been teamed so often with Errol Flynn on the screen?
(A) It has been excellent for me up until now, but I think it's about time we stopped. I need some really good acting parts, and with Errol, I'm usually just the love interest in an action picture, and that's difficult.

59. (Q) Do you expect to give up your career when you marry?
(A) No, not unless my husband really needs my full time.

How's Your Sense of Direction?

(Continued from page 31)

when a lot of action was required of the dog. Howard tried for hours, but it was no go. At last the prop man made a suggestion:

"I can wire him so he'll wag his tail, yawn, bow his head and shake hands, if you'll give me an hour."

Howard groaned, but agreed.

The prop man had the dog wired within an hour, but for every wire on the dog, lights had to be moved to keep the wires from showing and to obliterate the shadows they cast on the wall.

At last the job was finished and the dog was put through his stunts. Howard was pleased.

"Swell, boys. But what about his ears? Can you make them stand up?"

The prop man said, "Sure—just a couple more wires."

The cameraman groaned, "Jeeze! He looks like a zither now!"

But, zither or no, production was halted for two hours while wires were attached and lights moved.

On "Slave Ship," starring Warner Baxter and Wallace Beery, Wally was the salty deep-water bos'n of a sailing ship. A lot of the scenes were shot inside one of the large sound stages where we had built a duplicate of our ship's deck on a huge hydraulic rocker. The ship's movement was gentle, but our bos'n, who had the flu, couldn't take it. We were forced to shoot a scene, then wait; shoot another, and wait again. It seemed as though we spent our time just waiting.

During these waits, Mickey Rooney, the cabin boy, rehearsed his jazz band in a far corner of the stage. While I'm not one to start malicious Hollywood gossip, and maybe Mickey's band is all right anyway, it isn't much help to a salty old bos'n who's seasick, or to a director whose budget and blood pressure are soaring.

And for every single star, we have dozens of supporting players. They range from important character actors to one-line "bit" players. But each individual among them has his own carefully conceived device for ruining the director—the old fellow who plays the Judge has a boil so he can't sit in judgment or otherwise; or the Missionary has a hangover; or the Escape Artist gets locked in the gentlemen's washroom and can't get out until the janitor rescues him; or the Little Girl, whose mother has assured you she has a smile exactly like Shirley Temple's, loses an upper front tooth.

IT'S not only the human element that plots your undoing. There are the mechanical agencies. Of these, the sound recorder is the most fiendishly treacherous. Camera equipment can cause some delay, of course, but if you want a good solid holdup that can go on for hours, without any cause that anyone can ever explain either during or after, then place your faith in the sound recording system.

Let's open a script at random. They haven't any scripts at random so we open one anywhere. We'll close our eyes and put our delicately tapered index finger on a scene.

FADE IN:
INT. SHIP'S CORRIDOR
CLOSE JOAN AND DAN—
TRUCKING

(Author's note: In movie parlance, the word "trucking" indicates that the camera is mounted on a low-wheeled vehicle, which enables it to move.)

Camera moves with JOAN and DAN as they walk arm in arm down the corridor. They are going ashore together, very gay.

DAN (softly)
I'll show you the stars of the Southern Cross. If you like them, I'll pull them down and lay them at your feet.

JOAN (laughing)
In Tiffany settings.

At this instant they come into the foyer opposite the Purser's Office. They turn toward the gangway as MACK, entering from foreground, bumps into DAN. Camera stops, holding three. As usual, MACK is slightly inebriated.

DAN
Hello, Mack.

MACK
I am not! Those Hawaiian punches are practically nothing but fruit juice!

And MACK stands glaring after the other two as, laughing, they exit through foreground.

AND there is the scene. Very simple, isn't it? Shouldn't run more than thirty seconds' playing time.

Now let's put this same scene into the hands of the director and see what can, and often does, happen.

In casting this scene we will exercise some license, but perhaps we'd better alibi first: Any resemblance in characters depicted herein to any persons living or dead is just too, too ridiculous!

It is nine o'clock in the morning. The set is ready when the principal actors arrive. I am prepared to begin the rehearsal. I beam a greeting at Kay Francis and William Powell.

Bill, who has been studying his script, looks up. "Good morning, Tay. You know, I've been worrying about this first line—"

Kay cuts in, "Good morning. I hope my hair isn't going to hold you up. But they insisted on washing it last night and now it's so darned wavy—"

I answer, "I'm sure it'll be okay. It looks grand now."

"I hope you're right."

I turn to Bill, "What was it about that line?" Then, before he can answer, I take them by the arm and gently urge them down toward the end of the corridor where the action starts. "Let's run it. You know it's a big moment—you're nuts about each other—and we've got to get umph into it. The way I see it—"

I am interrupted by a front office messenger who hands me a note.

The note reads:

"Dear Tay: What do you think of 'Sea Urchins' for a main title? Or do you prefer 'Typhoon'? Give it some thought. Regards.

Jake."

I turn to the messenger. "I'll see him tonight when I finish shooting." I turn back to the actors. "Now where were we? Oh, yes—that first speech—"

Meanwhile, Bill Powell has been scribbling in his script with a pencil. He speaks: "I don't believe that anyone as much in love as this chap is, is going to go in for anything as phony poetic as this first line. It isn't sincere. I think he'd say something simple and direct, like, 'It was wonderful of you to come, Joan.'"

I am half sold on his idea, but I answer, "Okay. Not bad, but what's her comeback?"

But Bill is ready for me. He says, "Why, Kay accepts his mood and answers in the same sincere vein, 'It was wonderful of you to ask me.'"

Kay says, "It's ever so much better."

"Great, Bill," I say, enthusiastically. "Thanks. Now, let's run through it."

Kay and Bill link arms and I am about to call "Action!" when a hairdresser darts out from the side lines and starts to work over Kay's hair. I remonstrate, "Can't you hold that until we finish rehearsals?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Garnett, but if you had any idea how wild this hair is—! It's starting to bust loose now and if it really gets away, it'll take an hour to get it set again."

Kay shrugs sympathetically. "Sorry, Tay, but she's right." So I step back and wait while the restive hair is quelled. We are about to start again when another front office messenger appears with another envelope. The pink note reads:

"Dear Tay: Don't forget to grab individual close-ups of Powell and Francis in the deck scene where they discover they are in love. Regards.

Jake."

"Tell him we finished that scene yesterday. No, wait—tell him I'll see him tonight."

I turn to Kay and Bill. "All set? Okay, we'll run it. Action!"

The action starts. Bill and Kay read the revised lines and all goes smoothly. I am walking backward ahead of them. We round the corner and Frank McHugh comes reeling into view from behind me. He bumps Bill. Bill grins. "Hello, Mack."

Then Frank turns to me. "It's a good gag but it's an awful mouthful—takes forever to say it. Wouldn't it be better if I said, 'I'm not! It's the altitude!'"

Before I can answer, another message is shoved at me.

"Dear Tay: How about lunch with me today so we can discuss the score with Newman? Regards.

Jake."

"Please explain that I have to see the rushes (the film shot the day before), look over Miss Francis' gown for the Captain's Dinner sequence, lay out the first scene with the cutter, and sit for portraits this noon. See him tonight."

I TURN to speak to McHugh, but the cameraman cuts in, "Could you ask Miss Francis not to turn quite so far when she speaks to Mr. Powell? Her nose makes a hell of a shadow across her pan, and there's nothing I can do about it."

Kay has heard. "Okay, Rudy. I'll watch it."

I turn back to McHugh. "Okay, Frank. We'll try it your way."

I look at my watch. It's a quarter past ten and we haven't turned a crank.

"Places, please." The actors take their places and we are about to start. The cameraman steps up.

"How about trying it for camera movement at the same time?"

I agree and the dolly is moved into position in front of the actors. The portable mike boom moves up alongside the camera.

"All set? Action!"

The procession starts to move. Bill speaks:

"It was wonderful of you—"

He is interrupted by the cameraman. "Hold it!" Rudy leaps out in front of Kay with that blue glass held to his eye. "That's the spot, Miss Francis. You can't turn that far or it smears your



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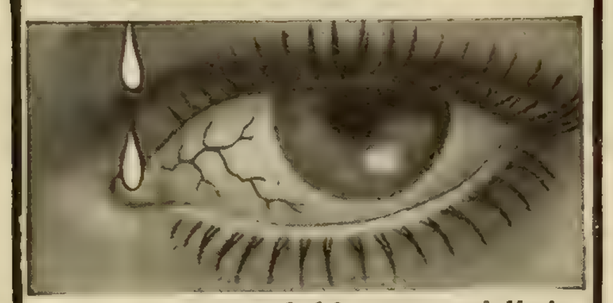
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nose all over the place. Yeah, that's it. Now hold that. Just a minute, please." He calls off set: "See that, Gillie? Take one more turn on forty-seven."

The second cameraman has been peering through his camera. He now shouts, "Mike's in."

The man on the mike boom says, "Gimme a line," as he raises and lowers the long mike arm.

I'm getting impatient. "All right. Are we set? One more complete rehearsal and we'll bang it. Places, please."

We return to the starting point, but, of course, there is a front office messenger waiting for me. Before I have had time to read the note, a second one arrives. I read the first:

> "Dear Tay: Just got word that Hugh Herbert has a cold and won't be able to do the drunk, which I understand starts tomorrow. What do you suggest? Regards.
>
> Jake."

I turn to the first messenger. I am a little groggy. "Tell him I put McHugh in the part and he's been working three days, and I suggest he have Herbert put on his woolen underwear."

I read the second note:

> "Dear Tay: Understand you hadn't shot a foot of film by 11:00 this morning. Really, old boy, you must step on it. You're three days behind already. Can you come to my office tonight after you finish shooting? Regards.
>
> Jake."

I groan, "Tell him I'll see him tonight."

I turn back to the set but the actors have gone to their dressing rooms for a rest. I call to my assistant: "First team, please."

"Places everybody," he yells. "Places for final rehearsal. Come on, everybody. Here we go, hats off and hair flyin'!"

The people are in their places, but there is some confusion. Again the assistant's voice blasts out, "Quiet!"

I mutter, "Action!" and we're off.

BILL gets as far as, "It was wonderful—" That's all. I'm losing ground—two words less than last time. It's the second cameraman again. He has interrupted with, "Mike shadow."

The first cameraman glares at the mike monkey (the boom operator). "What's the hell's the matter with you? He gave you the marks."

The mike monkey is incensed at the tone. "Where do you get off at yellin' at me like that? I gotta get this gadget somewheres where we can hear 'em, ain't I?"

By this time, it is past twelve and the crew is moaning for chow. So I say, "Let's skip the rehearsal. We'll shoot it. Let's knock on it and get this one in the bag; then we can break for lunch."

My assistant yells, "Places everybody! Quiet! Quiet! This is a picture!"

Everyone is in his place, and everything is set, so I call, "Roll 'em!"

The second cameraman says, "We're turning."

The assistant bellows, "Quiet! We're rolling!"

The mike monkey says, "Speed!"

I cross myself and whisper, "Action!"

Everything is going great until Bill says: "It was wonderful—"

At this point Kay's hair does nip-ups. A hairdresser dashes up and starts to maul her with short lefts and rights to the head.

The first cameraman comes up to me and looks relieved. "Just as well, anyway, boss. These walls are too damned white! We can have 'em sprayed down while they're fixin' her hair. They'll be dry in an hour or two."

My assistant is at my side. He whispers from the corner of his mouth. "Jiggers, boss! Here comes Jake and he's plenty torched!"

I call "Lunch!" on the instant and have almost made the side exit from the stage when Jake overtakes me. He is hurt.

"Listen, Tay, what's the idea? I give you every co-operation in the world—everything to make pictures with—and what happens? You let me down."

So if you ache in all your joints and you're subject to hot and cold flashes; if there are black dots before your eyes; if you're tempted to slink across the street to avoid being recognized by the man who saw your preview last night; and if you hear bells ringing—then you know how it feels to be a Movie Director.

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 65)

typewriter, of all things. Nobody pays any attention to her—except us. Lubitsch, Melvyn Douglas and three heavily bearded gentlemen, Sig Rumann, Felix Bressart and Alex Granach, rehearse for a scene. (This trio, a sort of Russian Ritz Brothers, is expected to be the comedy hit of the picture.)

We watch them rehearsing but our weather eye is on Greta. She pounds away at her typewriter, unconcerned. We can't stand it any longer. We tiptoe up to Ernst Lubitsch and ask him when she comes into the scene.

"Oh," says Lubitsch, "Garbo's not working today. She just came down to practice on the typewriter. She has to use it in a scene tomorrow!"

FROM the sublime to the ridiculous is just a few steps in Hollywood, always. "A Day at the Circus," with the batty Brothers Marx, holds forth a few doors away. For this gag-packed insanity, built around the Big Top, M-G-M has rented a complete streamlined circus.

What meets our eye is Harpo and Chico in a baggage-car set, huddling over the prostrate form of Kenny Baker, knocked out on the floor. In a cage near by paces a fierce gorilla. He's not a real gorilla, of course, but Charlie Gomora, Hollywood's premier gorilla man, who makes his living aping apes.

They've been through some thirty takes of this scene in meticulous Marx fashion. Each time, as Chico and Harpo go through their monkeyshines, the gorilla bellows and shakes the bars of his cage murderously. Eddie Buzzell calls for another take. They go at it again. Only this time, the wooden cage bars, weakened by all the shaking, give way and Charlie, the gorilla man, tumbles right out of the cage on top of the terrified Marxes. They're actually scared, too, it's such a surprise. Even Harpo lets out a bloody yell.

Our last set stop at M-G-M is "Babes in Arms," a movie version of the Rodgers and Hart musical. This is a new movie idea, and one that ought to click—that is, making a tune-film starring the young talent with which Metro is blessed. We don't know any other lot that could do it.

Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Betty Jaynes, Doug MacPhail, and Johnny Sheffield (*Tarzan's* Son) are the principal youngsters featured in this story which really laments the passing of vaudeville. Charlie Winninger and Henry Hull hold down the adult acting spots. What goes on is mainly this: a bunch of old vaudeville has-beens get together and plan a big show, ever hopeful to get back on their feet. Their kids, all talented, know it will flop. So, to keep their folks' hearts from breaking, they organize a show of their own which, of course, is a wow.

We watch Director Busby Berkeley and a host of dog experts who are trying to get a very ornery Pekingese to lick Mickey Rooney's face. The Peke is a little particular, however, and does everything else but.

"Try honey," one expert says. They rub honey on Mickey's map. No go. The Peke nips his hand.

"Try peppermint," says another. The Peke merely sneezes.

After they've used everything from shoe polish to caviar, they're about to give up. Mickey has an idea. He washes his face and they try it au naturel. The Peke curls out a dainty tongue. All is well.

"Now I know why the dames won't kiss me," cries Mickey. "I'll have to start washing my face!"

A reunion is on at Hal Roach's—so that's our next call. Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel have patched up their squabbles at last, and Stan has decided to settle down to a little work, now that his tempestuous Russian, Illeana, is gone.

In "A Chump at Oxford," Laurel and Hardy are a couple of street cleaners sent to Oxford as a reward for breaking up a bank robbery. Done up in Eton jackets and collars, they're practicing a screaming comedy gag which Harry Langdon informs us is known as the old vaudeville "ghost in the pawnshop" routine. It consists of Stan sitting on a bench in front of a hedge and puffing a calabash pipe. Meanwhile, through the hedge an arm steals, and mixes him all up with a cigar, matches and what not. It takes a long time for Stan to realize he has three arms, but meanwhile everyone else is howling.

Next, dropping by Selznick-International, we find Leslie Howard's first solo production, "Intermezzo," before the lenses. Leslie is producing and starring, and Edna Best, John Halliday, little Ann Todd, and a gorgeous new blonde from Sweden, Ingrid Bergman, are helping out. Selznick saw her on a European trip. This is her first Hollywood film, although she's faced a camera before in Garboland. Bergman speaks perfect English, has eyes blue as the sea, and a figure like a mermaid. According to the director, our old screwball friend, Gregory Ratoff, she's "teeeeerific."

"Intermezzo" is the old dog-eared plot of the wayward artist, brought back to his family by a little kiddie. Leslie plays a concert violinist, Bergman's his accompanist, Edna's the suffering wife, Ann Todd's the little kiddie. Enough?

The scene is a piano lesson, Ingrid and little Ann Todd, the kiddie in "Zaza." A puppy dog rests on the floor. Leslie Howard, pipe in hand, lolls in a chair and inspects, as Ratoff rolls the scene. It looks perfect to us, but each time it's all wrong for Ratoff. Finally Leslie waxes a little impatient. They take it

once more. "Cut!" cries Ratoff—"No good!"

"What was wrong with it?" inquires Leslie.

"The dog," explains Ratoff. "He smiled!" Well—the Ratoff's either nutty or a genius. We won't dare guess which.

Paramount is knee-deep in conventions this month, and all it can offer us is the tag end of "Ruler of the Seas," the film saga of the development of steamship commerce; so, on to RKO, right next door, for "Nurse Edith Cavell," and Anna Neagle.

Ever since "Victoria the Great" our hat has been off to Anna Neagle. This, her first American picture, then, is an experience, not only for us, but for Hollywood and you, too, we hope. With her is her mild looking *Svengali*, producer-director Herbert Wilcox.

Actually, "Nurse Edith Cavell" (It's *Ca*-vell, and a short "a", but we won't cavil at pronunciation) is an exposé, an untold story of the infamous martyrdom of the English nurse, which horrified the world in the late War. All details of the plot are historic, right up to the tragic end.

Neagle, gowned in a nurse's decorous grey, and a white cap, greets us with a smile. She has upset all Hollywood tradition since arriving by receiving the press every day at four o'clock, tea-time. You can't knock Anna to Hollywood reporters, the cake-eaters.

Up the street, Columbia is finishing up "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" and "Golden Boy," but the new movie of our month there is "Blondie Takes a Vacation." A perennial sucker for series movies, the new "Blondies" tickle our fancy.

The old "Blondie" stand-bys, Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Simms, the personality kid, are working out in a hotel lobby set. Naturally, from the title you can guess that vacation troubles are besetting the *Bumsteads*. In fact, the strong arm of the law is about to haul Arthur away and everyone is in tears. That is, all except *Baby Dumpling* Larry Simms. He sits in a chair, scans a magazine and occasionally burps.

Suddenly a mass wail arises and the set looks like a riot. We inquire into the matter, and Penny, almost in tears, sags on our shoulder.

"We've been doing this scene all day," she cries, "and I just found out I have on the *wrong* dress! Now we've got to do it all over!" We leave the poor girl to her fate, a day in the dog house.

Because we gave an important picture a quick brush last month, we revisit the "Modern Cinderella" set at Universal where Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer re-teamed.

"Chuck" (that's what the extras call Boyer) is hardly the smooth lover the day we see him. In fact, offhand we'd say Charlie was all wet. Six giant wind machines are driving rain from sprinklers in his handsome face, and making a like mess of Irene. Director Stahl is stamping around in a sou'wester and rubber boots. It's a hurricane scene, patterned after the one that lashed New England last year. And it's during all the thunder and lightning that Chuck, a wealthy concert pianist, finds he really cares for Irene, the little waitress.

"THE Underpup" is a modest Universal number which draws our interest next, because we hear it's being produced solely to introduce Gloria Jean, Universal's next Deanna Durbin.

Gloria has never done anything dramatic, stage or movies, in her life. She's only eleven but blessed with a coloratura soprano voice, and the Hollywood vogue for adolescent songbirds continues fiercely. So Joe Pasternak, Deanna's guiding angel, has taken her under his wing, and decided to build her into another young star. A pretty nice prospect for an unknown eleven-year-old girl from Scranton, Pa.

Robert Cummings and Nan Grey are about the only grown-ups in "The Underpup," whose plot takes a little east-side New York girl (who can't write an essay about a tree because she's never seen one), and puts her in a summer camp with spoiled little rich girls.

The major effort of the month at Twentieth Century-Fox is "Hollywood Cavalcade." It's just what it says—a cavalcade of screen history in the most colorful town on earth, from 1913 up to the coming of sound.

America's number one box-office favorite, Alice Faye, together with Don Ameche, Stu Erwin, J. Edward Bromberg, Alan Curtis and Chick Chandler, play fictitious Hollywood old-timers. Buster Keaton, Mack Sennett and Al Jolson play themselves. Technicolor brightens it up.

On the story side, Alice is a Broadway show girl who takes a chance on California, and then despises movies. Don's an enthusiastic promotor, later director. Their story is played against the brilliant, fantastic panorama of the greatest show ever on earth—Hollywood. Everything is booked for a screen inning—Keystone Cops, Sennett bathing beauties, the Valentino rage—up to Jolson and "The Jazz Singer."

"We're not forgetting PHOTOPLAY's popularity contests, either," Director Irving Cummings tells us. "They're in, too. Everything that went to make the old Hollywood the great place it is today, is all in our picture."

We watch Don Ameche in an early scene, giving Alice a big build-up about California on a "New York Street" in TC-F's back lot.

The first take is spoiled by the reflection of a 1939 automobile in a 1913 store window. The camera runs out of film on the second. On the third Don Ameche is "extra" on his lines, a habit of his, ad libbing a lot of extra words of his own.

Through all these, Alice Faye is perfect. When the scene finally earns a print, she tells Irving Cummings about it. "I think," says Alice, "I deserve a reward."

"I've got one planned for you, honey," smiles Cummings, "tomorrow morning. You'll love it."

Alice's eyes dance. "Really?" she beams, "What is it?"

"A pie," says Cummings. "A great big custard pie—all for you."

Alice says that's swell, but she can't possibly eat a whole pie.

"You don't eat it, dear," explains Cummings. "It hits you in the face!"

LEAVING the movie lots, we find all very quiet indeed on the Hollywood Radio Front. These are the Dog Days of Hollywood star shows, what with the summer slump, vacations and natural radio demises leaving a resounding void in the Sunset-Vine setup. Fall show prospects this summer, too, are far from rosy, to add to the gloom. Usually, by this time, all the big airevues are set. But, so far, sponsors are keeping cagey about the future of Hollywood on the air, and stars are wondering if easy radio gold is a thing of the past.

Balkers at all-Hollywood radiopuses are claiming that: Screen stars want too much money. West Coast production costs are too high. The Hollywood show pattern is worn thin. Hollywood stars are poor air salesmen.

The only chance for another big Hollywood air season is for: Stars to cut their salaries drastically. Give more time to rehearsals. Evolve a new show pattern.

Dog Days data: Hollywood movie premières will be televised next winter. . . Trailers already are. . . When television visits the sets, we won't have to tell you about them. . . .

Pat Friday, Bing Crosby's college coed lark, is set for big radio things when the Groaner gets back from his vacation. . . Bob Burns' new heir is christened just Robin; his first was Robert, so Bob calls his family the "Three R's". . . Fannie (Snooks) Brice wishes mothers wouldn't write and ask her about child training. . . Frank Morgan is living permanently on his boat, "The Dolphin," during hot California fall, and collecting fish stories. . . the Good News gang is holding its breath, hoping the M-G-M Maxwell House show resumes. They like it better than making movies. . . Alexander Woollcott may fill a spot on Texaco Star Theater this fall. If so, he'll have to move to Hollywood. . . The feminine autograph mob outside NBC has thinned since Charles Boyer left town. . . .



Janet Gaynor and best beau Adrian pay a visit to "Lady of the Tropics" Hedy Lamarr, whose costumes Adrian designed



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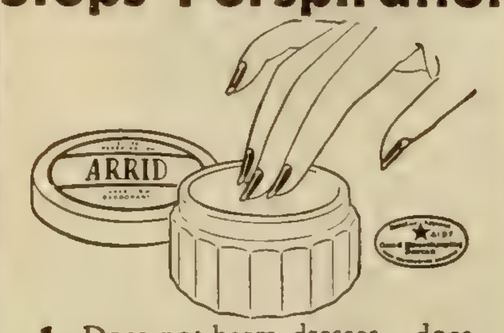
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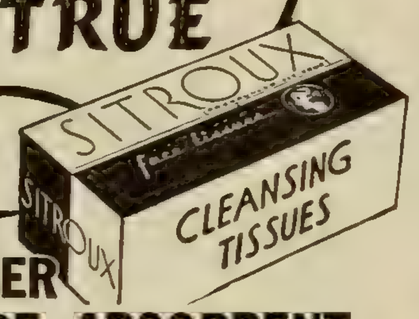
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Lackadaisical Lothario

(Continued from page 69)

building model airplanes. They were working on a particularly pretentious job, when Hank was called to the Coast, and you'd have thought he was abandoning a life work when he had to leave that model uncompleted."

But before the beer parties had become an institution, Jim was launching his stage career. Reporting at Beckhard's office to inquire when rehearsals would begin for "Goodbye Again," Jim was told that the play was being held up, but that he could have a small part in "Carrie Nation," a dramatization of the life of the famous temperance crusader, and as a constable with an Old Bill walrus mustache, Jim made his Broadway debut in the fall of 1932.

"Carrie Nation" ran for only a few weeks, but by that time "Goodbye Again" was being cast. Jim repeated his hit portrayal of the chauffeur, and was rewarded with critical bouquets.

LATE in the spring, "Goodbye Again" moved to Boston for two weeks before closing. Shortly after he arrived there, Jim learned that Jane Cowl was organizing a company for a summer revival of "Camille" in the Massachusetts citadel of culture. He was signed for a small part and as stage manager.

"Camille" is famous for the lengthy death scene of its heroine.

One night as Miss Cowl was in the midst of her deliciously delayed demise, Jim heard a clatter outside in the alley back of the theater. The youthful stage manager dashed out to see what was wrong. He found an inebriated individual whom he persuaded to depart, then he hurried back to his post.

Onstage, there was an unaccustomed silence. Jim was panic-stricken. Miss Cowl must have been dying for some time now. In fact, she must be dead and waiting for the curtain to fall. Jim hastily rang it down

Unfortunately, *Camille* had considerable more dying to do. The silence Jim had mistaken for the end of the scene had been only a long pause.

Miss Cowl rose from her deathbed, tears in her eyes, and stalked to Jim.

"Young man," she exploded, "do you know what you have done? You've ruined me . . . ruined my performance. I shall never play 'Camille' again!"

Jim felt pretty ruined himself. Luckily, the play was scheduled to close in a few days, and Jim was spared the disgrace of dismissal.

BACK in New York, Jim joined forces again with Hank Fonda and John Morris, and started the rounds of the managers' offices.

Finally, came Jim's first real break on Broadway, and the part that was to decide him on making the theater a permanent career. The play was "Yellow Jack," Guthrie McClintic's production of Sidney Howard's compelling piece about the four Spanish-American War soldiers who volunteered as human guinea pigs in the battle against yellow fever.

There was only one part left uncast when Jim applied at the McClintic office, the rôle of *Sergeant O'Hara,* whose accent must be as Irish as his name. With what he thought was a brogue as Gaelic as Galway, Jim read the part for McClintic and Howard. When he was through, the producer looked at the playwright. But it was no go.

"Afraid you won't do," McClintic told him. "You're just the type we're looking for, if you only had an Irish accent!"

Jim was not to be denied what he firmly felt was the finest rôle he had ever had a chance to play. He pestered every Irishman he knew to help him.

When he had captured the trick of intonation, the rich rolling of the r's, he went to the McClintic office. Impressed with Jim's earnestness, the producer gave him another tryout—and the job.

"For the next several weeks," recalls John Morris, "Jim lived and ate and slept the part of *Sergeant O'Hara.* He used to recite his lines as he walked through the streets. He'd practice on subways, at mealtime, anywhere and everywhere. By opening night he *was Sergeant O'Hara.*"

Mrs. Stewart came on from Indiana for the opening night. It was a triumph for the play and for Jim. The critics singled him out for applause.

Jim Stewart had arrived on Broadway. To Jim himself, "Yellow Jack" was the signpost at the crossroads of his career. He wrote to his family:

"When I got my teeth into that swell part, I knew for the first time that I really wanted to remain an actor. Up until now, I've still gone about thinking it was a lot of fun and swell experience, but something in the nature of a vacation, a grand tour of Broadway.

"I didn't take the theater seriously. I didn't think it could satisfy me as a life work. It was a hyphen between college and a real career.

"And then I played in this play. I saw what it meant to the cast, and I saw what it meant to the audiences, what they got out of it, how they reacted. And for the first time I realized that giving people such emotions, such uplift, such relaxation, could be as worthy a life work as raising lofty skyscrapers, or doctoring, or any other profession."

BACK home in Indiana, Alec, who still nursed hopes that Jim would return to the hardware store, or at any rate leave the theater to make a start in his profession of architecture, read the letter and listened to Mrs. Stewart's glowing account of the boy's first real triumph. And Alec finally realized that his son was in the theater for keeps.

Alec packed his bags to go to New York to see and share in the boy's success, congratulate him and assure him that he would ungrudgingly back him. He arrived in Manhattan and was joyfully carried off to the Twenty-second Street apartment Jim was sharing with John Morris.

That night Alec attended "Yellow Jack." After congratulating Jim on his performance, Mr. Stewart announced he wanted to meet the director.

Thinking his father wished to congratulate the director, Jim proudly presented him.

"Your soldiers are wearing their hats all wrong," drawled Alec, who had walked off from a Princeton classroom, back in the Gay Nineties, to enlist in the Spanish-American War. "We never wore our hats that way," and grabbing one of the campaign hats, Alec twisted it into the proper shape.

From that night on, "Yellow Jack" was as historically correct in its costuming as it was in its theme.

THE fall of 1934 brought Jim his first romantic lead on Broadway in "Divided by Three." Hancey Castle, who played opposite him, recalls an amusing preface to the opening night.

"Jim appeared at the door of my apartment to take me to dinner," recounted Hancey. "Instead of registering enthusiasm over the prospect of an important opening night, all Jim could think of was that the dress shoes he was supposed to wear with his dinner clothes in the second act, hurt him.

"On our way to the restaurant, Jim turned to me with that half-frowning expression he has, and grumbled, 'Got to get some new shoes. I can't walk properly in my old ones.'

"The only stores open, of course, were the little hole-in-the-wall places on Broadway, and we traveled from one to another of them while Jim tried on shoe after shoe. None of them satisfied him. It was getting late and I was hungry. But those shoes were the most important things in Jim's life at the moment.

"By the time he'd found a pair that seemed to suit, we had only enough time left to get to the theater and dress. Jim's first-act costume was a sport suit, with which he wore brown and white shoes. When he joined me in the wings for our second-act entrance, he was still wearing those saddle shoes with his dinner clothes.

"I took one horror-stricken look at them and sent him dashing back to change, while I stood at the top of the steps leading to his dressing room, and kept calling down the lines that were being read on the stage so he would know how near we were to our cue. A shoelace broke and I could hear Jim cussing as he fixed it. At last he ran back upstairs and joined me, breathless, just in time for us to walk on and make our proper entrance. I was so worried I almost forgot my lines, but Jim was beaming. The new shoes were comfortable!"

"Divided by Three" lasted only a few weeks, but before it folded, Jim had attracted the attention of Al Altman. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent scout who arranged for Jim to take a screen test. Jim was not particularly elated at the bid. Once before, during the run of "Yellow Jack," he had received overtures from Hollywood and submitted to a test. The New York office had shown him the report that came back from the

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 87 with these correct ones:

1. Donald Crisp
2. Betty Grable
3. Cary Grant
4. Ferike Boros
5. Mack Sennett
6. Randolph Scott
7. Errol Flynn
8. Madge Evans
9. Ginger Rogers
10. Ronald Reagan
11. Laurence Olivier
12. Gloria Dickson
13. Margaret Sullavan (for her work in "Three Comrades")
14. Jeanette MacDonald
15. Bette Davis
16. Terry Kilburn
17. Don Ameche
18. Basil Rathbone to Ouida Bergere Gloria Stuart to Arthur Sheekman
19. Carvel
20. Constance Bennett, Joan Blondell

Coast on this first test. "His neck is too long and his ears stick out too far," read one comment.

Nothing was heard from this second test, and Jim went into another brief-lived Broadway production, "Page Miss Glory," and then was engaged for the featured rôle of an Austrian count in a cup of weak tea, titled "Journey at Night." Jim had the experience of reading his first unfavorable notices.

THAT spring of 1935 was the low spot of Jim's career. Hank Fonda had gone to Hollywood the month before, to make his movie debut in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." John Morris was on the road, traveling. The Thursday night beer parties had disbanded, and the Falmouth crowd was scattered.

And then Al Altman called again. Hollywood had been impressed. Would Jim consider a long term contract? Would he! Two days later he was on his way to the Coast.

Hank met him in Los Angeles.

"Have you got it?" was his first query. All very well to play the welcoming committee and hammer Jim on the back and tell him how good it was to see him. The important thing was that model plane they had been working on before Hank came West.

Jim patted the huge box at his feet. "I've got it. Let's get somewhere where I can unpack it and give it some air, the darn thing has just about suffocated everyone on the train," and Jim explained that to protect the precious wings against any climatic change en route, he had lavishly doused it with a "dope." When the train passed through the hot desert stretches of New Mexico and Arizona, the preservative had begun to melt and give off an odor only slightly less penetrating than the skunk Jim had skinned in his Boy Scout days.

The day after he arrived in Hollywood, Jim was in make-up and working in "Murder Man," a Spencer Tracy vehicle which definitely was not a candidate for any Academy awards. The sequences in which he appeared were finished in a week, and Jim had time to turn around and get his impressions of Hollywood.

"It's a mad place," he wrote home, "but I think I'm going to like it. Would you like my autographed picture?"

That self-kidding attitude about the movies was to keep Jim fresh and unspoiled in the hectic months to come. Just as he and Hank had never worn the stamp of Broadway in New York, so their appeal in Hollywood was that they were completely "un-actorish." The roommates were joined soon by Joshua Logan and John Swope, the talented young candid camera artist whose pictures have brightened Photoplay.

The four rented an attractive, rambling farmhouse in Brentwood, and decided the housewarming must be a distinctive one. It was agreed, after some discussion, that the usual housewarming with packs of people would not serve. For their first dinner party, they must have as guests the four most beautiful women in Hollywood! Among themselves the boys voted that the quartette possessing the greatest loveliness in the film capital was comprised of Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich, Anita Louise and Virginia Bruce.

The fact that they did not know these famous and much sought-after ladies was no deterrent. In diplomatic notes they explained their proposed "Glamour Dinner." Their curiosity intrigued, all four stars accepted, and the social reputations of the newcomers were made!

After his one brief introduction to the cameras in "Murder Man," Jim waited for weeks for another call from the studio. The summer dragged along with no new assignment. Jim filled in his time by learning to fly at Mines Field. Finally, there came a summons from the studio to make a short with Chic Sale. In "Important News," a slapstick comedy about a country newspaper, Jim donned a pair of tortoise-shell rimmed glasses, brushed his matted hair down over his eyes and gave a convulsing characterization of a country bumpkin with a streak of Mencken.

Jim worked just as hard over that bit in a comedy short as he would have in a romantic lead opposite Norma Shearer. As a matter of fact, it looked at first as if romantic leads were in the far, far distant future for Jim, if they were ever to be attained at all. His bit in "Murder Man" had been that of a heavy. His second rôle was the weakling brother of Jeanette MacDonald in "Rose-Marie."

Somehow Jim made the character likable, brought to an unsympathetic part a fleeting charm. But Jim Stewart might still be playing menaces and second leads, if it had not been for Margaret Sullavan.

Their friendship, begun on the Princeton campus when Margaret was a guest star in the *Theater Intime,* was renewed after Jim reached Hollywood. At Universal, where she was the top star on the lot, Margaret was preparing to start "Next Time We Love." There was trouble finding a leading man.

"Why not test Jimmy Stewart?"

"Who's he?"

"Don't tell me you haven't heard of Jimmy Stewart! He's a perfectly swell actor from the New York stage. He's had years of experience and Metro has just signed him. They're trying him out in small bits. Did you see 'Rose Marie?'" Margaret inferred that Jim's performance in his minor rôle was nothing less than a combination of Alfred Lunt, Leslie Howard and Gary Cooper.

The casting director was sufficiently impressed. A test was ordered. But Margaret's campaign for Jim did not end there. She arranged to make the test with Jim herself.

Tirelessly, she rehearsed lines, improvised bits of business that would point up the scene for Jim. When the test was shown, Universal put in a hurry call to Metro and begged permission to borrow J. Stewart.

With the release of "Next Time We Love," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer realized they had a valuable property in Jim. Fan letters began to pour in, all mentioning the fresh appeal of this utterly natural young actor, who definitely had something different. After two more supporting rôles in "Wife vs. Secretary," and "Small Town Girl," Jim was given his first lead on his home lot in "Speed," with Wendy Barrie.

The picture broke no box-office records but it added to Jim's fast-growing reputation, both with audiences and the topsiders among picture makers. Joan Crawford asked that Jim be cast with her in "The Gorgeous Hussy," and then came Jim's first real screen hit opposite Eleanor Powell in "Born to Dance."

JIM was hitting the headlines now in both the critics' and the gossips' columns. Critics called him the film find of the year, and reported that one company after another was trying to borrow him. The chatter writers painted him as a particularly eligible beau and linked his name successively with Rosalind Russell, Virginia Bruce and Eleanor Powell.

Mrs. Stewart and "Doddie," Jim's sister who is becoming well-known in New York as a brilliant illustrator, visited Jim in California the summer of 1937. They were amused at the contrast between the published pictures of Jim as a merry man-about-town and his actual domesticity. "He was," sister "Doddie" relates, "more concerned about his menagerie of cats, than his social affairs."

As a matter of fact, Jim's whole life story to date is singularly lacking in any great love interest. If there are any tender valentines in the scrapbook of his memory, Jim has kept them well-hidden from family and friends alike.

Norma Shearer, and more recently Loretta Young, have been Jim's dancing partners at what Hollywood parties he attends, but those who know say Jim has still to meet the one girl—or else has met her and is single by chance rather than choice. One of his sisters not long ago quizzed him when Jim was in a mood for revelations.

"Jim, why didn't you ever marry Margaret Sullavan? You've talked about her for years!"

"I would have, if I could," was the laconic reply and whether Jim was being gallant or garrulous, they never knew.

Certainly, the warm friendship of Margaret and her agent-husband, Leland Hayward, has been the anchor of Jim's life in Hollywood since Hank Fonda married again and Josh Logan and John Swope wended their way out of the film colony and Jim's daily existence.

At the moment, Jim has just finished "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," and is hoping for a breathing spell before he starts his next film, "The Shop Around the Corner," in which he again will be teamed with Margaret Sullavan. If there is time between pictures, Jim wants to make a trip to the New York World's Fair and stop in Indiana for a visit with his family.

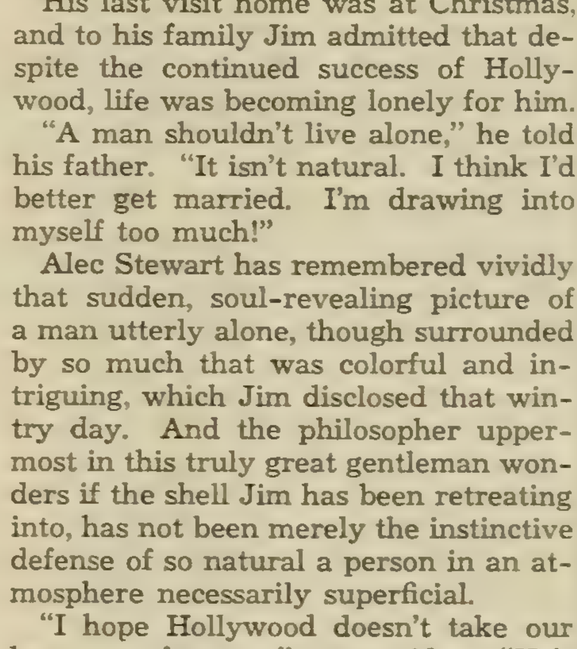
Those visits back to Indiana have become increasingly important to Jim. It is almost as if he renewed in the font of family affection, the simplicity from which has stemmed his success. They're a loyal and loving family, those Stewarts, with a clear eye to substantial values.

His last visit home was at Christmas, and to his family Jim admitted that despite the continued success of Hollywood, life was becoming lonely for him.

"A man shouldn't live alone," he told his father. "It isn't natural. I think I'd better get married. I'm drawing into myself too much!"

Alec Stewart has remembered vividly that sudden, soul-revealing picture of a man utterly alone, though surrounded by so much that was colorful and intriguing, which Jim disclosed that wintry day. And the philosopher uppermost in this truly great gentleman wonders if the shell Jim has been retreating into, has not been merely the instinctive defense of so natural a person in an atmosphere necessarily superficial.

"I hope Hollywood doesn't take our boy away from us," muses Alec. "He's a good boy, Jim," and in his mind's eye he sees again the eager, intense youngster who not many years ago was bent over a prep school drawing board sketching this:



REDUCE

The Hollywood Way

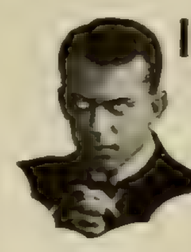
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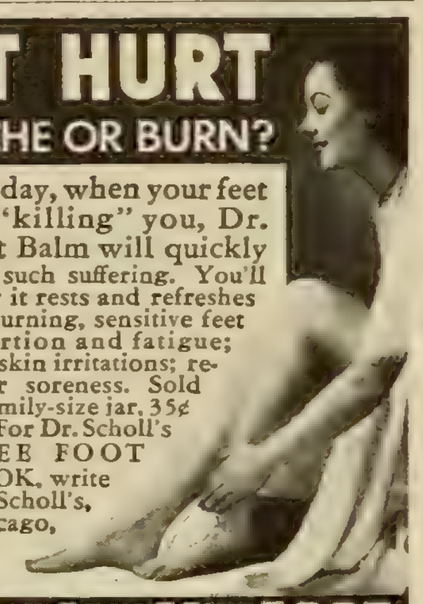
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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

EXILE EXPRESS—United Players-G.N.

Another helping of Americanism, with Anna Sten playing the rôle of a girl whose hope for citizenship is dashed when she is implicated in a murder case. A crazy-quilt series of events climax in a fade-out of Anna taking her oath, flanked by hero reporter Alan Marshal. (*August*)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—Universal

This sort of routine program picture is doomed. A horserace bet gets into the wrong hands, that of a servant girl who rushes around spending the money. Robert Kent, playing a bookie, seems dazed by it all. (*August*)

FIXER DUGAN—RKO-Radio

Melodrama in a circus—with Lee Tracy doing a good job of keeping Lion-tamer Peggy Shannon's props from being attached, and Virginia Weidler out of an orphanage. (*August*)

★ GIRL FROM MEXICO, THE—RKO-Radio

Lupe Velez comes roaring back in this wild comedy, when Radio Agent Donald Woods finds her in Mexico and brings her to New York. His troubles start when Lupe finds he plans to marry Linda Hayes (screen newcomer). There's plenty of slapstick, a good story and able direction. (*August*)

★ GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS—M-G-M

James Hilton's beautiful and moving novel has lost none of its charm, with Robert Donat giving a *great* performance as the old English schoolmaster who disciplines his boys without kindness until his beloved *Kathie* teaches him tolerance. Greer Garson is charming and altogether believable as *Chip's* wife. Entire cast is excellent. A Must. (*August*)

GORILLA, THE—20th Century-Fox

This is the picture which the Ritz Brothers didn't want to make. The result of it all is a somewhat funny opus in which light is made of horror, and you laugh at what made you shudder in the former version. (*August*)

GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount

When a murder-mystery turns out to be an hysterical farce, you can be certain that Gracie Allen is lurking in the continuity. With deft hand and numb brain Gracie sees to it that the hero goes to jail, the police go berserk and the villain goes free. No wonder Investigator Warren William wears a dazed look. Kent Taylor and Ellen Drew furnish the romance. (*July*)

HARDYS RIDE HIGH, THE—M-G-M

Another delightful *Hardy* picture, in which Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and the other lovable members of the family go berserk en masse when they almost fall heir to two million dollars. You'll get a howl out of Mickey's run-in with a chorus gal and mousey *Aunt Milly's* romance. Good addition, Virginia Grey. (*July*)

HOTEL IMPERIAL—Paramount

Isa Miranda makes her American bow in this weak war melodrama as a *femme fatale* who must carry on as a hotel chambermaid when the Russians invade disputed territory. There's an attempt at suspense, but somehow you know handsome Ray Milland will win out. (*July*)

HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES, THE—20th Century-Fox

There is disappointment in this Conan Doyle crime puzzle, in which everyone lives under the shadow of an old legend. It drags at the beginning, works up to good suspense and then comes to climax without letting us in on *Sherlock's* methods. Basil Rathbone is a bored *Sherlock Holmes*, Nigel Bruce, *Watson*. Richard Greene and Wendy Barrie supply romance. (*June*)

I'M FROM MISSOURI—Paramount

You may not care if the Missouri mule is replaced by the tractor but Bob Burns does and goes to England in defense of the animal. Gladys George plays Bob's wife. Bill Henry and Gene Lockhart do good jobs in small rôles. Full of Burns' homely humor. (*June*)

★ INVITATION TO HAPPINESS—Paramount

Don't let the prize-fighting background fool you in this story of a charming aristocrat, Irene Dunne, who marries a man whose background is beyond her understanding. Fred MacMurray is splendidly right as the would-be champ and Billy Cook is excellent as the ten-year-old son whose unhappiness precipitates his parents' divorce. Adult and intelligent. (*July*)

★ IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD—M-G-M

Claudette Colbert's at her best, which is very good and very funny, in this gay comedy in which Jimmy Stewart, as a private cop assigned to watch out for millionaire playboy Ernest Truex, gets mixed up as an accomplice in a murder. Jimmy escapes on his way to jail and kidnaps Claudette, a poetess on the loose. The action is fast, the story has plenty of new twists. You'll have fun. (*July*)

JONES FAMILY IN HOLLYWOOD, THE—20th Century-Fox

Papa Jed Prouty is nominated to represent his hometown American Legion post at the California convention. While he parades, the entire brood, including *Mother* Spring Byington, poke around the studios. Gags funny. (*August*)

★ JUAREZ—Warners

Warners have drawn a close parallel here between the present political world struggle and the original story of Mexico's big revolution. This epic tells two stories—that of the Indian, *Juarez*, who believed in democracy; and that of *Maximilian* and *Carlotta*, dupes of *Louis Napoleon's* dreams of conquest. Bette Davis' performance is restrained and Muni's fine. (*July*)

KID FROM KOKOMO, THE—Warners

The lid's off on this boisterous comedy in which Wayne Morris plays a yokel who can fight like a whiz, and who has a sentimental yen to find his long-lost mother. Things get complicated when Fight-Manager Pat O'Brien bails drunken May Robson out of jail and passes her off as the kid's Ma. Joan Blondell and Jane Wyman add feminine interest. Plenty of laughs. (*August*)

KID FROM TEXAS, THE—M-G-M

A trite story keeps this from A rating, although its cast and performances are excellent. It's about a cowhand who wants to play polo, gets his chance, but ends up in a rodeo. Dennis O'Keefe, the cowhand who falls in love with Florence Rice, deserves a better assignment. Buddy Ebsen gets the laughs. (*June*)

KING OF CHINATOWN—Paramount

There's plenty of action and a lot of mystery in this chilling mellerdrammer, wherein Akim Tamiroff is the King of Chinatown and Anna May Wong, a doctor trying to get money for Chinese war refugees. Akim takes a beating throughout. (*June*)

★ LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY, THE—Paramount

"Kentucky" was responsible for this cycle of prop bluegrass, Southern accents and blooded stock. George Raft is the dam' Yankee who makes short work of a little Kentucky gal's prejudices. Ellen Drew is the attractive Southern belle. Hugh Herbert and ZaSu Pitts carry the comedy. This has some swell races and plenty of action. (*June*)

★ LOVE AFFAIR—RKO-Radio

A delicately wrought love story, with several fragrant episodes, plenty of comedy and much pathos. It begins aboard ship when playboy Charles Boyer falls in love with ex-cafe singer, Irene Dunne; crystallizes in Madiera when they visit Boyer's aged grandmother, Maria Ouspenskaya; has a temporary set-back when Irene is crippled by an automobile accident and Boyer thinks he's jilted. A picture you won't forget. (*June*)

LUCKY NIGHT—M-G-M

We thought the mad-mad-fun stories were out—but, no. Here's a galloping case of whimsey with Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor. She's a rich girl who goes out on her own to try for a job, isn't successful, meets Taylor on a park bench, gets married. Myrna develops the Little-Woman complex, they both get bored. No more mad fun—but don't relax, it starts all over again. (*July*)

★ MAISIE—M-G-M

There's humor in this, depending upon the way you observe it. Ann Sothern takes the rap when Rancher Robert Young's wallet is stolen. Complications ensue, and Bob is accused of murder. Ann rushes to his defense. Young carries on happily, but it's Miss Sothern's picture. (*August*)

★ MAN OF CONQUEST—Republic

Richard Dix, memorable for "Cimarron," is at his best in such a rôle as this of Sam Houston, that grand old American who fought for freedom. You'll have a fine time watching the great drama unfold, with the Alamo and the battle of San Jacinto as high lights. Romance is taken care of by Gail Patrick. (*July*)

NAUGHTY BUT NICE—Warners

A classic composition by staid music prof, Dick Powell, is modernized into "Hurray for Spinach!" The high-brow's personality also gets renovated by a screwy Tin Pan Alley gang. Among the funsters are Ann Sheridan, Allen Jenkins, Maxie Rosenbloom. The film has pace, laughs, good swing arrangements of classic bits.

NIGHT RIDER, THE—Republic

The best of the excellent *Three Mesquiteers* series, in which John Wayne, Ray Corrigan and Max Terhune continue their Robin Hoodish career in fighting the land grab in the early '80's. (*July*)

★ ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS—Columbia

Cary Grant and Jean Arthur are as ingratiating as ever in this thrilling aviation film, but the laurels go to Richard Barthelmess for his magnificent performance as an embittered pilot who gets one last chance to prove himself. With exciting photography, suspenseful story and great work from every player, what more could you ask? (*July*)

RETURN OF THE CISCO KID, THE—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter, again in the rôle of the Mexican Robin Hood, is believable and charming in this fast-shooting, hard-riding moom-pitcher. Cesar Romero is wonderfully mean as the *Kid's* lieutenant. Henry Hull and Lynn Bari have minor rôles. (*July*)

★ ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE—20th Century-Fox

Tyrone Power turns villain in this story of the prohibition era, when the theater great rubbed elbows with gangsters. Everything might have been all right for Vaudevillians Alice Faye and Al Jolson in their climb to success, if Ty hadn't come along. Jolson sings memory-strumming music and Alice gives a touching performance as the ambitious star. Joyce Compton garners the laughs. (*July*)

6000 ENEMIES—M-G-M

Walter Pidgeon, suave as usual, plays a politically ambitious prosecutor, who convicts on evidence that is often faked. When he is railroaded to the pen himself, he takes a terrific beating from his enemies, but Rita Johnson is in the jailhouse, too, to show him the error of his ways. (*August*)

SOCIETY LAWYER—M-G-M

This was called "Penthouse" in 1933 and starred Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy. Now, Walter Pidgeon makes love to Virginia Bruce. Pidgeon, a lawyer, is first in love with Frances Mercer, but this cools when he disgraces himself by saving gangster Leo Carrillo. Miss Bruce looks beautiful and Pidgeon is suave. (*June*)

SOME LIKE IT HOT—Paramount

Not even Gene Krupa's drums, at work with Bob Hope, Shirley Ross and Una Merkel, could turn this into anything but a disappointment. The story: a midway barker tries to outrun the proverbial doorstep wolf. There are a couple of good songs, and Hope tries hard throughout. (*August*)

SORORITY HOUSE—RKO-Radio

This offers a social message to those high-school girls who intend to go to college. It's the business of being rushed, or standing miserably by while other gals get the bid. Anne Shirley shows you how to take whatever comes. Oh, yes, she makes a big sorority—and number-one-campus-man, Jimmy Ellison. (*July*)

SOS—TIDAL WAVE—Republic

Remember Orson Welles' Mars invasion? That gag has been put together with current interest in television, to make a film with novelty and entertainment in it. Ralph Byrd, Kay Sutton and George Barbier are the principals. (*August*)

★ STOLEN LIFE—Paramount

This might have been "just another picture," but it has Elisabeth Bergner to lift it into the triumph class. It's the story of twin sisters who love the same man—Michael Redgrave. He marries the ruthless one. When she is drowned, the generous one takes her place as his wife, only to find that she must assume her sister's personality. Miss Bergner's performance is flawless. (*July*)

★ STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, THE—20th Century-Fox

It's no easy job to make fast-moving, emotional entertainment of a technician's life, but Mr. Zanuck tried it with edifying success. Don Ameche plays *Bell*, whose love for his lovely wife (Loretta Young) and his interest in deaf-mutes leads to his invention of the telephone. It's a superlative production, with perfect support by such troupers as Henry Fonda, Elizabeth Patterson and Charles Coburn. (*June*)

★ STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE, THE—RKO-Radio

This is a sweet picture that will have enormous appeal. It's the true story of those glamorous dancers of the pre-war days—Vernon and Irene Castle—their life and love together until Vernon's plane crash during the war It has the inimitable Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire playing the Castles, recreating their dances—and it sparkles like polished crystal. (*June*)

STREETS OF NEW YORK—Monogram

Even Jackie Cooper can't lift this out of the routine class of an underprivileged kid's regeneration. The moral is: live a clean life, help your neighbor. Jackie does, even if brother Dick Purcell doesn't. Marjorie Reynolds lends a feminine touch. (*July*)

STRONGER THAN DESIRE—M-G-M

Melodrama—that settles around Walter Pidgeon and his wife, Virginia Bruce. They're in love, but he gets compromised, and she goes indiscreet. Lee Bowman turns blackmailer, Ginny shoots. But it's Ann Dvorak, Bowman's wife, who is accused of the murder. Suspense holds well throughout. (*August*)

SUDDEN MONEY—Paramount

Don't go out of your way to catch this little number. It deals with a family who wins a sweepstakes and goes berserk. Charles Ruggles, Marjorie Rambeau, Broderick Crawford, Billy Lee and Evelyn Keyes do their part. (*June*)

SUN NEVER SETS, THE—Universal

Basil Rathbone and Douglas Fairbanks play brothers who belong to a family famous for its service to the Empire. Basil carries on the tradition, but Doug is engaged to Virginia Field and wants to enjoy life—that is, until Lionel Atwill plays merry ned with a secret radio station in Basil's district. Then, Doug rallies to the cause. Impressive, but overlong. (*August*)

★ TARZAN FINDS A SON!—M-G-M

Oh, boy, another Tarzan! This time Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan cavort through the jungle with young John Sheffield. The sole survivor of a plane crash, the boy is brought up as their own, until relatives arrive to claim him—but *Tarzan* has taught the child his own tricks to keep him. Gorgeous underwater swimming scenes. A thriller! (*August*)

TELL NO TALES—M-G-M

The story of a hundred dollar bill, part of a kidnaper's loot, traced down by Newspaper Editor Melvyn Douglas, who saves his bankrupt paper as a result of a scoop he gets. Louise Platt helps him. Good suspense. (*August*)

THEY MADE HER A SPY—RKO-Radio

Hollywood is hepped up over the spy scares—result: Sally Eiler's brother invents a new shell and is killed; she becomes a member of a spy ring; so does reporter Allan Lane. If you think real hard you may guess the ending. (*June*)

★ THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP—Universal

A little more grown-up, with her voice in perfect condition, Deanna Durbin pulls this sequel to her first success onto the gravy train. Nan Grey and Helen Parrish are her sisters whose love affairs Deanna tries to straighten out—but with what results! Surprise of the picture is Robert Cummings. Charles Winninger does a splendid bit as the father. (*June*)

THREE WALTZES—Vedis Films

As effervescent as champagne, this French picture provides a field day for Yvonne Printemps, who sings to the dreamy Strauss music which high lights three romances, ranging from the court of Louis Napoleon to a modern film studio. Pierre Fresney's dramatic abilities don't get much chance. (*July*)

★ UNION PACIFIC—Paramount

It's altogether breath-taking and wonderful—this 1939 version of "The Iron Horse." You'll die a thousand deaths and grunt with each swing of the hammer before the spikes finally unite the Union Pacific with the Central Pacific. It's lusty and romantic—with Trouble-shooter Joel McCrea and Gambler Robert Preston both falling in love with the Irish postmistress, Barbara Stanwyck. Lynne Overman and Akim Tamiroff are swell. (*July*)

★ WINTER CARNIVAL—Wanger-U.A.

Here's a new Ann Sheridan, in her first starring rôle. She's a streamlined young duchess, fleeing notoriety over her divorce, who finds herself at the Dartmouth winter carnival, where she meets Richard Carlson, a sweetheart she once jilted. While they are redeveloping their romance, newshawks and photographers descend upon them. Things pop merrily. And you'll have fun. (*August*)

WITHIN THE LAW—M-G-M

It's a story of vengeance, with a good new twist in it. Ruth Hussey gets sent to prison for a crime she didn't commit. When released she sets about revenging herself by marrying Tom Neal, son of the man who sent her up. Things go awry when she falls in love with the boy. (*June*)

WOLF CALL—Monogram

Jack London wrote a pretty good movie when he set "Wolf Call" on paper. John Carroll is a playboy who goes up to a radium mine to get perspective on life and love. He does. Movita, playing an Indian girl, provides romance. (*August*)

★ WUTHERING HEIGHTS—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

No humor has been added to this famous Brontë classic. It introduces Laurence Olivier as the outcast loved by Merle Oberon. But when Merle's desire for jewels leads to her marriage to rich David Niven, hate rules the moors. The fine acting of Miss Oberon and Olivier, the restraint of Niven and the performances of Geraldine Fitzgerald and Flora Robson make this picture a must. (*June*)

★ YOUNG MR. LINCOLN—20th Century-Fox

Henry Fonda, exponent of the lanky farm-boy characterization, will make you forget any previous Fonda portrayals. You are offered Lincoln in the formative phase of his career and the picture culminates in his defense of two brothers, seemingly scheduled for the gallows. Romance hangs on the story of Lincoln's love for Ann Rutledge (Pauline Moore). Alice Brady is excellent as the frontier woman. Don't miss this. (*August*)

ZENOBIA—Hal Roach-United Artists

In this Harry Langdon replaces Oliver Hardy's old sidekick—Stan Laurel. The main laugh gag is an ailing elephant who is cured by *Doctor* Hardy's pink pills. Jean Parker, James Ellison, Alice Brady and June Lang add to the merriment—or is it confusion? (*June*)

Casts of Current Pictures

"BACHELOR MOTHER"—RKO-Radio. —Screen play by Norman Krasna. From a story by Felix Jackson. Directed by Garson Kanin. Cast: *Polly Parrish*, Ginger Rogers; *David Merlin*, David Niven; *J. B. Merlin*, Charles Coburn; *Freddie Miller*, Frank Albertson; *Butler*, E. E. Clive; *Johnnie*, Elbert Coplen, Jr.; *Mrs. Weiss*, Ferike Boros; *Investigator*, Ernest Truex; *Jerome Weiss*, Leonard Penn; *Hargraves*, Paul Stanton; *Hennessy*, Gerald Oliver-Smith; *Old Lady*, Leona Roberts; *Mary*, Dennie Moore; *Louise King*, June Wilkins; *Doctor*, Frank M. Thomas; *Matron*, Edna Holland; *Donald the Duck*, Himself.

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S BRIDE"—Paramount.—Screen play by Stuart Palmer and Garnett Weston. Based on the novel "Bulldog Drummond and the Oriental Mind" by H. C. McNeile. Directed by James Hogan. Cast: *Capt. Hugh C. Drummond*, John Howard; *Phyllis Clavering*, Heather Angel; *Col. Neilson*, H. B. Warner; *Algy Longworth*, Reginald Denny; *Tenny*, E. E. Clive; *Aunt Blanche*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Henri Armides*, Eduardo Ciannelli.

"CLOUDS OVER EUROPE"—Columbia.—Screen play by Ian Dalrymple. From the original story by Brock Williams, Jack Whittingham and Arthur Wimperis. Directed by Tim Whelan. Cast: *Tony McVane*, Laurence Olivier; *Major Hammond*, Ralph Richardson; *Kay Hammond*, Valerie Hobson; *Jenkins*, George Curzon; *Barrett*, George Merritt; *Blenkinsop*, Gus McNaughton; *Daphne*, Sandra Storme.

"FIVE CAME BACK"—RKO-Radio.—Screen play by Jerry Cady, Dalton Trumbo and Nathanael West. From the story by Richard Carroll. Directed by John Farrow. Cast: *Bill*, Chester Morris; *Peggy*, Lucille Ball; *Alice*, Wendy Barrie; *Crimp*, John Carradine; *Pete*, Allen Jenkins; *Vasquez*, Joseph Calleia; *Prof. Spengler*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Joe*, Kent Taylor; *Judson Ellis*, Patric Knowles; *Martha*, Elisabeth Risdon; *Tommy*, Casey Johnson; *Larry*, Dick Hogan.

"FORGOTTEN WOMAN, THE"—Universal.—Screen play by Lionel Houser and Harold Buchman. Original story by John Kobler. Directed by Harold Young. Cast: *Anne Kennedy*, Sigrid Gurie; *David Burke*, Donald Briggs; *Carrie Ashburn*, Eve Arden; *Terry Kennedy*, William Lundigan; *Margaret Burke*, Elisabeth Risdon; *Terry Kennedy, Jr.*, Donnie Dunagan; *Charlie Courtenay*, Paul Harvey; *Johnny Bradshaw*, Joseph Downing; *Stu Mantle*, Norman Willis; *Marty Larkin*, Ray Wakler; *Lockridge*, George Walcott; *Gray*, Charles Wilson; *Mrs. Kimball*, Virginia Brissac.

"FOUR FEATHERS"—Alexander Korda-United Artists.—Adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett from the novel by A. E. W. Mason. Directed by Zoltan Korda. Cast: *John Durrance*, Ralph Richardson; *Gen. Burroughs*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Harry Faversham*, John Clements; *Ethne*, June Duprez; *Lieut. (Arthur) Willoughby*, Jack Allen; *Lieut. (Peter) Burroughs*, Donald Gray; *Colonel*, Robert Rendell; *Lubbock*, Archibald Batty; *Mahdi*, John Laurie; *Lieut. Parker*, Derek Elphinstone; *Doctor Sutton*, Frederick Culley; *Mahdi Interpreter*, Hay Petrie; *Greek Doctor*, Henry Oscar; *Young Faversham*, Clive Baxter; *Gen. Faversham*, Allan Jeayes; *Kitchener*, Major John Knott.

"GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS"—Columbia.—Screen play by Gladys Lehman and Ken Englund. From an original story by Lenore Coffee and William Joyce Cowan. Directed by Alexander Hall. Cast: *Ronald Brooke*, Melvyn Douglas; *Jenny Swanson*, Joan Blondell; *Olaf Brand*, Walter Connolly; *Tom Brand*, Alan Curtis; *Sylvia Brand*, Joan Perry; *Caroline Brand*, Isabel Jeans; *Ted Dayton* Stanley Brown; *Paul Kingston*, Alexander D'Arcy; *Dennis*, Henry Hunter; *Dayton, Sr.*, Clarence Kolb; *Jeffers*, Howard Hickman.

"HELL'S KITCHEN"—Warners.—Screen play by Crane Wilbur and Fred Niblo, Jr. Based on a story by Crane Wilbur. Directed by Lewis Seiler and E. A. Dupont. Cast: *Tony*, Billy Halop; *Joey*, Bobby Jordan; *Gyp*, Leo Gorcey; *Bingo*, Huntz Hall; *Ace*, Gabriel Dell; *Ouch*, Bernard Punsley; *Beth*, Margaret Lindsay; *Jim*, Ronald Reagan; *Buck*, Stanley Fields; *Soap*, Frankie Burke; *Krispin*, Grant Mitchell; *Mike Garvey*, Fred Tozere; *Elmer Krispin*, Arthur Loft; *Sarah Krispin*, Vera Lewis; *Hardy*, Robert Homans; *Professor*, Charley Foy.

"HOUSE OF FEAR, THE"—Universal.—Screen play by Peter Milne. From an original story by Thomas Fallon. Directed by Joe May. Cast: *Alice Tabor*, Irene Hervey; *Arthur McHugh*, William Gargan; *Carleton*, Walter Woolf King; *Richard Pierce*, Harvey Stephens; *Joseph Morton*, Alan Dinehart; *Gloria de Vere*, Dorothy Arnold; *Jeff*, El Brendel; *Mike*, Tom Dugan; *Robert Morton*, Robert Coote; *Sarah Henderson*, Jan Duggan.

"ISLAND OF LOST MEN"—Paramount.—Screen play by William R. Lipman and Horace McCoy. Based on a play by Norman Reilly Raine and Frank Butler. Directed by Kurt Neumann. Cast: *Kim Ling*, Anna May Wong; *Gregory Prin*, J. Carrol Naish; *Herbert*, Eric Blore; *Chang Tai*, Anthony Quinn; *Frobenius*, Ernest Truex; *Professor Sen*, Rudolf Forster; *Hambly*, William Haade; *Tex Ballister*, Broderick Crawford.

"IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU"—20th Century-Fox.—Screen play by Allen Rivkin and Lou Breslow. Based on an original story by Charles Hoffman. Directed by Alfred Werker. Cast: *MacKinley Winslow*, Stuart Erwin; *Doris Winslow*, Gloria Stuart; *J. Hadden Quigley*, Raymond Walburn; *Freddie Barlow*, Douglas Fowley; *Agnes Barlow*, June Gale; *Alfred Wiman*, Clarence Kolb; *Sandy*, Paul Hurst; *District Attorney*, Richard Lane; *Pedley*, Robert Greig.

"LAND OF LIBERTY"—Presented by the Motion Picture Industry. Sponsored by Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. Edited by Cecil B. DeMille, assisted by Herbert L. Moulton, William H. Pine and Francis S. Harmon. Narration written by Jeanie MacPherson and Jesse Lasky, Jr. Historical consultant: James T. Shotwell.

"MAGNIFICENT FRAUD, THE"—Paramount.—Screen play by Gilbert Gabriel and Walter Ferris. Based on the story "Caviare For His Excellency," by Charles G. Booth. Directed by Robert Florey. Cast: *Jules LaCroix, Pres. Don Miguel Esteban Alvarado*, Akim Tamiroff; *Sam Barr*, Lloyd Nolan; *Mme. Geraldine Genet*, Mary Boland; *Claire Hill*, Patricia Morison; *Harrison Todd*, Ralph Forbes; *Carmelita*, Steffi Duna; *Duval*, Ernest Cossart.

"MAN ABOUT TOWN"—Paramount.—Screen play by Morrie Ryskind. Based on a story by Morrie Ryskind and Allan Scott. Directed by Mark Sandrich. Cast: *Bob Temple*, Jack Benny; *Diana Wilson*, Dorothy Lamour; *Sir John Arlington*, Edward Arnold; *Lady Arlington*, Binnie Barnes; *Dubois*, Monty Wooley; *Mme. Dubois*, Isabel Jeans; *Ted Nash*, Phil Harris; *Susan*, Betty Grable; *Hotchkiss*, E. E. Clive; *Rochester*, Eddie Anderson. The Merriel Abbott Dancers, Matty Malneck's Orchestra, and the Pina Troupe.

"MAN IN THE IRON MASK, THE"—Edward Small-United Artists.—Screen play by George Bruce. From the novel by Alexander Dumas. Directed by James Whale. Cast: *Louis XIV, Philippe*, Louis Hayward; *Maria Theresa*, Joan Bennett; *D'Artagnan*, Warren William; *Fouquet*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Porthos*, Alan Hale; *Aramis*, Miles Mander; *Athos*, Bert Roach; *Colbert*, Walter Kingsford; *Mlle. de la Valliere*, Marian Martin; *Spanish Ambassador*, Montagu Love; *Queen Anne*, Doris Kenyon; *Louis XIII*, Albert Dekker; *Commandant of Bastille*, William Royle; *Francois*, Fred Cavens; *Royal High Constable*, Boyd Irwin; *Cardinal*, Howard Brooks; *Valet de Chambre*, Ian Maclaren.

"ON BORROWED TIME"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Alice D. G. Miller, Frank O'Neill and Claudine West. Based on the play by Paul Osborn. From a dramatization of the novel by Lawrence Edward Watkin. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Cast: *Julian Northrup (Gramps)*, Lionel Barrymore; *Mr. Brink*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Nellie (Granny)*, Beulah Bondi; *Marcia Giles*, Una Merkel; *Pud*, Bobs Watson; *Mr. Grimes*, Nat Pendleton; *Dr. Evans*, Henry Travers; *Mr. Pilbeam*, Grant Mitchell; *Demetria Riffle*, Eily Malyon; *Sheriff Burlingame*, James Burke; *Reverend Murdock*, Charles Waldron; *Charles Wentworth*, Ian Wolfe; *Bill Lowry*, Phillip Terry; *James Northrup*, Truman Bradley.

"SAINT IN LONDON, THE"—RKO-Radio.—Screen play by Lynn Rott and Frank Fenton. From the story "The Million Pound Day" by Leslie Charteris. Directed by John Paddy Carstairs. Cast: *Simon Templar, The Saint*, George Sanders; *Penny*, Sally Gray; *Dugan*, David Burns; *Teal*, Gordon McLeod; *Lang*, Henry Oscar; *Kusella*, Ralph Truman; *Stengler*, Carl Jaffe.

"SECOND FIDDLE"—20th Century-Fox.—Screen play by Harry Tugend. Based on a story by George Bradshaw. Lyrics and music by Irving Berlin. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Cast: *Trudi Hovland*, Sonja Henie; *Jimmy Sutton*, Tyrone Power; *Roger Maxwell*, Rudy Vallee; *Aunt Phoebe*, Edna May Oliver; *Jean Varick*, Mary Healy; *Willie Hogger*, Lyle Talbot; *George "Whit" Whitney*, Alan Dinehart; *Jenny*, Minna Gombell; *Skating Partner*, Stewart Reburn; *Joe Clayton*, Spencer Charters; *Voice of Chief*, Charles Lane; *Specialty*, The Brian Sisters; *Announcer*, John Hiestand; *Taxi Driver*, George Chandler; *Justices of the Peace*, Irving Bacon and Maurice Cass.

"SHE MARRIED A COP"—Republic.—Original screen play by Olive Cooper. Directed by Sidney Salkow. Cast: *Jimmy*, Phil Regan; *Linda*, Jean Parker; *Bob*, Jerome Cowan; *Mabel*, Dorothea Kent; *Sidney*, Benny Baker; *Bekins*, Barnett Parker; *Joe*, Horace MacMahon; *Pa Duffy*, Oscar O'Shea; *Ma Duffy*, Mary Gordon; *Minnie*, Muriel Campbell; *Trudy*, Peggy Ryan; *Pete*, Richard Keene.

"STUNT PILOT"—Monogram.—Screen play by Scott Darling and Joseph West. Based on the comic strip by Hal Forrest. Directed by George Waggner. Cast: *Tailspin Tommy*, John Trent; *Betty Lou*, Marjorie Reynolds; *Skeeter*, Milburn Stone; *Paul*, Jason Robards; *Sheehan*, Pat O'Mally; *Earl Martin*, George Meeker; *Glenn*, Wesley Barry; *Sheriff*, George Cleveland.

"SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES"—20th Century-Fox.—Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Story by Fidel La Barba and Walter Ferris. Based on the book by Muriel Denison. Directed by William A. Seiter. Cast: *Susannah Sheldon*, Shirley Temple; *Monty (Inspector Angus Montague)*, Randolph Scott; *Vicky Standing*, Margaret Lockwood; *Little Chief*, Martin Good Rider; *Pat O'Hannegan*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Chief Big Eagle*, Maurice Moscovich; *Supt. Andrew Standing*, Moroni Olsen; *Wolf Pelt*, Victor Jory; *Harlan Chambers*, Lester Matthews; *Randall*, Leyland Hodgson; *Doctor*, Herbert Evans; *Williams*, Jack Luden; *Sergeant MacGregor*, Charles Irwin; *Corporal Piggott*, John Sutton; *Chief*, Chief Big Tree.

"THEY ALL COME OUT"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by John C. Higgins. Directed by Jacques Tourneur. Cast: *Kitty*, Rita Johnson; *Joe Z. Cameron*, Tom Neal; *Clyde Madigan "Reno,"* Bernard Nedell; *George Jacklin, "Bugs,"* Edward Gargan; *Albert Crane, "Groper,"* John Gallaudet; *Warden—Atlanta*, Addison Richards; *Superintendent—Chillicothe*, Frank M. Thomas; *"Sloppy Joe,"* George Tobias; *Dr. Ellen Hollis*, Ann Shoemaker; *Psychiatrist*, Charles Lane.

"THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC"—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Screen play by John Howard Lawson. Original story by Irmgard von Cube. Directed by Archie Mayo. Cast: *Jascha Heifetz*, Himself; *Ann Lawson*, Andrea Leeds; *Peter*, Joel McCrea; *Frankie*, Gene Reynolds; *Professor Lawson*, Walter Brennan; *Flower*, Porter Hall; *Limey*, Terry Kilburn; *Rocks*, Walter Tetley; *Fever*, Chuck Stubbs; *Willie*, Tommy Kelly; *Betty*, Jacqueline Nash; *Musical Director*, Alfred Newman; *Suzie*, Mary Ruth; *Davis*, John St. Polis; *Menken*, Alexander Schonberg; *Mrs. Miller*, Marjorie Main; *Miller*, Arthur Hohl; *Heifetz' Manager*, Paul Harvey; "Zero," "Sucker." And the Peter Meremblum California Junior Symphony Orchestra.

"TIMBER STAMPEDE"—RKO-Radio.—Screen play by Morton Grant. Directed by David Howard. Cast: *Scott*, George O'Brien; *Whopper*, Chill Wills; *Anne*, Marjorie Reynolds; *Dunlap*, Morgan Wallace; *Matt*, Robert Fiske; *Jones*, Guy Usher; *Henry*, Earl Dwire; *Champ*, Frank Hagney; *Sheriff*, Bob Burns; *Jake*, Monte Montague; *Brady*, Bud Osborne.



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The Tragic Rôle Loretta Young Played in the Buckner Case

(Continued from page 21)

Our only purpose here is to show the tragic part Loretta Young—an innocent bystander—played in this sensational trial. For her gallantry in this instance supplies another chapter in her brave and touching story—a story that began years ago . . .

When Loretta eloped with Grant Withers she was only seventeen. And it was then she got off on the wrong foot as far as romance is concerned. Their marriage lasted only one year. That it lasted that long is surprising enough. For immediately Loretta and Grant returned from Yuma her mother filed a suit for annulment. Whereupon Grant filed a demurrer showing it was legal for a girl of Loretta's age to marry in Arizona, if not in California.

Loretta wasn't a happy bride when she and Grant began their life together in the little apartment they had furnished so secretly and joyously. She was a sorrowful young woman and lonely because she was estranged from her mother and her sisters.

Then, almost on the heels of her reconciliation with her family, came other troubles. Grant's first wife filed suit asking three hundred dollars a month for the support of their child. And on top of that Grant was sued for fifty-five thousand dollars damages resulting from an automobile accident. He won the case, true; but not before it had induced weeks of frightful strain.

IN spite of all these things, however, Loretta definitely blames herself for the failure of this marriage.

"Immediately we faced reality," she says bluntly, "I fell down on my job as a wife. You see, Grant and I wanted a baby. When no baby arrived, as it should have to make everything perfect, I grew irritable. It never occurred to me that Grant naturally was quite as disappointed as I and that it was my place to help him, not to add to his burden. I entered my marriage with a child's point of view. I was a little girl playing house. And when I was required to adjust to an adult relationship and everything that an adult relationship is likely enough to require of a woman, I simply wasn't up to it."

Loretta's emotional quality makes her deeply religious. Marriage isn't anything she takes lightly. The failure of her young marriage isn't anything she has forgiven herself. And if she dies for it, she is going to prove equal to any and all demands that romantic relationships make upon her today.

Which brings us straight back to the Buckner case. For what could offer a more perfect illustration of the loyalty and courage Loretta demands of herself in a romantic situation?

It was surprising enough, considering the frailty of human nature, that Loretta remained loyal to Buckner in public as well as in private while he was under that grave indictment and while he was standing trial. Through all this, however, there still was a chance he would not be found guilty, that the public finally would applaud her for her faithfulness to an innocent man.

But upon Buckner's conviction by no stretch of the imagination was there anything for Loretta to gain by her continued loyalty. And there was much for her to lose. Yet loyal she remained.

When the jury found him guilty on all eight counts of the government's indictment, she didn't for one minute renege on her previous attitude.

In fact, on July sixth, the day Buckner heard his sentence, the reporters who called at his parents' charming Riverdale home to drive to court with him commented on a large portrait of Loretta which ornamented the living-room table. And the fact that this portrait remained there is proof enough, surely, that Buckner had no reason to suspect any change of heart or any swerving of loyalty on Loretta's part.

Then he stood before Federal District Judge Henry W. Goddard and was sentenced to two years imprisonment and a fine of two thousand, five hundred dollars. Pending an appeal he was released on five thousand dollars' bail which gives him his freedom throughout the summer. And still it was the same.

One newspaper reported that Loretta and Buckner talked for an interminable time that same night over long distance. Another newspaper insisted she had flown east to spend two hours with him. Maybe these stories were true, maybe they weren't. But once again Loretta forbore to make any denial.

And she knew exactly what she was letting herself in for every step of the way, too. You may be sure of that. She's not remotely stupid. And she knows from past experience how the press will go to town when it has a movie star in its stories—not to mention a movie star's photographs for eye-catching illustrations. She also knows how quick the public is to jump to conclusions, to criticize, to suspect the worst, and to turn away from the box office of the theater where a star of whom it disapproves personally is appearing. Very definitely, she jeopardized her career rather than compromise with romance.

I TALKED with Loretta some months ago, only a few days after she had testified for the SEC and held her own with the reporters. She was working on "Alexander Graham Bell" and, in a pale blue negligee of that period, she didn't look capable of the great spirit and courage she so recently had shown.

I told her even then that it must remain a matter of opinion whether she was acting foolishly or wisely; but that I, nevertheless, must admire her for the completely honest and above board attitude she had taken. And I'll long remember the soft level glance of her eyes as she answered:

"But what else would I do? To act any other way would be shabby. It would be failing a friend when he needed me most."

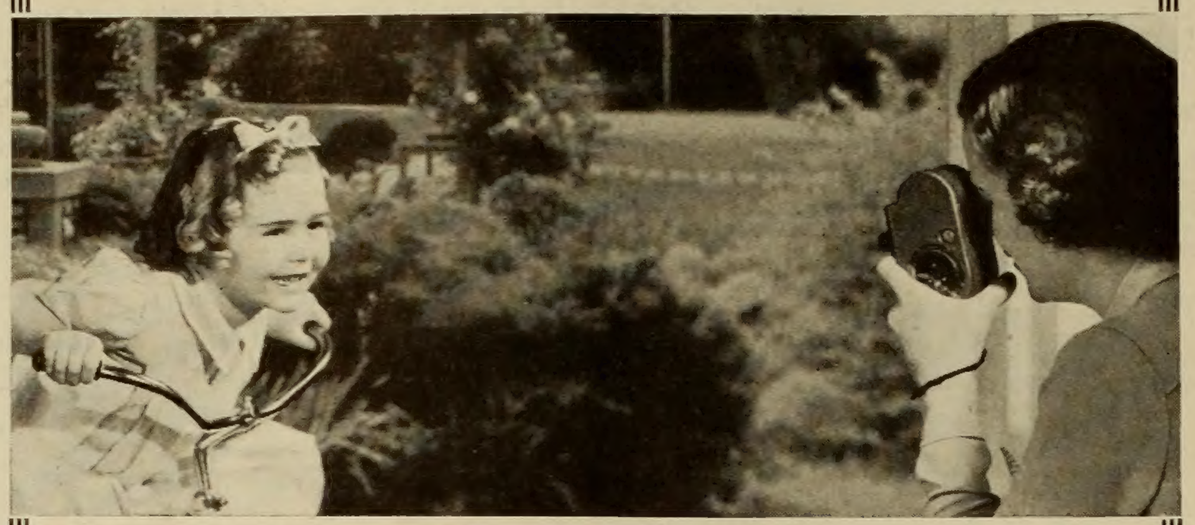
Then and there, of course, I knew that once again Loretta was in love and that once again she was in for it—through no fault of her own except that she is a romanticist and an idealist and that in spite of all she has suffered through her heart she never has learned to count the cost. I doubt she ever will learn to count the cost really. I have a wise friend who insists it is futile to attempt to change people; that to do this satisfactorily it would be necessary to give them a different childhood since it is in formative years that characters are moulded. And sometimes, undoubtedly, later experiences, like Loretta's adolescent marriage, exert a lasting influence, too.

When the Buckner case first broke I talked to a man who, years ago, loved Loretta both long and well.

"There she goes again," this man said, "sticking her neck out!"

And it was touching to hear the way the tender indulgence in his voice betrayed him, turning the words he had meant to say so easily and lightly into the warmest praise.

MOVIES *in your home*



A new Photoplay department — giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots — for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

BY JACK SHER

FROM Sam Wood, famous Hollywood director, comes professional advice on a problem which plagues many home movie cameraman—the problem of holding the audience's attention without a single letdown throughout an entire picture.

"Every professional director knows that the secret of keeping up the tempo of a scene and sustaining audience-interest depends almost entirely upon one thing," says Director Wood. "That one thing is a variety of camera angles. The next time you attend a movie theater, watch closely the length of time that the cameraman holds a scene. You will find that, regardless of the length of action or dialogue, no single camera angle is held for more than ten or twelve seconds."

The type of camera angles used to achieve variety can be utilized by the amateur cameramen just as easily as by the professional, says Director Wood.

Few amateurs use the familiar close-up as often as they should, according to Wood. After shooting a long shot or medium shot of a person or action, a close-up is always advisable to lend variety to the sequence, and to give the audience a feeling of intimacy with the subject photographed.

Another extremely effective type of camera angle, Wood points out, is the shot which is taken as though seen through the eyes of one of the characters in the scene. For example, in filming a scene showing two people in conversation, Mr. Wood suggests a medium long shot for the first part of the conversation, followed by a close-up of one character filmed by a camera in the exact position where the second character was seen in the previous shot.

Other effective types of camera angles, which can be used for variety's sake, are "dolly" shots, "zoom" shots, "pan" shots and other angles taken with the camera in motion. Similarly, it is effective, on occasion, to film scenes from "trick angles." That is, from the floor, from directly above, or from some other unconventional position.

Regardless of the angle used, warns Director Wood, it should be held only a few seconds, and then changed to another angle. This variety of angles is the secret of keeping your audience's attention at a high pitch.

ONCE in a lifetime you are able to get a film such as Castle is releasing, which is the "Visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth to the United States." The film starts with the departure at Buckingham Palace, London, moves to the arrival and ceremonies in Canada and the King's and Queen's visit throughout the Dominion and the arrival of the Royal Party in New York. Additional features are the King's and Queen's side trips to Washington, Mt. Vernon, and Hyde Park. The movie is available in sound on both 16 and 8 mm film. There will be no advance in price for this film. You can get 8 mm as low as $1.75, and 16 mm as low as $3.50. Castle is also featuring a new short on the beautiful island of Bali; a dude ranch short called "Ride 'Em, Cowboy," and an additional short called "Washington," which takes you around the city. For the kids, they have two new, excellent cartoons, "Pirate Ship" and "Little Boy Blue."

Garrison is releasing, for the first time, several Robert Benchley shorts in 16 mm—"Sex Life of a Polyp," "Treasurer's Report," and "How To Vote."

NEW EQUIPMENT: A radical new type of light meter has been developed by Charles S. Franklin of Hollywood, which will give a direct reading of light intensity of any point within the camera field. . . . The Western Movie Supply Company of San Francisco has introduced a new device called the Fadette which produces a rectangular fade-in and fade-out effect and will fit any camera. . . Craig Projecto-Editors are now available in 8 mm as well as 16 mm sizes.

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